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NOTES AND REMINISCENCES

JOHN WILSON

PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
OF BROWN UNIVERSITY

WM. MAGINN, LL.D. & CO. LONDON

WITH
MEMOIRS AND NOTES

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L.,

EDITOR OF HELL'S "SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR"

VOL. I.

LONDON, 1854



REDFIELD

110 AND 112 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

1854.

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NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

BY THE LATE

JOHN WILSON

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, EDITOR
OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, AUTHOR OF "THE ISLE OF PALMS," ETC.

AND

WM. MAGINN, LL.D. J. G. LOCKHART, JAMES HOGG, &c.

WITH

MEMOIRS AND NOTES

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L.

EDITOR OF SHEIL'S "SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR"

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1828—APRIL, 1830



REDFIELD

**110 AND 112 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
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MEMOIR OF JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, Editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1826 to 1853, was born at Glasgow, in Scotland, in 1792. His father was a clergyman residing at Milton-Lockhart, in Lanarkshire, the family seat, which has descended to William Lockhart, the eldest son.

Belonging thus to the capital of "the West Countrie," young Lockhart received his education, almost as a matter of course, at the time-honored University (founded 1450) where Wilson had preceded him, not long before. In the days of auld lang syne, a liberal Scot who had also passed through this University, had appropriated a considerable estate for the purpose of founding Exhibitions, to afford certain selected Glasgow students the means of passing through the more aristocratic and expensive University of Oxford. Lockhart was elected to an Exhibition (or paid Scholarship) in Baliol College, Oxford, the annual emolument of which was estimated at £200 a year, and there completed his education. His career was not marked by any distinguished public honors, but he gained the reputation of having thoroughly succeeded in his classical course, and of having voluntarily acquired, while at Oxford, a familiar acquaintance with French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Having duly graduated as Bachelor of Arts, (he afterwards took the degree of Master, and finally that of Bachelor of Civil Law, preparatory to practice in the Ecclesiastical Courts in England,) Lockhart quitted Oxford, and proceeded upon a Continental tour. This was shortly after the downfall of Napoleon. While in Germany, he became intimate with Goethe, the majestic beauty of whose countenance struck him with as much awe as admiration.

Returning to Scotland, about the time when *Blackwood's Magazine* was commenced, and fully sharing in its sturdy proprietor's strong Toryism and unquenchable hatred of the *Edinburgh Review*,* it was not long before he

* It is worth notice that, when the *Edinburgh Review* was commenced, in 1802, by Sydney

fleshed his maiden pen" in its pages. His first ascertained assistance was the infusion of a large quantity of bitter local personalities into THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT. Hogg publicly and repeatedly accused him of having added nearly all that was mischievous and objectionable to that celebrated article.

This was in October, 1817; but, before this, Lockhart had taken the necessary steps (like Wilson) to become a member of the Scottish bar. In process of time he was admitted, and duly attended the Courts in quest of practice, but the aggregate of his bar-earnings must have fallen far short of the £300 which he had to pay, in fees and for stamps, on becoming a "Counsellor."*

From the appearance of the Chaldee Manuscript, the two writers upon whom Blackwood placed most reliance, as contributors, were Wilson and Lockhart. Both composed rapidly, but Lockhart never tired. He would dash off, in the course of one day, thirty-two printed columns, or a whole sheet of *Blackwood*, and found no difficulty in continuing to cover paper, at the same rapid rate, for ten days consecutively. He used to say (and it was no idle boast) that he readily could write a whole number of the Magazine in one week.

In May, 1818, he was introduced, at dinner, to Scott, with whom he had a great deal of conversation, chiefly about German literati and their writings. The impression he made on the mind of the mighty Master must have been favorable, for, shortly after, was communicated to him Scott's desire that he (Lockhart) should write the Historical department of Ballantyne's *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1816—a task which Scott had executed in the two preceding years, but could not then accomplish, from pressure of other and more important literary engagements. Acceding to this request, he so frequently met Scott that an intimacy arose between them, and Lockhart became a constant guest at Scott's Sunday dinners, to which none but hearty friends were admitted. In the Life of Scott, it is mentioned what quaint old stories and racy anecdotes used to enliven these select parties, and a promise is there held out, not yet realized, of collecting and recollecting enough of them to make a volume, additional to Scott's works.

During this period, Lockhart's contributions to the Magazine were numerous and important, though wholly anonymous. From time to time, there appeared a series of letters almost exclusively devoted to attacks on "the Cockney School of Literature," (whereof Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, John Keats, and Percy Bysshe Shelley were assumed to be the principal,) and the

Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham, the eldest of the party was not 27. The earliest contributors, besides these, were Professors Playfair and Leslie, Malthus, Francis Horner, Dr. Walcot, (Peter Pindar,) Blomfield, (now Bishop of London,) and R. P. Knight.—M.

* Dr. J. W. Francis, of New-York, who was in Edinburgh in the winter of 1816, informs me that, about that time, Lockhart had obtained some little celebrity by several able speeches which he had delivered in the celebrated Speculative Society—a debating club, to which, by the way, no mercy was shown, three years later, in "Peter's Letters."—M.

unbounded and sarcastic personalities of these epistles, bearing the signature "Z," exceeded any thing which, up to that time, had been introduced into respectable periodical literature. It was reported and believed that Lockhart was the writer.

In *Blackwood*, for February, 1819, had appeared a review of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"—a work professing to be written by Dr. Peter Morris, of Pensharpe Hall, Aberystwith. No such book was then published, or written. It was said to contain the Doctor's letters from Edinburgh and Glasgow, during a visit to both places in the winter of 1818–19, treating most freely indeed of the Whigs of Edinburgh—Scottish University Education—the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*—the state of society in Edinburgh and Glasgow—the bar of Scotland, with sketches of its leading members—the famous Glasgow punch—the state of religion, &c. This review, apparently written by Mordecai Mullion, (one of Lockhart's numerous eidolons of the pen,) excited so much curiosity, that "Peter's Letters" was greatly inquired for. In the following month (March, 1819) a further and fuller review was given, with copious extracts, including descriptions of Clerk, Cranstoun, and Jeffrey, (the leading lawyers of the place and time,) and the sensation thus created and kept up was so considerable that the actual composition and publication of the work was determined on.

Accordingly, "Peter's Letters" was put into type as fast as written, and emanated, in July, 1819, from Blackwood's as the "second edition." It was, and continues to be, a work of great interest. Twenty years afterwards, Lockhart said, "Nobody but a very young and very thoughtless person could have dreamt of putting forth such a book." Scott, after reading the work twice over, expressed his opinion that Dr. Morris had "got over his ground admirably," only that the general turn of the book was perhaps too favorable, both to the state of Scottish public society and of individual character. He added that, every half century, Dr. Morris should revive "to record the fleeting manners of the age, and the interesting features of those who will be known only to posterity by their works."

There was abundant outcry against "Peter's Letters," at first, for the author had keenly assaulted and ridiculed the Edinburgh Whigs, but the merit of the work was great, and has carried it into repeated editions. The descriptions of Edinburgh and Glasgow are appreciative and racy,—the sketches of Jeffrey and his distinguished contemporaries are forcibly, yet delicately done,—the glance at Henry Mackenzie has produced a sun-portrait, so true is it in all respects,—Wilson, Hogg, Playfair, Brewster, Jameson, and Lord Buchan are portraits. So are the theatrical etchings, and the broad, Raeburn-like full-lengths of the Scottish bar, judges and advocates. Very vivid, too, are the delineations of leading book-makers and booksellers,—the *con amore* criticisms upon the Fine Arts in Scotland,—the faithful account of Abbotsford, and its

minstrel lord,—the clerical groupings of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church,—the anatomic dissection of society in Edinburgh and Glasgow,—and, in its strange mixture of serious feeling and subdued fun, the account of a Sacrament Sabbath in the country. In truth, the *mélange* was very clever, and made its way.

Some of its success was collateral. The work contained several well-engraved portraits, (some, like Hogg's, dashed with caricature,) which gave it great value. Among these were Professors Leslie, Playfair, and Jameson; my venerable relative, Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling;" John Clerk, of Eldin; Jeffrey; Macqueen of Braxfield; Allan, the painter; Walter Scott; Alison, author of the "Essay on the Principles of Taste," and father of the historian; the Ettrick Shepherd; Dr. Chalmers; and John Wilson. All have departed, but their portraits, as they looked five-and-thirty years ago, flourish greenly and truly in "Peter's Letters."

Lockhart has informed the world, in his *Life of Scott*, that these letters "were not wholly the work of one hand." This was necessary, perhaps, as Dr. Peter Morris had included Lockhart among his Scottish Worthies. We subjoin, therefore, the character of himself, (which may or may not be the work of another hand,) which Lockhart published in 1819:

"It was on this occasion (a dinner at Mr. Gillies', at Hawthornden) that I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mr. Lockhart, who, as well as Mr. Wilson, is supposed to be one of the principal supporters of this Magazine, and so of judging for myself concerning an individual who seems to have cared very little how many enemies he raised up among those who were not personally acquainted with him. Owing to the satirical vein of some of the writings ascribed to his pen, most persons whom I have heard speak of him, seemed to have been impressed with the notion, that the bias of his character inclined towards an unrelenting subversion of the pretensions of others. But I soon perceived that here was another instance of the incompetency of the crowd to form any rational opinion about persons of whom they see only partial glimpses, and hear only distorted representations. I was not long in his company ere I was convinced that those elements which form the basis of his mind could never find their satisfaction in mere satire, and that if the exercise of penetration had afforded no higher pleasure, nor led to any more desirable result than that of detecting error, or exposing absurdity, there is no person who would sooner have felt an inclination to abandon it in despondency and disgust. At the same time, a strong and ever-wakeful perception of the ludicrous, is certainly a prominent feature in his composition, and his flow of animal spirits enables him to enjoy it keenly, and invent it with success. I have seen, however, very few persons whose minds are so much alive and awake throughout every corner, and who are so much in the habit of trying and judging every thing by the united tact of so many qualities and feelings all at once. But one meets with abundance of individuals every day, who

show in conversation a greater facility of expression, and a more constant activity of speculative acuteness. I never saw Mr. Lockhart very much engrossed with the desire of finding language to convey any relation of ideas that had occurred to him, or so enthusiastically engaged in tracing its consequences, as to forget every thing else. In regard to facility of expression, I do not know whether the study of languages, which is a favorite one with him—(indeed I am told he understands a good deal of almost all the modern languages, and is well skilled in the ancient ones)—I know not whether this study has any tendency to increase such facility, although there is no question it must help to improve the mind in many important particulars, by varying our modes of perception.

"His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines; his forehead is well advanced, and largest, I think, in the region of observation and perception. Although an Oxonian, and early imbued with an admiration for the works of the Stagyrte, he seems rather to incline, in philosophy, to the high Platonic side of the question, and to lay a great deal of stress on the investigation and cultivation of the impersonal sentiments of the human mind—ideas which his acquaintance with German literature and philosophy has probably much contributed to strengthen. Under the influence of that mode of thinking, a turn for pleasantry rather inclines to exercise itself in a light and good-humored play of fancy, upon the incongruities and absurd relations which are so continually presenting themselves in the external aspect of the world, than to gratify a sardonic bitterness in exulting over them, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit in regarding them with a cherished and pampered feeling of delighted disapprobation, like that of Swift. But Mr. Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humored as you will. Indeed, his friend Wastle tells me he already professes himself heartily sick of it, and has begun to write, of late, in a quite opposite key."

In August and September, 1819, "CHRISTOPHER IN THE TENT" appeared to dazzle the world. The greater part of this was written by Wilson,—but Lockhart and others contributed. I am inclined to think that the learned effusions therein attributed to Dr. Parr, were written by Lockhart, and I know that whatever is credited to Buller, Seward, Mullion, or the Odontist, including that admirable mock-pathetic "Lament for Captain Paton," (for which see Vol. I. p. 127 of this edition,) may, with entire propriety, be affiliated upon Lockhart.

As yet, however, he had not struck into the right vein. In *Maga*, for February, 1820, appeared "Horræ Hispanicæ, No. 1," in which he published some of his Spanish Ballads; about the same time, he gave a few of them to the world, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, for 1816. The freedom of the translation, while preserving the spirit of the originals, obtained immediate popularity;—"Zara's Ear-rings," and "Andalla's Bridal," were particularly

admired. In the course of the year, further specimens were published, and their merit was instantly recognised.

Lockhart's intimacy with Scott had assumed the reality of warm regard and friendship. He became an invited and favored guest at Abbotsford, and it was arranged, early in 1820, that he should marry Miss Scott, in the course of the coming spring. At this time he was in his twenty-eighth year; well-looking; gifted; and with pleasing manners. The lady (Sophia Charlotte Scott) was little more than twenty. Lockhart's pecuniary means chiefly arose, at that time, from his pen,—but Scott had pretty considerable confidence, no doubt, in the capabilities of his future son-in-law. The marriage took place in April, 1820,* and Lockhart has recorded that it came off, *more Scotico*, in the evening; “and adhering on all such occasions to ancient modes of observance, with the same punctiliousness as distinguished his worthy father.”

In those days, those who went in quest of Parliamentary Reform, were like the patriots mentioned in *The Prisoner of Chillon*,

“To whom the goodly earth and air
Were banned and barred, forbidden fare;”

and the Yeomanry were bitter against the Radicals—as the reformers were called. (Ten years later, Reform was a government measure!) Lockhart joined the local cavalry, and, Scott said, was “a very good trooper.” In 1822, during the visit of George IV. to Scotland, he was on duty with his corps, and continued to “play at soldiers,” I believe, until he permanently went to London.

In August, 1820, Lockhart and his wife commenced a visit of several weeks to Abbotsford, and there, and for some time after, he was busy,—for “*Valerius, a Roman Story of the First Century*,” was announced in March, and was published in April, 1821.

Before this, a very painful event had occurred. Mr. John Scott, author of a *Visit to Paris* in 1814, was the original Editor of the *London Magazine*, which, with its contributors, had been severely—personally—even coarsely assailed in *Blackwood*. John Scott replied, in several articles of marked severity, in which he particularly pointed at Lockhart as having written the papers in *Blackwood*, and of thereby being engaged in “a felon conspiracy against the dignity of literature.” The last of these rejoinders by Scott appeared in December, 1820. Some weeks after, a Mr. Christie waited upon Mr. Scott, on the part of Lockhart, then in Edinburgh, with a demand for apology or satisfaction. John Scott said that he did not understand the absence of a principal, in such a

* The usual newspaper announcement, which I have taken the trouble to search for, was as follows:—“April 29, 1820, at Edinburgh, by the Rev. Richard Shannon, John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., advocate, to Sophia Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart.” The marriage of the Ettrick Shepherd took place one day before this.—M.

matter. Lockhart then visited London. John Scott now declared that no gentleman could meet him, until he had cleared himself of the imputation of having written slanders in *Blackwood* for money or profit. Lockhart did not recognise Mr. Scott's right to have such a disclaimer, but eventually made it. In the interim, Christie had worked himself into the position of a principal, put Lockhart's *casus belli* wholly out of view, fought a duel with Scott, at Chalk Farm, (then the London scene of such rencontres,) and killed him. The circumstance materially mitigated the tone of Lockhart's future articles in *Blackwood*.

Though the publication of "*Valerius*" took place in April, 1821, *Blackwood* had no review of it until the following January, and then described it as an attempt to work fiction on new ground.—It is the story of a sojourn in Rome, during a portion of the reign of Trajan. To the main points of history he faithfully adhered. The hero, son of a Roman officer in England, becomes enamoured of a beautiful Christian in Rome, and, after many trials, during which the heroic damsel nearly suffers martyrdom, succeeds in bearing her away, as his bride, to his remote insular home. Since Lockhart wrote, many such tales have appeared—among them Moore's Epicurean, Horace Smith's Zillah, Croly's Salathiel, and Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii—but the meed of originality, as far as English fiction is concerned, belongs to "*Valerius*." Wilson's critique said much in a few words when it told that Lockhart seemed as much at home in the "*Eternal City*," as the author of *Guy Rannering* in Auld Reekie—that seventeen centuries were rolled back—that we heard the stir and tumult of Rome.—"*Valerius*" was written in *three weeks*!

In January, 1822, appeared the announcement of "*Some Passages of the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Crossmeikle*," with an intimation that the public had in reality to expect "a very elegant and amusing romance, not *unlikely to become the Scottish Vicar of Wakefield*,"—the italics are not mine. It was published in the following month, and Adam Blair was as unlike our old friend Dr. Primrose as can well be imagined. Lockhart had sounded the depths of the passionate heart which he had given to his hero, and produced a forcible story of man's weakness under temptation, of woman's seducing and seduction, of quick remorse, of deep and public degradation, and, after long repentance, of restoration, with a subdued and humble spirit, to the duty of the Ministry. In the second edition, much that stood too strongly in relief was softened down; it remains, thus altered, a painful story, yet with much natural feeling and pathos.

In midsummer, 1822, appeared a new edition of *Don Quixote*, in five volumes, 8vo, edited by Lockhart, with copious notes, and an essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes. This edition was suggested by John Ballantyne—who is also entitled to the merit of having proposed, seven years before it appeared, the annotated and illustrated edition of the *Waverley Novels*. Lockhart's

notes were copious, occupying as much as forty or fifty closely-printed pages of each of the five volumes. These notes were full of historical, literary, and personal anecdotes, and also contained a further portion of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads. Previous to this, came the announcement (March, 1822) of "The Youth of Reginald Dalton," which was not published until June, 1823, (when it came out as "Reginald Dalton,") nor reviewed in *Blackwood* before the following January. This story, which I have read very many times, always struck me as singularly beautiful in many parts. It relates the adventures of a youth at Oxford—tempted, erring, yet ever prevented from all grossness of sin by the purity and depth of a virtuous and romantic passion, hopeless until the last, but sustained by intensity and principle through many trials, until, at last, it is happily crowned with the good fortune it deserves. Oxford life has been painted, and well painted, before and since the appearance of Reginald Dalton, but never with a hand at once so true and delicate in its touch. Not until I actually lived in Oxford, could I understand the fidelity of the descriptions. Helen Hesketh, the beautiful heroine, is almost too fair and good for earth. There is scarcely any thing more charming, in the whole range of fiction, than the scene at Godstone Abbey, where Reginald and Helen mutually learn, and confess, that love has filled their soul, and pervades their being. If the book were cut down by a third, striking out the dull platitudes of London and Edinburgh society, it would indeed become a gem.

"Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic, translated by J. G. Lockhart, LL.B.," appeared early in 1823. The collection included all hitherto published, in magazines, as well as in *Don Quixote*, with a variety of fresh materiel. There was a fair sprinkling of prose, also,—critical, descriptive, and historical. The ballads proved that Lockhart had strong masculine energy as a poet, moral conception, great power of versification, and much originality of expression. The book has been popular from its first appearance. In 1841, a very ornate edition was brought out by Murray, beautifully printed in colors, and profusely ornamented with illustrations from drawings by Sir William Allan, David Roberts, William Simson, Henry Warren, C. R. Leslie, and William Harvey. Of this, one of the handsomest and most ornate works ever published in England, many thousand copies have been sold.

"The History of Matthew Wald," the last of Lockhart's prose fictions,* was published in April, 1824. It is inferior to his other productions. The hero, whose mind was cast in a coarse mould, is his own biographer, and exhibits far from a pleasing picture of himself. There are some scenes of great merit—some touching episodes, also—but the perusal of the book leaves an unpleasant sensation, and there is not, cannot be any sympathy for the insane hero.

* "Passages in the Life of Gilbert Earle," which have been ignorantly attributed to Lockhart, were written by the late Barry St. Leger.—M.

While Lockhart was writing these works, he and his wife resided at a cottage called Chiefswood, which they continued to occupy for six years. It was close to Abbotsford, and perhaps the happiest part of their life was passed in this calm retreat.

In July, 1825, Sir Walter Scott, with his daughter Anne and Lockhart, visited Ireland. The Great Unknown's reception in, and passage through, the Green Isle was a sort of ovation, so great was his popularity. On this occasion, then little more than a stripling, I first saw Scott and Lockhart. They were accompanied by Miss Edgeworth and Anne Scott. They slept, *en route*, in the prosperous town of Fermoy, in the south of Ireland, and Scott was curious to learn some particulars of John Anderson, a Scotchman, who, thirty years before, had found three mud cabins in the place, and, ere he died, saw it contain over six thousand inhabitants. I was sent for, as one who, almost native to the place, was reputed to possess the information required. But the details of the interview, in which Scott's courtesy, Miss Edgeworth's shrewdness, and Lockhart's supercilious coldness were very apparent, do not belong to this rapid memoir, and will be more in place in another work. Scott's party returned by Windermere, to meet Canning, and be cordially greeted by Wilson, "the Admiral of the Lakes."

William Gifford, who had conducted the *Quarterly Review*, from its establishment in 1809, was compelled, by ill health, to retire in 1824. His place was filled up by the present Sir John T. Coleridge, now one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, in London, whose bar-practice so rapidly increased, at the time, as to cause him to resign the editorship, after holding it for a year. After considerable doubt and some delay, the situation was offered to Mr. Lockhart. At this time, he was only thirty-four years old, and, notwithstanding his literary celebrity, probably owed the appointment to his relationship to Scott. It was about the highest position that a man of letters could hold in England, and the salary, independent of separate and additional payment for each of his own articles, has been understood to be not less than £1500 a year.

Removing to London, with his wife and family, Lockhart took up his residence in a stately mansion, in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. But though worldly prosperity was his, the common infliction of domestic sorrow awaited him. John Hugh Lockhart, his eldest son, born at Chiefswood, in February, 1821, never enjoyed good health. He was affectionate and intelligent, (it was to him, as "Hugh Little-John, Esq.," that Scott dedicated the *Tales of a Grandfather*;) but it often happens that the best go earliest—

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

After much suffering, this child of love, fear, and promise died on the 15th December, 1831. His brother, Walter Scott Lockhart, who lived to years of manhood, and was thoughtless and dissipated, died not long ago. One daughter, married to Mr. Hope, is the sole surviving fruit of Lockhart's marriage, and her youthful son, who has obtained the Royal permission to assume the surname of Scott, is the direct lineal successor of "the Great Unknown." Mr. Hope resides at Abbotsford, now the property of his wife.

From this digression, it is proper to return to Lockhart's becoming Editor of the *Quarterly*, in 1826. Applying himself, with energy and perseverance, to the duties of his new occupation, and speedily showing himself adequate to all its requirements, he proceeded with a "Life of Burns," upon which he had been for some time engaged;—indeed, it had been announced, early in 1825, as one of the earliest volumes of "Constable's Miscellany"—a magnificent undertaking, had it been carried out by its sanguine and able projector. It appeared in that collection, at a cheap price, in April, 1828, and the sale was immense. It has repeatedly been republished, in more expensive forms, and continues to stand high in the ranks of modern biography.

Lockhart did ample justice, in his Life of Burns, to the Man as well as the Poet—to the manliness of his character and the vigor of his genius. His portraiture of Burns showed the shades as well as the lights—but all was done in a benignant spirit. The events of his brief and brilliant career were carefully detailed, and a fine spirit of humanity—which was unexpected in Lockhart—breathed serious life into the whole production. I recollect no English biography which was more generally satisfactory than this.

In October, 1828, when "Murray's Family Library" was projected, Lockhart was requested to write a Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, but scrupled to undertake, in two volumes, what Scott had done in nine. Scott strongly urged him to the work, which was announced, in December, 1828, as the "Personal History of Napoleon Bonaparte," but did not appear until June, 1829, with steel portraits from French engravings and several clever woodcuts from Cruikshank's designs. It was the first issue of the "Family Library," and, from its clearness of narrative, general impartiality, handsome typography, good illustrations, and low price, obtained a large sale. At first, it was generally attributed to Croker, (a mystification commenced in *THE NOCTES*,) but the authorship has long been claimed for and by Lockhart. It was while discussing the merits of this work, that Wilson said of Napoleon, "Now, God pity us, he sleeps sound beneath a thousand weight of granite, and shame on the mortal who dares deny that he was the greatest man of the last thousand years."

While Scott lived, Lockhart and his wife* visited Scotland almost every year.

* Here I beg to protest, with all solemnity, against such a phrase as "Mr. So-and-so and *his lady*." What word *is* there, what word *ought* there to be, more homely and simple than

They were at Abbotsford in September, 1831, when it was resolved that Scott should spend the winter in Italy. Mrs. Lockhart returned to London some days in advance of her father, to make suitable preparations for his reception at her house, and Lockhart accompanied him a few days later. Of all that passed in London and Portsmouth, until Scott quitted England, a detailed and interesting account has been given in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. There, too, will be found a touching record—pathetic in its sublime simplicity—of the last days of the “Ariosto of the North,” ending with his death, at Abbotsford, in the presence of all his children—on the 21st September, 1832; “a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

Lockhart's connection with *Blackwood* did not wholly cease when he became Editor of the *Quarterly*. I know that he wrote for it then, for, in my own collection of Autographs, I have a letter, dated July 16, 1832, addressed to Mr. Wright, editor of Murray's collective and annotated edition of Byron's poems, then in course of publication, in which Lockhart says, “I have none of the sheets by me, and can't possibly write half a dozen reviews without material, but you will find what I could do in *Blackwood* for this month (which, however, is said only to yourself). Meantime get Dr. Maginn to draw up a little article for Jerdan, on the model of mine on Vol. VII., and let Murray ask Hook to give my preface to the new vol. in *Bull*, with the song on the *Cadiz Ladies*.”

It happens, however, that there is no mention of Byron in *Blackwood* for July, 1832. But in *THE NOCTES*, No. LXII., for September, 1832, the hand of Lockhart is visible. No doubt he furnished the concluding portion of *that Noctes*, (Vol. V. pp. 113–118 of the present edition,) in which the new issue of Byron was abundantly lauded, with special reference to “that charming ditty on the Girl of Cadiz, which Byron originally designed to fill the place now occupied by a dismal concern,”—namely, the lugubrious lyric *To Inez*, which now follows the eighty-fourth stanza of the first Canto of *Childe Harold*.

At the close of 1836, appeared the first volume of “*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, by J. G. Lockhart, Esq., his Literary Executor.” This work was completed within two years, and a revised and richly illustrated

Wife? Jacob, I am certain, never spoke of Rachel as his *lady*! I recollect an anecdote on this subject. The wife of an English Bishop drove to Howell and James's, in Regent street, and asked the young man, who came out to receive her, to bring a box of gloves to her carriage, that she might make her selection without alighting. The young man said that, such delicate articles being liable to injury from dust and sunshine, it was a prohibitory rule of the house that they must not be taken into the street. “Do you know who I am?” asked the irritated *dama*. “I have not that honor, Ma'am,” was the civil reply. Summoning up a look of immense dignity, she impressively said, “Young man, I am the Bishop of Worcester's *lady*.” Making her a bow, and still speaking with apparent respect, he replied, “Ma'am, I could not break through a rule of the house—no, not even if you were the Bishop's wife!”—M.

edition immediately followed. It is not necessary to give particulars respecting a work so widely known and so generally liked. To say that its place is next to, and certainly not lower than, Boswell's Johnson, is to say no more than the truth. Boswell devotes himself more particularly to what may be called the personality of his hero; Lockhart includes a variety of particulars relative to Scott's contemporaries. The two biographies, in fact, contain a graphic history of British Literature during the greater part of the Georgian era—from the commencement of Johnson's career, to the close of Scott's.

The defect of Lockhart's book is that he devotes too much space to a discussion of the connection between Scott and the Ballantynes. The tone and temper of this discussion are equally out of keeping with the biography and its author's intention of exhibiting Scott in a favorable light. The executors of James Ballantyne replied, in a voluminous pamphlet, the object of which was to show that Ballantyne was more sinned against than sinning. Lockhart retorted, in a bitter publication called "*The Ballantyne Humbug Handled.*" It was contemptuous and personal. Then followed a rejoinder, going closely into detail, in which they showed how constantly Scott used to draw on Ballantyne for money, and how improvident he was. To this there was no reply, but the discussion, which was provoked by Lockhart's aspersions, did not tend to exalt Scott in public estimation.

It is singular (and I would scarcely have credited it had I not taken the trouble of ascertaining the facts by close examination) that no notice of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* ever appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

While the book was being published, Mrs. Lockhart died,—May 17, 1837. In the fifth volume, (which appeared in October, 1837,) while alluding to the earlier years of his wedded life at Chiefswood, and the friends who witnessed it, Lockhart says, "Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle as I believe ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. With three exceptions, they are all gone. Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter Scott himself, the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my own place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like him in all things as a gentle and innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she, too, is no more."

The *Life of Scott* was the last of Lockhart's published works.* It is probable that a selection from his articles in the *Quarterly* will appear, to match those of Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Hamilton, and others.

* He subsequently made an abridgment of it, in one volume, which is now adopted, as a reading-book, in many of the schools in Scotland and England.—M.

It is known, also, that he has written a work on the *Literary History of his Own Time*, (chiefly autobiographical,) which will not appear until after his death. There is some expectation, also, that he will assist in the production of a biography of Professor Wilson.

Failing health compelled him, in the autumn of 1853, to terminate his editorial connection with the *Quarterly Review*, and pass the winter in the south of Europe. He returned to London, in the spring of 1854. It is understood that he has obtained an independence by the prudent application of his pecuniary gains from literature. He also is Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall—a life-appointment, the duties of which are nearly nominal, while the salary has been variously stated at from £300 to £1500 a year. It is nearer the latter than the former amount.

There is no necessity here for examining into the general literary character and merits of Mr. Lockhart. In *Blackwood's Magazine* his contributions were marked by vigor, sarcasm, and personality. Time, as it advanced, brought more serious thought and more sober judgment. The fact of his having conducted the *Quarterly Review*, for seven-and-twenty years, with success, sufficiently attests his ability.

Those who best knew him have spoken cordially and gratefully of his kindly nature—among these were Hogg, Moore, Sterling, and Haydon. A certain *hauteur* of manner, which sometimes was even supercilious, has contributed to strengthen the opinion that he was cold, proud, and distant. But he has been afflicted with deafness for many years,—an ailment which naturally checks the geniality of one's nature, by preventing familiar companionship.* His most determined assailants, at home and abroad, have been the small fry of *literati*, whom his casual touch has almost brushed out of existence.

From them I turn to a less suspicious and more impartial witness. The late Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, of New-York, visited England in 1829, and has recorded (too briefly) his impressions of the authors whom he met in London. His "Pencilings" contain the following,—“To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of color, in a complexion pale yet pure, and hair as black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty,) yet I should designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and pencilled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiselled nose; and compressed, though curved lips. His face is

* Before he became deaf, Lockhart had an idea of entering into political life, and actually was a candidate, at one time, (though he never proceeded in the contest,) for the parliamentary representation of the borough of Weymouth. He declared his principles to be those of extreme Toryism.—M.

too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty ; but this defect heightens its intellectual character."

To this personal description, may suitably be appended Mr. Griffin's analysis of his conversation. He says : " Mr. Lockhart meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasantries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Washington Irving seems to be one of those men, who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the Editor of the *Quarterly*. The one appears the reserve of sensibility, the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, even anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent."

The sketch of Mr. Lockhart which illustrates this volume, was executed by Daniel Maclise, R. A., (under the *nomme de crayon* of A. Croquis,) and appeared, in August, 1830, in *Fraser's Magazine*, as the third of the " Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," which, with Maginn's racy descriptions, never exceeding a page, and always struck off at a moment's notice, formed a very attractive feature in that periodical, for many years. It represents him busily smoking his sempiternal cigar—the use of tobacco, in that shape, being one of Lockhart's small vices.

In the popular edition of his *Life of Scott*, (Edinburgh, 1842, in large 8vo,) is a full-length which may be taken as authentic, being issued by himself. It shows the accuracy of Mr. Griffin's above-quoted description. In the very interesting picture by Faed, (from which a fine engraving has lately been issued here,) which exhibits Sir Walter Scott and his Friends, in 1825, a portrait of Lockhart occupies the centre, between Crabbe and Wordsworth, and is a striking and characteristic likeness.

Doctes Ambrosianae.

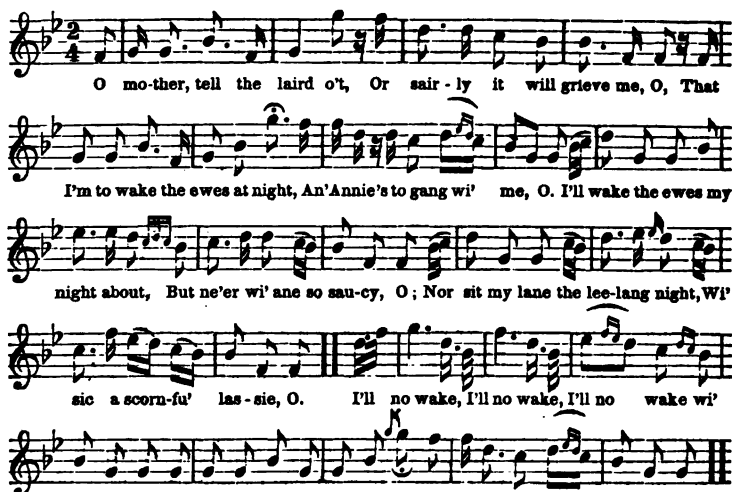
No. XXXV.—JANUARY, 1828.

SCENE I.—*Picardy Place—Southeast Drawing Room—The
SHEPHERD Solus.*

Shepherd.—Perfec' enchantment! Ae single material coal fire multiplied by mirrors into a score of unsubstantial reflections, ilka image burnin' awa' as brichtly up its ain shadowy chimley, as the original Prototeep! Only ye dinna hear the phantom-fires murmuring about the bars—their flickering tongues are a' silent—they might seem to reek at a puff o' the Prototeep,—but sic seemin' wadna dim the atmosphere o' this splendid Saloon. The refraction and reflection o' light's a beautifu' mystery, and I wus I understood the sceence o' optics. And yet giblins it's better no—I mightna then wi' sic a shudder o' instantawneous delicht, naething short o' religion, glower upon the rainbow, the apparition o' the storm. Let Pheelosophers ken causes—Poets effectks. Ye canna ca' him an ignorawmus that kens effectks—and then in the moral world, which belongs to men o' genius like Me and Burna, there's for the maist part a confused but no an obscure notion o' causes accompanying the knowledge o' effectks—difficult to express formally, like a preacher in his poopit, or a professor in his chair, but coloring the poetry o' effectks wi' the tinge o' the pheelosophy o' causes, sae that the reader alloos that reason and imagination are ane, and that there's nae truth like fiction. O, ye bit bonny bright burning fires, there's only ane amang ye a' that gies ony heat! A' the rest's but delusion—just as when the evening star lets loose her locks to the dew's high up in heaven, every pool amang the mountains has its Eidolon, sae that the earth seems strewn with stars, yet a' the while there's in reality but ae star, and her name is Venus, the delicht o' gods and men and universal natur. Ma faith, you're a maist magnificent time-pieck, towerin' there on the mantel, mair like a palace wi' thae ivory pillars, or the vera temple o' Solomon! To what a heicht man has carried the mechnical airts—till they become imaginative! There's poetry in that portal—mercy on us, twa figures comin' out, haun in haun, frae the interior o' the building intill the open air,

apparelled like wee bit Christians, yet nae bigger than fairies. Weel, that's beats a'—first the tane and then the tither, wi' its tiny siller rod, seemin' to strike the chimes on a sheet o' tinsel—and then aff and awa in amang the ticks o' the clock-wark! Puir creturs, with a' their fantastic friskiness, they maun lead a slavish life, up and out to their wark, every hour o' the day and nicht, Sabbaths and a', sae that they haena time even to finish a dream. That's waur than human life itself; for the wee midshipman in a man-o'-war is aye allooted four hours' sleep at a stretch, and mair than that is the lot o' the puirest herd callant, wha, haein nae pawrents, is glad to sair a hard master, withouten ony wage—a plaid, parritch,* and a cauff-bed.† Mony, certes, is the curious contrivance for notin' time! The hour-glass—to my mind, the maist impressive, perhaps, o' them a'—as ye see the sand perpetually dreep-dreepin awa' momentarily—and then a' dune just like life. Then, wi' a touch o' the haun, or whawmle in which there's aye something baith o' feelin' and o' thocht, there begins another era, or epoch of an hour, during which ane o' your ain bairns, wha has been lang in a decline, and visited by the doctor only when he's been at ony rate passin' by, gies a groanlike sich, and ye ken in a moment that he's dead—or an earthquake tumbles down Lisbon, or some city in Calabria, while a' the folk, men, women, and children, fall down on their knees, or are crushed aiblins‡ by falling churches. “The dial-stane aged and green,”—ane o' Cammel's fine lines! Houses change families, not only at Michaelmas, but often on a sudden summons frae death, there is a general fittin', awa a'thegither frae this side o' the kintra, nane o' the neebors ken whare; and sae, ye see, dial-stanes get green, for there are nae bairn's hauns to pick aff the moss, and it's no muckle that the Robin Redbreast taks for his nest or the Kitty Wren. It's aften been a mournfu' thocht wi' me, that o' a' the dial-stanes I ever saw, staunin' in a sort o' circle in the middle o' a garden, or in a nyeuck o' grun§ that might ance hae been a garden, just as you gang in or out o' the village, or in a kirk-yard, there was aye something wrang wi' them, either wi' the finger or the face, sae that Time laughed at his ain altar, and gied it a kick in the bygaun, till it begood to hang a' to the tae-side like a negleckit tombstane ower the banes o' some ane or ither buried lang afore the Covenant. Isna that a fiddle on the brace-piece? Let's hawnle her. Ay, just like a' the lave||—ae string wantin'—and something or ither wrang wi' twa or three pegs—sae, that when ye skrew up, they'll no haud the grip. Ne'ertheless, I'll play mysell a bit tune. Got, she's no an ill fiddle—but some folk can bring music out o' a boot-jack.

* *Parritch*,—porridge. † *Cauff-bed*,—chaff-bed. ‡ *Aiblins*,—perhaps. § *Nyeuck o' grun*,—nook of ground. || *Lave*,—rest.—M.



Dear son, be wise an' warie,
 But never be unmanly, O,
 I've heard you tell another tale
 O' young an' charming Annie, O.
 The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
 Upon the brae sae bonny, O;
 But the laird himsell wad gie them a',
 To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
 He'll no wake, &c.

I tauld ye ear,† I tauld ye late,
 That lassie wad trepan ye, O,
 In' ilka word ye boud to say,
 When left your lane wi' Annie, O.
 Tak' my advice this night for ance,
 Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O,
 An' sey your leel auld mother's skeel,
 Ayout the moor wi' Annie O
 He'll no wake, &c.

The night it was a simmer night,
 An' O the glen was lanely, O,
 For just ae sternie's gowden ee
 Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.
 The twa are in the flow'ry heath,
 Ayont the moor sae flow'ry, O,
 An' but ae plaid atween them baith,
 An' wasna that right dowy, O!
 He maun wake, &c.

* Thraward an' uncan-nie,—cross-grained and dangerous. † Ear,—early.—M.

Neist morning at his mother's knee,
 He bless'd her love unfeign'dly, O;
 An' aye the tear fell frae his ee,
 An' aye he clasp'd her kindly, O.
 Of a' my griefs, I've got amends,
 Up in yon glen sae grassy, O.
 A woman only woman kens;
 Your skill has won my lassie, O.
 I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,
 I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O.
 I'll ne'er again keep wake wi' ane
 Sae sweet, sae kind, an' cannie, O.

I'm no in bad vice the nicht—and oh! but the saloon's a gran' ha' for singin'! Here's your health, and sang, sir. Dog on't, if I didna believe for a minute that your Image was anither Man! I didna a'thegither just like this room, for it's getting unco like a Pandemonium. It would be a fearsome room to get fou in—for then you would sit glowerin' in the middle o' forty fires, and yet fear that you were nae Salamander. You wud be frichtened to stir, in case you either walked uatil the real ribs, or gaed crash through a lookin' glass thinkn't the 'trance. I'm beginnin' to get a wee dizzy—sae let me sit down on this settee. Oh! Wow but this is a sonsie sofa! It wad do brawly for a honeymoon. It's aneugh o' itsell to gar a man fa' in love wi' he disna ken wha—or the ugliest woman o' a' his hail acquaintance. I declare that I dinna ken whether I'm sittin' or stannin', or lyin', or langin' in air, or dookin' in warm water. The leanest o' human kind wud fin' itsell saft and plump, on, or rather in, sic a settee, for there's nae kennin' the seat frae the thing sittin', and ane's amalgamated, to use a chemical word, corporeally wi' the cushions, and part and parcel o' the fringed furniture o' a room fit to be the Sanctum Sanctorum o' the Spirit o' Sardanapalus after Apotheosis. Sae intense is the luxury, that it gars me unawares use lang-nebbed classical words, in preference to my mither tongue, which seems ower puir-like and impovereeshed for gien adequate expression to a voluptuousness that laps my spirit in an Oriental Elysium. A doubled rose-leaf would be felt uneasily below my limbs the noo—yet I wud be ower steeped in luxurious laziness to allow mysell even to be lifted up by the saft fingers, and hauns, and arms, and shouthers, o' a train o' virgins, till the loveliest o' them a' micht redd the bed, blawin' awa the disturbin' rose-leaf wi' her breath, and then commanding, with her dewy eyne, her nymphs to replace the Shepherd midst the down, and sing him asleep with their choral vespers. Thochts gang by the rule o' contrairies—that's certain sure—or, what could mak me think the noo o' a hard-bottomed kitchen-chayre, deep-worn, sliddery, ower wee, the crazy back bent in against the nape o' my neck, and a' the fower legs o' different

statures, ane o' the hint anes fit for a creepie, the tither a broken besom-stick, for a makshift, intil a hole far ower big; the foreanes like them o' a mawkin,* unco short for sic lang hint anes, the tane stickin' out sturdily in a wrang direction, and for ever treddin' on folk's taes—the tither constantly crackin' frae some cause nae carpenter could ever fin' out, and if you sae muckle as mooved, disturbin' the reading o' the chapter. That chayre used aye to fa' to me, and it was so coggly that it couldna sit dooble, sae that nae lassie would venture to drap down aside you on't, no, not even gin you were to take her ontill your verra knee. Wha cou'd hae foreseen, in thae days, that I, Jamie Hogg, would ever hae been sittin' on down cushions, covered wi' damask, waitin' for Christopher North, in Awmrose's Hotel, in Picardy, surrounded wi' mirrors a' ableeze, reflected fires, shintillating wi' gilt mouldin's, and surmounted wi' eagles' beaks, seemin' to haud up the glitterin' glasses in the air by golden cords, while out o' the mouths o' leopards and lions depended chandeliers o' cut crystal, lustres indeed, dotted wi' wax caundles, as the galaxy wi' stars, and filling the perfumed Saloon wi' unwinkin' light, frae the Turkey carpet to the Persian roof, a heicht that it would be fatal to fa' frae, and that a pridefu' poet couldna houp to strike wi' his head, even when lowpin' and dancin' in an Ode and Dream. Methinks I see my father and my mother! my brothers and sisters! We are a' sittin' thegither—the grown-up—the little and the less—the peat-fire, wi' an ash-root in't, is bright and vaporless as a new-risen star that ye come suddenly in sight o', and think it sae near, that you could maist grup it wi' your outstretched haun. What voices are these I hear?—the well-known, well-beloved tones of lips that hae lang syne been in the clay! There is the bed on which I used to sleep beside my parents, when I was ca'd "Wee Jamie," and on the edge o' which mony a time, when I was a growin' callant, hae I sat with the lasses, in innocent daffin', a skirl† noo and then half waukenin' the auld man asleep, or pretendin' to be sae, by the ingle-neuck.‡ I see before me the coverlet patched with a million pawtrons, chance being the kaleidoscope, and the harmony of the colors perfect as that o' a bank o' flowers. As for mirrors, there was but ae single lookin' glass in a' the house, gayan sair cracket, and the ising rubbed aff, sae that ye had a comical face and queer, when you shaved, and on the Sunday mornin', when the family were buskin§ themsells for the kirk, it gaed glintin' like a sunbeam frae ane till anither, but aye rested langest afore the face o' bonnie Tibby Laidlaw.

Enter MR. AMBROSE with some reindeer tongues.

Mr. Ambrose. A present, Mr. Hogg, from the Emperor of Russia

* *Mawkin*,—a hare. † *Skirl*,—shrill cry. ‡ *Ingle-neuck*,—chimney-corner. § *Busk*,—dress.—M.

to Mr. North. The Emperor, you remember, sir, when Duke Nicholas,* used to honor Gabriel's Road. Asleep, with his eyes open!

Exit (retrogradens.)

Shepherd. Puir Tibby! Mony a time hae I tied my neckcloth extendin' the knot intil twa white rose-buds, in her een! stannin' sae close, in order that I might see my image, that the ruffles o' my Sabbath-sark† just touched her breast-knot, and my breath amaist lifted up the love-lock that the light-hearted cretur used to let hang, as if through carelessness, on ae rosy cheek, just aboon and about the rim o' her wee, white, thin lug, that kent, I trow, a' the tunes ever sung in Scotland. But—oh! that lug‡ listened to what it shouldna hae listened till—and awa' frae the Forest fled its Flower wi' an outlandish French prisoner on his parole at Selkirk, but set free by the short peace. He disappeared from her ae night in London, and she became a thing of shame, sin, and sorrow. Years afterwards she begged her way back to the hut in which she had been born—was forgiven by her father and mother, wha had never had any other child but her—and, ere the second Sabbath after her return, she was buried decently and quietly, and without many tears, in the kirk-yard, where she had for many springs gathered the primroses; for, although her life had latterly been that of a great sinner, nobody that knew her attributed that sin to her, puir cretur, but thoct on her as ane o' thae victims that the Evil One is permitted, by an inscrutable Providence, to choose out frae amang the maist innocent o' the daughters o' men, to confound all that would put their trust in human virtue.—Was Awmrose no in the room the noo? Pre-

* The present Emperor of Russia visited Edinburgh in 1816.—Nicholas, third son of the Emperor Paul, was born in 1796, and received a good education. In 1817, he married the sister of the present King of Prussia, (Frederick William III.) and succeeded to the throne on the death of his brother Alexander, in December, 1825. On this occasion was presented the singular spectacle of two brothers contending who should *not* wear the imperial purple. The Arch-Duke Constantine was older than his brother Nicholas, and Czar *de facto* on the death of the childless Alexander. He was in Warsaw, as Governor of Poland, when the tidings reached St. Petersburg. Nicholas immediately took the oaths of allegiance to Constantine, and made the army take them also. After two days of seclusion and grief, when Constantine was informed of his brother's death, he announced that, with the full sanction of the late Emperor, he had renounced his right of succession, in January, 1825, in favor of Nicholas. The act of renunciation was deposited in the archives of the empire, but Nicholas refused to act upon it, saying that it wanted the force of a law, and that if Constantine wished to exercise the right of renunciation, he must do so afresh. After an interregnum of three weeks, Constantine persisting in renouncing the throne, Nicholas ascended it. Constantine, it appears, who had lived unhappily with and was separated from his wife, had fallen in love with a beautiful Polish lady, whom he married, after obtaining a divorce from his first wife. This espousal, in 1820, was *morganatic*, (or with the left hand,) and therefore no children resulting from it could become Grand-Dukes nor succeed to the throne. The condition on which Alexander had sanctioned the divorce and permitted the second marriage, was that Constantine renounce his imperial heirloom, which was legally done and accepted, and Constantine, (more tenacious of his honor as "a gentleman," than Nicholas has lately been,) insisted upon its being acted upon. From his accession, Nicholas has been animated by one purpose—of enlarging the territory and augmenting the power and influence of Russia. To effect this, he became involved in a war with Turkey, soon after he became Czar, and his second attack on the Sultan, involving Europe in a general contest, and bringing France and England in firm alliance, has sprung from the same cause.—M.

† Sark,—a shirt. ‡ Lug,—an ear.—M.

serve us! what a tot o' tongues! And it's me that used to fin' faut wi' Shakspeare for putting lang soliloquies into the mouths of his chief characters! Now, this seems to be the pheelosophy o' the soliloquy:—either you are in the habit o' speaking to yourself in real life or no—if you are, then it follows o' coorse, that you ought to lose no opportunity, if puttin' intil a play, o' communicatin' your sentiments or opinions to yoursell in private, when there is none by to break the thread o' your discourse. If you are not, then you must never be left by yoursell in a scene; for nae actor, when he is *manet solus*, is allowed, by the laws o' the drama, to say nor do naething—but just to walk about, or to sit down on a chayre in the middle o' the room, whirling his hat, or counting his fingers. To soliloquize seems natural to a hantle o' folk—and that's reason aneuch to authoreeze the practice on the stage. Neither am I sure that soliloquies are aye short or shortish—for I ance keepit speakin' to mysell, I recollect, a' the way frae the Gray Mare's Tail to Mount Benger. The sack is, that the Sowl, when up wi' ony strong passion, expresses a' it feels chiefly to itself, even when it seems to be addressin' ithers that happen to be present at the hour o' trouble. The sumphs think it's poorin' itsell out to them, for the sake o' their sympathies, whereas it's in a manner beside itsell; and the tane talks till the tither, as if they were twa; but there's only ane—speaker and hearer being the same Sowl—and the triflin' creturs that are in the room at the time, being little mair than sae mony chairs—the tongs or the poker—or him that they ca' the Speaker o' the Hoose o' Commons. But I'm gettin' as hoarse as a crow—and had better ring the bell for a jug. Deevil tak the worsted bell-rape—see if it hasna bracken short aff, leaving the ring in my haun! Mercy on us, whatten a feet o' flunkies in the trance!

(*Door flies open—and enter TICKLER—NORTH, supported by MR. AMBROSE.*)

What a queer couple o' auld fellows, a' covered wi' cranreuch!* Is't snawin', sirs?

Tickler. Snawin', my dear James!—Sleetin', hailing, raining, driving, and blasting, all in one unexpected coalition of parties, to the utter discomfort and dismay of all his Majesty's loyal subjects.

Shepherd. And hae you wawked up, like twa fules, frae Bawhannan Lodge, in sic an eerie nicht, knee-deep in mire, glaur, and sludge?

Tickler. One of North's coach-horses is sick, and the other lame—and—

* *Cranreuch*,—snow or hoar-frost.—M.

Shepherd. Catch me keepin' a cotch. It costs Mr. North five guineas, every hurl—and him that's gettin' sae narrow too,*—but Pride! heh, sirs, Pride gets the maister o' avarice—and he'll no condescend to hire a haickney. Dinna melt in the Saloon, sirs—gang intill the trance,† and then come back glitterin' like twa serpents as you are, twa Boa-Constrictors, or rather Rattlesnakes, wi' your forked tongues, and wee red piercin' een, growin' aye mair and mair venomous, as ye begin to bask and beek in the hearth-heat, and turn about the heads o' you to spy whom you may fasten on, lick a' ower wi' glue, and then draw them into your jaws by suction, crashin' their banes like egg-shells, and then hiss-hissin' to ane anither in weel-pleased fierceness, after your ain natur, which mony a puir tortirt cretur has kent to his cost to be without pity and without ruth—ye Sons o' Satan!

North. Thank ye, my dear James, for all your kind inquiries. Quite well, except being even deafer than usual, or—

Shepherd. Ne'er mind, sir; I'll mak you hear on the deafest side o' your head. But whare's the siller ear-trumpet?

Tickler. Buchanan Lodge, James, was stealthily entered a few nights ago by some rejected contributors, in a mere *jeu d'esprit*,—and a Shabby-genteel was observed by one of the police; this very afternoon, driving South in what appeared to be a hired gig, and attempting to make North's ear-trumpet perform the part of a bugle. He immediately gave chase, and has, doubtless, overtaken the depredator at Fushee Bridge or Torsonce.

Shepherd. The neist article my gentleman sends, maun be on the Tread Mill. But what's North fummlin' at yonner? Odd, he's just, for a' the world, like a wee bit corn-stack, frosted and poothered over wi' rime.‡ Noo Mr. Awmrose has gotten him out o' the theikin',—and oh! but he looks genteel, and like a verra nobleman in that speck and span new blue coat, wi' big yellow buttons; nor wad that breast ill become a star. Reel roun' his throne, Mr. Awmrose.

(MR. AMBROSE wheels MR. NORTH in the patent chair to the off-door side of the fire, setting his footstool, and depositing the crutch in its own niche, leaning on the pedestal of Apollo.)

Tickler. Heaven and earth, James, are you well, my dear friend? You seem reduced to a mere shadow.

Shepherd. Reduced to a mere shadow! I'm thinkin', sir, you'll hae been mistakin' your nain figure in the glass for me the noo—

North. Thank ye, Mr. Ambrose. Family all well? That's right

* *Narrow*,—stingy. † *Trance*,—entrance. ‡ *Rime*,—hoar-frost.—M.

—that's right. Where's the Shepherd? Lord bless me, James, are you ill?

Shepherd. Me ill! What the deevil's to mak me ill? But you're baith jokin', noo, sirs.

Tickler. Pardon my weakness, James, but I had a very ugly dream about you—and your appearance—

Shepherd. Ma appearance? What the deevil's the matter wi' ma appearance? Mr. North, am I luckin' ony way out o' health? —(*Aside.*)—Aye—aye, my lads, I see what you're ettlin at noo—but I'm no sae saft and simple's I look like—(*Aloud.*)—You had an ugly dream, Mr. Tickler,—what was't about? Let's hear't.

Tickler. That you were dead, James—laid out—coffined—biered—buried—superscribed—and—

Shepherd. Houkit up by half a dizzen resurrection-men—driven by nicht in a gig to Embro', and selt for three pounds ten shillings to a lecturin' surgeon, for a subject o' demonstration afore a schule o' young doctors; and after that, an atomy in Surgeon's Ha'. Do ye ken, Mr. Tickler, that I wud like gran' to see you disseckit. That is, after you was dead—for I'm no wishin' you dead yet, although you plague me sairly sometimes; and are aye tryin', I winna say wi' what success, to be witty at my expense. I wish you a' happiness, sir, and a lang life—but I houp I may add without offence, that gin ye was fairly and *bonny feedy* dead—I wud like to see the corp disseckit, no on a public table, afore hunners o' glowering gaw-puses, but in a parlor afore a few chosen peers, sic as Mr. North, there, and Odoherty; and Δ who, by the way, would be happy, I dinna doubt, to perform the operation himsell, and I could answer for his doin't wi' a haun at ance firm and tender, resolute and respectfu', for ae man o' genius is aye kind to anither on a' sic occasions; and Δ would cut you up, sir, as delicately as you were his ain father.*

Tickler. Is it to give a flavor to the oysters, James, that you talk so? Suppose we change the subject.

Shepherd. We shall leave that to Δ, sir. There's nae need for changin' the subject yet; besides, dinna ye introduce't yoursell, by offerin' to receet your ugly dream about my decease? But—

North. My dear James, I have left you, by my last will and testament, my skull.

Shepherd. Oh! my dear sir, but I take that verra vera kind. I'll hae't siller munted—the tap o't—that is, the organ o' veneration, which in you is enormous—sawn aff like that o' a cocko-nit, and, then fastened on for a lid by a hinge—and I'll keep a' ma manuscriptps in't—and also that wee stereoteep Bible you gied me that beautiful

*D. M. Moir, the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine, was a surgeon, and practiced at Murrelburgh, near Edinburgh.—M.

Sunday simmer night we spak sae seriously about religion, when the sun was settin' sae gloriously, and the profound hush o' nature seemed o' itself an assurance o' immortality. Mr. Tickler, will ye no leave me your skull, too, as weel's the cremona that I ken's in a codocil, to staun cheek 'by jowl wi' Mr. North's, on the tap o' my mahogany leebrary?

Tickler. Be it so, James—but the bequest must be mutual.

Shepherd. I hae nae objections—there's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile you. Oh, sir! but I wad look unco gash on a bit pedestal in the parlor o' Southside, when you were enterteenin' your sma' snug pairties wi' anecdotes o' the Shepherd. There's something pleasant in the thocht, sir, for I'm sure ye wad tell nae ill o' me—and that you wud every Saturday nicht wipe the dust frae my skull wi' a towel, mutterin' perhaps at a time, "Alas, poor Yorick!"

Tickler. James, you affect me—you do indeed—

Shepherd. Silly fules, noo, were they to owerhear us jockin' and jeerin' in this gate about ane anither's skulls, wud ca' us Atheists, and deny our richt to Christian burial. But what signifies a skull? The shell of the flown bird, said Simonides, a pensive poet of old*—for whose sake would that I could read Greek—though I fancy there are o' him but some sma' and uncertain remains.

North. Religion, James, follows the bird in her flight, and beholds her alight in heaven.

Shepherd. Yet that's nae reason for treatin' a skull irreverently—playin' tricks wi't—pittin' a cigaur in its teeth—or a wig on't—or tryin' to stick spectacles afore the howes† o' what was ance its een—without ony brig o' a mouse for them to rest on—or whisperin' intill its wide-open but deaf, deaf lugs, some amusin' maitter frae ane o' the Noctes Ambrosianæ! There's nae reason for haudin' up a caulker o' Glenlivet to its gab, and askin' the silent skull for a sentiment—or to join, as it used to do, till its very sutures were like to split, in a Three times Three! There's nae reason for ca'in' upon't for a sang, true as its ear aince was, and its tongue like silver—for a sang either tragic or comic—ony mair than there is for playin' at bowls wi't on the green, or at fit-ba' or giein' it even to the bairns, if they hae courage to accepp o't, instead o' a turnip, to frighten folk wi' a cawnle low within its banes by the side o' a kirk-yard wa' on Halloween. In short, there's nae need either for despair or daffin', when a man takes the skull o' a freen into his haun, or looks at it on the mantel-piece. It's a *memento mori* o' friendship—and at a' yevents, isn't far better think ye, sirs, for a skull to be stannin' decently as a relic or bequest, in a warm cozy parlor like

* Simonides, the Greek philosopher, who excelled in lyric poetry and elegy, was born B. C. 556, on the Island of Ceos, and died, aged 88, at the Court of Hiero, King of Syracuse.—M.

† *Hoves*,—holes.

that at Mount Benger, Southside, or Bawhannan Lodge, than deep down within the clayey cauldness—the rotten corruption o’ a great city kirkyard, o’ which the hail sile is a decomposition o’ flesh and banes, as if ae vast corp filled a’ the burial grund—and ye canna stick in a pick without hittin’ the splinter o’ the coffin?

North. James, many a merry Christmas to us all. What a jug!

Shepherd. It’s an instinck wi’ me noo, makin’ het whisky toddy.* A’ the time o’ our silly discourse about our skulls, was I steerin’ about the liquid, plumpin’ in the bits o’ sugar, and garrin’ the green bottle gurgle—unconscious o’ what I was about—yet, as ye observe, sir, wi’ your usual sagacity, “What a jug!”

Tickler. There is no such school of temperance as Ambrose’s in the world—a skreed in any room of his house clears my head for a month, and restrings my stomach to such a pitch of power, that, like an ostrich, I can digest a nail or a cork-screw.

North. Sobriety is the strength of our physical, moral, and intellectual life. But how can any man hope to continue long sober, who calumniates cordial conviviality—misnames fun folly, and mirth malignity—turns up the whites of his eyes at humor, because it is broad, broad as the sea in the sunshine—who in his false wisdom knows not what real wit is, or, half knowing it, turns away, abashed and detected from its corruscations that are ever harmless to the truly good, and wither only the weak or the wicked—who—

Shepherd. Stap, sir—stap—for you’ll never be able to fin’ your way, at this time o’nicht, out o’ sic’ a sentence. It’s o’ a perplexin’ and bewilderin’ kind o’ construction, and I’ll defy mortal man to make his escape out o’t without breakin’ through, in perfect desperation, a’ the rules o’ grammar, and upsettin’ Dr. Syntax at the door o’ a parenthesis.

North. Never shall Sot be suffered to sit at our Symposium, James. Not even the genius of a Sheridan—

* The mystery of making whisky-punch comes with practice. The sugar should be first dissolved in a small quantity of water, which must be what the Irish call “screaching hot.” Next throw in the whisky. Then add a thin shaving of fresh lemon peel. Then add the rest of the water, so that the spirits will be a third of the mixture. Lastly,—Drink! Lemon-juice is deleterious and should be eschewed. What is called “Father Maguire’s receipt for making Punch,” is more simple than the above. It runs thus,—First put in your sugar, then add the whisky—and every drop of water after that spoils the punch! Glasgow Punch is cold. To make a quart jug of it, melt the sugar in a little water. Squeeze a couple of lemons through a small hair-strainer, and mix. This is Sherbet, and half the battle consists in its being well-made. Then add old Jamaica rum, in the proportion of one to six. Finally, cut two limes in two, and run each section rapidly round the edge of the jug, gently squeezing in some of this more delicate acid to complete the flavor. This mixture is very insinuating, and leaves those who freely take it, the legacy of splitting headaches, into the day-use of which they can enter the next morning! Of hot punch, however, though containing double the quantity of alcoholic spirit, it is boastingly said, “There is not a headache in a hogshead of it.” In the rural parts of Scotland, at the harvest-home, I have seen the punch made in small wooden tubs, which, as made to contain the fourth part of a boll of corn, is called a *frìot*. The quantity of this punch those men can and do drink in Scotland, is wonderfully large. At the “Noctes,” it will be noticed, the punch was always hot.—M.

Shepherd. Pshewwhooho—the genius o’ Sheridan! O, sir, but his comedies are cauldrie composition; and the hail tot of them’s no worth the warst Noctes Ambrosianæ that ever Maister Gurney, that gentleman o’ the press, extended frae out o’ short haun. His mind had baith pint and glitter—but sae has a preen. Sheridan had but a sma’ sowl—and even his oratory was feeble, false, and fushionless; and ane o’ the auld Covenanters wad hae rowted him doon intil a silent ceepher on the hillside, makin’ him fin’ what eloquence is, no made up o’ patches frae ither men’s pamphlets, and o’ lang accounts and statements, interlarded wi’ rancid rant, and faded figures new dyed like auld claes, that do weel aneuch by caunlelight, but look desperate shabby in the day-time—wi’ remarks, forsooth, on human life and the principles of Eternal Justice—nae less—o’ which the unhappy neerdowel kent muckle, nae doubt—having never read a good and great book a’ his days, and associated chiefly with the vilest o’ vile——

North. James—what’s the meaning of all this? These sudden bursts——

Shepherd. I canna thole to hear sic a sot as Sherry aye classed wi’ Pitt and Burke.

Tickler. Nor I. A couple of clever comedies—a few elegant epilogues—a so-so opera—some spirited speechifyings—a few fitful flashes—some composed corruscations of conversational wit—will these make a great man? Bah! As to his faults and failings, on their ashes we must tread tenderly——

North. Yes; but we must not collect them in an urn, and weep over them in maudlin’ worship. He was but a town-wit after all, and of a very superficial fancy. He had no imagination.

Shepherd. No a grain. He could say sharp things upon blunt people—turn a common thocht wi’ a certain neatness, that gied it, at first hearin’, an air o’ novelty; and an image bein’ to him rather a rare occurrence, he polished it aff till the peebble seemed a diamond; but after a’ it couldna write on glass, and was barely worth settin’ in the warst goold. He wanted copiousness, fertelity, richness, vareeity, feelin’, truth o’ natur, sudden inspiration, poor o’ thocht; and as for either beauty or sublimity, he had a fause notion o’ them in words, and nae notion o’ them at a’ in things, and never drew a tear or garr’d the reader grue in a’ his days. Peezarro alone proves him to hae had nae real sowl; for though the subject be patriotism, and liberty, and independence, it’s a’ naething but flummery, and a fritter o’ gran’ soundin’ senseless words, that gang in at the tae lug and

* Byron’s estimate of Sheridan was very high. He considered that whatever he had done “was *par excellence*, always the best of its kind,” and named the comedy of the School for Scandal, the opera of the Duenna, the farce of the Critic, the Monologue on Garrick, and the famous Begum speech (in Warren Hastings’ trial) as respectively the best of their different classes.—M.

out at the tither, like great big bummin' blue-bottle flees on a sinny day, in a room wi' cross lights—the folk at their toddy half-wonderin' and half angry wi' the pompous insecks. Better far the bonny, light, spatty, and mealy-winged, ærial butterfly, that keeps waverin' frae flower to firmament, useless but beautifu', and remembered, for sake o' its silent mirth and motion, after the bit gaudy ephemeral has sunk down and expired amidst the evening dews. And oh, how many thousand times mair preferable, the bit broon busy bee, that has a sting, but gin ye let it alane will sting naebody, that selecta, by instinct, aye the sweetest flowers, rare as they may be in the weedy wild, and wi' cheerfu' murmur, returns wax or honey-laden, at the gloamin', to its straw-theeked skep in the garden-nyeuck, and continues, wi' the rest o' its innocent and industrious nation, to sing a' nicht lang, when a' the een o' heaven hae closed, and no a breath is stirrin' out ower a' the hills, trees, or castles.

Tickler. Would you believe it, Hogg, that it is no unusual thing for droves of numbsculls to come driving along these lobbies, poking their low-browed stupidities into every parlor, hoping to surprise us at a Noctes Ambrosianæ, and wondering what can possibly have become of us, with their great big gray goggle eyes, sticking boiled-lobster-like out of their dirty-red physiognomies, with their clumsy gift of tongues lolling out of their blubber-lipped mouths, in a sort of speechless slaver, their very nostrils distended and quivering with vulgar perplexity and disappointment, and an ear seemingly nailed to each side of their ignorance-box, somewhere about the size of a small kibbock?

Shepherd. Whaten a fricht they wud get, gin they were to find us! The sumphs wud swarf.*

North. They know not, James, that a single tap of the crutch on the floor enchants us and our orgies into instant invisibility. Hunt the dew-drops after they have fled from before the sun-rising—the clouds that have gone sailing away over the western horizon, to be in at the sun-setting—the flashing and foaming waves that have left the sea and all her isles in a calm at last—the cushats still murmuring on farther and farther into the far forest, till the sound is now faint as an echo, and then nothing—golden eagles lost in light, and raging in their joy on the very rim of this globe's attraction—during the summer heats, the wild flowers that strew the old woods of Caledon only during the pure snowy breath of the earth-brightening spring—the stars, that at once disappear with all their thousands, at the howl of the midnight storm—the lightnings suddenly intersecting the collied night, and then off and away forever, quicker than forgotten thoughts—the grave-mounds, once so round and green, James,

* *Anglies*,—the fools would swoon.—M.

and stepped over so tenderly by footsteps going towards the low door of the little kirk, but all gone now, James,—kirk, kirk-yard and all, James—and not a house in all the whole parish, that has not been many times over and over again pulled down—altered—rebuilt, till a ghost, could he but loosen himself from the strong till, and raise up his head from among a twenty-acre field of turnips and potatoes, and peas, would know not his own bonnie birth-place, and death-place too, once so fringed and fragrant with brush-wood over all its knolls, with whins, and broom, and harebells, and in moist moorland places, James, beautiful with “green grows the rashes o’,” and a little loch, clear as any well, and always, always when you lay down and drank, cool, cold, chill, and soul-restoring—now drained for the sake of marl, and forsaken by the wild swans, that used to descend from heaven in their perfect whiteness, for a moment fold up their sounding pinions, and then, hoisting their wings for sails, go veering like ships on a pleasure-cruise, all up and down in every direction, obeying the air-like impulses of inward happiness, all up and down, James; such heavenly air-and-water-woven world, as your own St. Mary’s Loch, or Loch of the Lowes, with its odd, silent, ruined chapel, and one or two shepherds’ houses, as silent as the chapel, but as you may know from the smoke, old, but not ruined, and, though silent, alive!

Tickler. Hurra! hurra! hurra!

Shepherd. O, man, North, but you are a barefaced eemetawtor o’ me! You never wud hae spoken in that gate, a’ your days, had you never kent me, and hearkened till me, when Nature lets me lowse, like a water that has been gettin’ itsell fed a’ nicht far aff at its source amang the muntains, and that a’ at ance, when bits o’ callants and lassies are plouterin’ about fishin’ for mennons* wi’ thread and cruckit prins,† comes doon red and roarin’, in spate, and gin the bairns hadna heard the weel-kenne’d thunner, up aboon the linn, as it approached, wad hae sweepit them in twa-three hours frae Mingan to the Main,—na, broken at ae charge a’ the squadrons o’ cavalry that ever nichered, frae queerassars to cossacks, and made parks o’ artillery play spin like say mony straes! Then how the earth-bound roots o’ the auld forest trees rejoice, as oak, ash, and elms try in vain to behold their shadows in the turbid flood! The holms and meadows are all overflowed into a hundred isles—and the kirk is cut aff frae the main laun! How, think ye, will the people get to the summer sacrament the morn! By the morn, a’ will be so quate that you will hear the lark at his greatest height in heaven, and the bit gowan you canna help treddin’ on, crunklin’ aneath your feet—the earth below will be greener than the heavens aboon an a blue—a’

* *Mennons*,—minnows.—M.

† *Prins*,—pins.—M.

the waters will be transparent as windows in shadow, or glitterin' like windows when the sun glints on the panes,—and parties o' well-dressed people a' proceedin' sae orderly thegither, or here and there comin' down hillsides, and out o' the mooths o' wee bit glens, anes, and twas, and threes, say a man and his wife and bairn, or a lassie and her sweetheart, or an auld body wi' fourscore on his back, but hale and hearty for a' that, comin' to worship by himsell, for his wife and family hae been lang dead, frae the farthest aff and maist lane-some house in a' a gae wild hill parish, every sabbath-day, as regular as the shadow fa's on the dial, and the kirk-bell is rung by drunken Davy, wha's fou a' the week throu', but nane but a leear will say that they ever saw him the waur o' drink on the Lord's day, and that's something—though but ane in seven.

Tickler. Hurra! hurra! hurra!

North. O, man, Hogg, but you are a barefaced "eemetawtor" of me.

Shepherd. That's the way o't. That's the way that folks is rubbit o' their oreeginality. What's a Noctes withouten the Shepherd? Tell me that. But you are welcome, sir, to be a copiautor at times, for there's nae denyin' that when you either skatche or feenish aff, after your ain manner, there's few hauns like Christopher North, either ancient or modern. But excuse me, sir, for sayin', that, about the tenth tummler or sae, oh, sir, you are tiresome, tiresome—

North. A gross contradiction, James, of that compliment you paid me half an hour ago.

Tickler. Claw me, and I'll claw you. Eh, Jamie—Eh, Kit?

Shepherd. He that disna like flattery, is either less or mair nor man. It's the natural language o' freenship, and as destinck frae flummery as a bee frae a drone, a swan frae a guse, a bit bonny yellow meadow-born spanking froggy frae an ugly carbunkle-backit, din, nettle-cawlin' taed.*—a real lake frae meerage. What the deevil's the use or meanin' o' a freen that aye looks doure at you whan you're speakin' at you're verra best, and gie his nose a snifter, and his breast a grumph, whan you're dune singin' and a' hauns but his clappin', a' tongues but his roosin your voice to the skies—his hauns rooted intil the pocket o' his breeks,—a hatefu' attitude,—and his tongue seen through his chafts,† as if he were mockin', a insult for which a chiel that's a Christian, ought to be hanged—drawn and quartered, disseckit,—and hung in chains. Commend me to freens that flatter you, as it is ca'd, afore your face, and defend ye ahint your back, and review your books in Maga wi' a fine natural, nice, philosophical discrimination o' poetry—a deadly draucht to the dunces—and that, whan you are dead at last, select frae the Scrip-

* Taed,—toad.—M.

† Chafts,—jaws.—M.

tures a solemn verse for your yepitaph, composed on some mild, mournfu', and melancholy nicht, when memory grows wondrous bricht aneath the moon and stars, an elegy or hymn on your genius, and on what's better than, and o' mair avail than your genius — your virtue, or I would rather say your religion,—and wha' wad think naething o' pu'in the nose or kickin' the houghs o' the fallow that would daur but to utter ae single syllable against you, when out o' sicht a'thegither and forever, and just the same, but for your writings to the warld still whurlin' roun' and roun' on its axis, as if you had never been born!

North. Yes,—James,—people are proud of being praised in Maga—for they know that I would scorn to prostitute praise to Prince, Kaesar, or King.

Shepherd. Brawly do they ken that, sir,—and the consequence is, that ye have only to look intill an author's face to ken whether he's been praised or no in Blackwood. If never mentioned at a', he pits on a queer kind o' creeticeesin' and dissatisfied face at naming o' The Periodical, but's feared to say onything against it, in case Mr. North comes to hear o't, for hope's no yet quite dead within him, and he still keeps applyin' at head-quarters, through the awgency o' freens, for a notice in the Noctes—if roosed to the skies, he hauds up his head like an exultin' heir o' immortality, tryin' a' the time no to be ower proud, and sayin' ceevil things to the silly—praisin' ither folks warks—being far remoov'd aboon envy or jealousy noo—and on an equality wi' a' writers, leevin' or dead, but Sir Walter—gie'n capital denners,—sittin' in a frunt-seat o' a box in the play-house—amaist houpin' that the pit will applaud him wi' a ruff—aftener than afore, and mair conspicuous even, in his pew—on Prince's street,* enveloped in a new London great-coat lined wi' silk,—and kissin' his hand to personages in chariots, who occasionally return the salute as if they had never seen him atween the een afore—but oh! sir,—ask me not to paint the face o' him that has been damned!

Tickler. Wheesht—James—wheesht.

Shepherd. Yes—I will wheesh—for it's “a face to dream o’,” as that rare genius Coleridge says, “no to see,”—and I'm sure, Mr. North, gin you were to come on't suddenly, at the corner o' Picardy,† you wud loup out o' your seven senses.

North. It is so long since I have damned an author, that the gentleman you allude to, James, must be well stricken in years.

Shepherd. He's no mair than forty—to ma certain knowledge—and though he never, to be sure, had muckle meanin' in the face o' him, yet was he a stout able-bodied man, and ance walked six miles in an hour, tae and heel. Noo he seems several centuries auld—

* Prince's-street, which is four-fifths of a mile in length, is the principal, most fashionable, and most picturesque promenade in Edinburgh.—M.

† Picardy Place, where was located Ambrose's new Hotel.—M.

just like a tree that has been staunin' after being barked, and although a' covered, yards up frae the grun wi' nasty funguses, and sae sliddery lookin' in its whiteness, that ye see at ance nae sailor cud speel't, yet has here and there bits o' twigs that seem to contain life in them, but no life aneuch to put forth leaves, only bits o' scraggy, fushionless, bluidless buds, like shrivelled haws, or moles,—that is, deevil-marks,—on the arms and shouthers o' an auld witch. God safe us, Mr. North, if he was to come in the noo!

North. Catch him coming within compass of my crutch, James. Instinct with him now does the work of reason.

Tickler. I scarcely think, James, that you are in your usual spirits to-night. Come, be brilliant.

Shepherd. O man, Mr. Tickler, wha wud hae expectit sic a sumpish speech frae you, sir? Wha was ever brilliant at a biddin'? Bid a sleepin' fire bleeze—wull't? Na. But ripe the ribs, and then gie the central coal a smash wi' the poker, and lo! a volcano vomits like Etna or Vesuvius.

Tickler. After all, my dear James, I believe the truth to be, that Christmas is not a merry season.

Shepherd. Aiblins scaircely sae to men like us, that's gettin' raither auld. But though no merry, it needna be melancholy—for after a' death, that takes awa' the gude—a freen or two drappin' awa ilka year—is no so very terrible, except when he comes to our ain fireside, our ain bed, or our ain cradle, and, for my ain part, I can drink, wi' an unpainfu' tear, or without ony tear at a', to the memory o' them I loved dearly, naething doubtin' that Heaven is the trystin'-place where all friends and lovers will feenally meet at last, free frae all jealousies, and heart-burnings, and sorrows, and angers—say, why should our Christmas be melancholy, though we three have buried some that last year lauched, and sang, and danced in our presence, and because of our presence; and looked as if they had been destined for a lang lang life?

North. What mortality among the English Bishops, James, this year!

Shepherd. An English Bishop maun hate to dee, proud as he is o' himsell' and his cathedral, wi' his poothered weeg,* his balloon sleeves, his silk petticoats, and his fearsome income—a domestic chaplain, wha's only a better sort o' a flunkey, aye booin' and booin, at every word the Spiritual Lord says, and——

* In the six-and-twenty years which have elapsed since these words were put into Hogg's mouth, a change has passed over the hierarchy of Great Britain. The powdered wig has fallen into disuse, the lawn-sleeves are worn only in church or in Parliament, (the bishops being Spiritual Lords, by virtue or their sees,) the black silk-petticoat has dwindled down to a short apron, and though Durham, London and Winchester, (with the Archbishoprics) have larger incomes, albeit much less than in 1828, the emoluments of the other sees are limited to £4000 a year for each bishop. To this is added a mansion (called "The Palace") and its surrounding grounds. Some of the Bishops also hold church-livings, in *commendam*.—M.

North. James!—I am delighted, Tickler, to see Coplestone a Bishop; not an abler, better man in England.* Talent and integrity are, now a-days, sure to make their way to the bench; and it is thus that the church establishment of England will stand like a rock.

Tickler. The Edinburgh Review entertains singular opinions on Coplestone. One number he is a barn-door fowl, another a finished scholar; now a retromingent animal, then a first-rate theologian, metaphysician, and political economist—he soon afterwards degenerates into a third-rate man, and finally into an old woman, afraid of Catholic emancipation, and preaching prosy sermons, smelling of orthodoxy and dotage. What do the blockheads mean, North?

Shepherd. Sumphs, sumphs, indeed. But do you ken, in spite o' that I'm just desperate fond o' Christmas minshed pies. Sirs—in a bonny bleeze of brandy, burnin' blue as snap-dragon—I can devoor a dizen.

Tickler. Christmas geese are prime birds, James, with onions and sage sufficient, and each mouthful accompanied by its contingent of rich red apple-sauce.

Shepherd. A guse aye gi'es me the colic—yet I canna help eatin't for a' that—for whan there's nae sin nor iniquity, it's richt and reasonable to purchase pleasure at the expense o' pain. I like to eat a' sorts o' land or fresh-water wild fools—and eke the eggs. Pease-weeps' eggs* is capital poached.

Tickler. James, whether do you like eating or drinking best? Is hunger or thirst the preferable appetite?

Shepherd. Why, you see, I, for aye, never eat but when I'm hungry—and hunger's soon satisfied if you hae plenty o' vittals. Compare that wi' drinkin' when you're thrusty—either clear well-water, or sour milk, or sma' yill, or porter, or speerits half-and-half, and then I wud say that eatin' and drinkin's pretty much of a muchness—very nearly on a par, wi' this difference, that hunger, wi' me 's never sae intense as thirst. I never was sae hungry that I wud hae devoured a bane frae the gutter, but I hae aften been sae thrusty, on the mures, that I hae drank black moss-water, wi' a green scum on't without scunnerin'.

North. I never was hungry in my life.

Shepherd. That's a confounded lae, sir, beggin' your pardon—

North. No offence, James—but the instant I begin to eat, my appetite is felt to be excellent.

* Dr. Edward Coplestone was educated at Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself. In 1826, he was made Dean of St. Paul's, and was made Bishop of Landaff, in 1828, on the translation of Dr. Sumner (Archbishop of Canterbury in 1854) to the see of Chester. He died in 1849. Besides contributing largely to the Quarterly Review, he published polemical pamphlets, as well as charges and sermons.—M.

* Pease-weeps eggs,—lapwing's eggs.

Shepherd. Felt and seen baith, sir. A howtowdie's* a mere laverock† to you, sir, on the day the Magazine's finished aff—and Mr. Awmrose himsell canna help lauchin' at the relays o' het beef steaks that ye keep yokin' to, wi' pickled ingons or shallotts, and spoonfu's o' Dickson's mustard, that wud be aneuch to blin' a lynx.

Tickler. I have lost my appetite—

Shepherd. I howp nae puir man 'll find it, now that wages is low and wark scarce—but drinkin', you see, Mr. North, has this great advantage over eatin', that ye may drink a' nicht lang without being thrusty—tummler after tummler—jug after jug—bowl after bowl—as lang's you're no sick—and you're better worth sittin' wi' at ten than at aught, and at twal than at ten, and during the sma' hours, you're just intolerable gude company—scarcely bearable at a', ane waxes sae truly wutty and out o' a' measure deevertin'; whereas, I'll defy ony man, the best natural and acquired glutton that ever was horn and bred at the feet o' a father that gaed aff at a city-feast wi' a gob o' green fat o' turtle half way down his gullet, in an apoplexy, to carry on the eatin' wi' ony spunk or speerit after three or four courses, forbye toasted cheese, and roasted chestnuts, and a dessert o' filberts, prunes, awmons, and raisins, ginger-frute, guava jeely, and ither West Indian preserves. The cretur cowps‡ ower comatose. But only tak tent no to roar ower loud and lang in speakin' or singin', and you may drink awa at the Glenlivet till past mid-night, and weel on to the morning o' the day after to-morrow.

Tickler. Next to the British, Hogg, I know no such constitution as yours—so fine a balance of powers. I daresay, you never had an hour's serious illness in your life.

Shepherd. That's a' you ken—and the observe comes weel frae you that began the nicht wi' giein' the club my death-like prognosis.

Tickler. Prognosis?

Shepherd. Simtoms like. This back-end|| I had, a' three at ance, the Tick Dollaroose, the Angeena Pectoris, and the Janndioe.

North. James—James—James!

Tickler. Hogg—Hogg—Hogg!

Shepherd. I never fan' ony pain like the Tick Dollaroose. Ane's no accustomed to a pain in the face. For the toothach's in the inside o' the mouth, no in the face; and you've nae idea hoo sensitive's the face. Cheeks are a' fu' o' nerves—and the Tick attacks the hail bunch o' them, screwing them up to sic a pitch o' tension that you canna help screechin' out, like a thousand ools, and clappin the pawms o' your hauds to your distrackit chafts, and rowin' yourself on the floor on your grooff,§ wi' your hair on end, and your een on fire, and general muscular convulsion in a' your sinnies, sae

* *Howtowdie*,—a turkey. † *Laverock*,—a lark. ‡ *Cowps*,—falls. || *Back-end*,—of the year, means its close. § *Grooff*,—the sitting portion of the person.

piercin', and searchin', and scrutinisin', and diggin', and houkin', and tearin' is the pangfu' pain that keeps eatin' awa and manglin' the nerves o' your human face divine. Draps o' sweat, as big as beads for the neck or arms o' a lassie, are pourin' down to the verra floor, so that the folk that hears you roarin' thinks you're greetin', and you're aye afterwards considered a bairnly chiel through the hail kintra. In ane o' the sudden fits I gruppit sic haud o' a grape* that I was helpin' our Shushey to muck the byref wi', that it withered in my fingers like a frush saugh-wand†—and 'twould hae been the same, had it been a bar o' iron. Only think o' the Tick Dallaroose in a man's face continuing to a' eternity!

North. Or even a few million ages —

Shepherd. Angeena Pectoris, is even waur, if waur may be, than Tick Dallaroose. Some say it's an ossified condition o' the coronary arteries o' the heart; but that's no necessarily true—for there's nae ossification o' these arterial branches o' my heart. But, oh! sirs, the fit's deadly, and maist like till death. A' at once, especially if you be walkin' up-hill, it comes on you like the shadow o' a thunder-cloud ower smilin' natur, silencin' a' the singin' birds, as if it threatened earthquake,—and you canna doubt that your last hour is come, and that your sowl is about to be demanded of you by its Maker. However aften you may have it, you aye feel and believe that it is, this time—death. It is a sort o' swoon, without loss o' sense—a dwawm,|| in which there still is consciousness—a stoppage o' a' the animal functions, even o' breathin' itself; which, if I'm no mista'en, is the meaning o' a syncope—and a' the while something is rug-ruggin' at the heart itself, something cauld and ponderous, amaist like the fore-finger and thoom a' a heavy haun—the haun o' an evil spirit; and then you expeck that your heart is to rin down, just like a clock, wi' a dull cloggy noise, or rumble like that o' disarranged machinery, and then to beat, to tick nae mair! The collapse is dreadfu'. Ay, Mr. North, collapse is the word.

North. Consult Uwins on Indigestion, James—the best medical work I have read for years, of a popular, yet scientific character.

Shepherd. Noo for the Janndice. The Angeena Pectoris, the Tick Dallaroose, are intermittent—"like angel visits, few and far between"—but the Janndice lasts for weeks, when it is gatherin' or brewin' in the system—for weeks at its yellowest heicht,—and for weeks as the disease is ebbin' in the blood—a disease, if I'm no sair mista'en, o' the liver.

North. An obstructed condition of the duodenum, James —

Shepherd. The mental depression o' the sowl in the janndice is

* *Graps*,—dung-fork. † *Byre*,—cow-house. ‡ *Saugh-wand*,—sallow or willow-wand.
|| *Dwawm*—a swoon.—M.

maist truly dreadfu'. It would hae sunk Sampson on the morning o' the day that he bore aff on his back the gates o' Gaza.

Tickler. Tell us all about it, James.

Shepherd. You begin to hate and be sick o' things that used to be maist delightfu'—sic as the sky, and streams, and hills, and the ee and voice, and haun and breast o' woman. You dauner* about the doors, dour and dowie, and are seen sittin' in nyeucks and corners, whare there's little licht, no mindin' the cobwabs, or the spiders themselves drappin' down amang your unkempt hair. You hae nae appetite; and if by ony chance you think you could tak a mouthfu' o' a particular dish, you splutter't out again, as if it were bitter ashes. You canna say that you're unco ill either, but just a wee sickish—tongue furry as if you had been licking a muff or a mawkin—and you observe, frae folk staunin' weel back when you happen to speak to them—which is no often—that your breath's bad, though a week before it was as callert† as clover. You snore mair than you sleep—and dream wi' your een open—ugly, confused, mean, stupit, unimaginative dreams, like those o' a drunk dance imitatin' a Noctes—and that's about the warst thing o' a' the complaints, that you're ashamed o' yoursel', and begin to fear that you're no the man you ance thocht yoursel', when in health shootin' groose on the hills, or listerin' sawmon.‡

North. The jaundice that, James, of a man of genius—of the author of the Queen's Wake.

Shepherd. Wad ye believe it, sir, that I was ashamed of Kilmeny? A' the poems I ever writ seemed trash—rubbish—fuilzie—and as for my prose—even my verra articles in *Maga*—*Shepherd's Calendar* and a'—waxed havers||—like something in the *Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine*, the stupidest o' a' created periodicals, and now deader than a' the nails in *Nebuchadnezzar's* coffin.

North. The disease must have been at its climax then, my dear James.

Shepherd. Na, na, na; it was far frae the cleemax. I tuk to the bed, and never luckit out frae the courtains for a fortnight—gettin' glummier and glummier in sense and sowl, heart, mind, body, and estate—eatin' little or naething, and—wud ye believe it?—sick, and like to scunner at the verra name o' whusky.

North. Thank God, I knew nothing of all this, James. I could not have borne the thought, much less the sight, of such total prostration, or rather perversion, of your understanding.

Shepherd. Wearied and worn out wi' lyin' in the bed, I got up wi' some sma' assistance frae wee Jamie, God bless him! and telt

* *Dauner*—loiter. † *Callert*—fresh. ‡ *Listerin'*—spearing salmon. || *Havers*—idle talk.—M.

them to open the shutters. What a sight! A' faces as yellow's yellow lilies, like the parchment o' an auld drum-head! Ghostly were they, ane and a', whan they leuch; yet seemed insensible o' their corp-like hue—I mean, a corp that has died o' some unnatural disease, and been keepit ower lang abune graun' in close weather, the carpenter having gotten drunk, and botched the coffin. I ca'd for the glass—and my ain face was the warst o' the hail set. Whites o' een! They were the color o' dandelions, or yellow yoldrins. I was feared to wash my face, lest the water grew ochre. That the janndice was in the house was plain; but whether it was me only that had it, or a' the rest likewise, was mair than I cud tell. That the yellow I saw wasna in them, but in me, was hard to believe, when I lucket on them; yet I thocht on green specks, and the stained wundows in Windermere Station, and reasoned wi' mysel' that the discoloration must be in my lens, or pupil, or optic nerve, or apple, or ba' o' the ee; and that I, James Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd, was The Janndice.

Tickler. Your portrait, colored from nature, James, would have been inestimable in after ages, and given rise to much argument among the learned about your origin—the country of your birth. You must have looked cousin-german to the Green Man and Still.*

Shepherd. I stoittered to the door, and, just as I feared, the Yarrow was as yellow as a rotten egg—a' the holms the color o' a Cockney's play-going gloves—the skies, like the dirty ochre, wa's o' a change-house—the cluds like buckskin breeks—and the sun, the mighty sun himself, wha lends the rainbow its hues, and is never the poorer, looked at me with a disconsolate aspeck, as much as to say, "James, James, is it thou or I that has the janndice?"

Tickler. Better than the best bits of Abernethy in the Lancet,†

Shepherd. Just as I was gaun to answer the Sun, the Tick Dollaroose attacked baith o' my cheeks—a' my face, lips, chin, nose, brow, lugs, and crown and back o' my head,—the Angeena Pectoris brought on the Heart-Collapse,—and there the three, the Tick, the Angeena, and the Janndice, a' fell on me at ance, like three English, Scotch, and Eerish regiments stormin' a fort, and slaughterin' their way wi' the beggonet on to the citadel.

North. That you are alive at this blessed hour, my dearest James, almost exceeds belief, and I begin to suspect that you are not flesh and blood,—a mere Appearance.

* The Green Man and Still is a favorite name for inns in and near London. A French traveller, who was at the celebrated house of this name at Blackheath, dated his letter from the "*Hotel de l'Homme vert et tranquille*."—M.

† Mr. Abernethy, the eminent lecturer, complained much of the Lancet, (a London periodical then and yet in extensive circulation,) for its giving *verbatim* reports of his clever and very amusing lectures at Bartholmew's Hospital.—M.

Shepherd. Na, faith, am a reality: an Appearance is a pair haun at a jug. Yet, sir, the recovery was weel worth a' I paid for it in sufferins. The first time I went out to the knowe yonner, aboon the garden, and gazed and glowered, and better gazed and glowered, on the heavens, the earth, and the air, the three bein' blent thegither to mak up that mysterious thing—a Day o' Glory—I thocht that my youth, like that o' the sun-staring eagle, had been renewed, and that I was ance mair in the verra middle o' the untamed licht and music o' this life, whan a' is fancy and imagination, and friendship and love, and houp, oh, houp, sir, houp, worth a' the ither blisses ever sent, frae Heaven like a shower o' sunbeams, for it canna be darkenit, far less put out by the mirkest midnight o' meesery, but keeps shinin' on like a star, or rather like the moon hersel', a spiritual moon, sir, that "is never hid in vacant interlunar cave."

Tickler. Mixed metaphors these, James.

Shepherd. Nane the waur o' that, Timothy—I felt about ane-and-twunty—and, oh, what an angelical being was a lassie then comin' wadin' through the ford! At every step she took, after launin' wi' her white feet, havin' letten doun fa' her cloud-like clase wi' a blush, as she keepit lookin' roun' and roun' for a whileock, to see gin ony ee had been on her, as her limbs came silveryin' through the water——

North. The ladies, James, in a bumper.

Shepherd. The leddies! A track o' flowers keepit lenthenin' along the greensward as she wauked awa,' at last, quite out o' sight.

Tickler. And this you call recovering from the Tic Doloureux, the Angina Pectoris, and the Jaundice, James?

Shepherd. Few roses are there about Mount Benger, and nae honey-suckle; and, at the time I speak o', the field-peas and beans werena in bloom; yet a' the hollow o' the air was filled wi' sweetness, mair like than ony thing else to the smell o' thyme, and sic a scent would hae tauld a blin' man that he was breathin' in paradise. The shapes o' the few trees that grew on that part o' the Yarrow, became mair gracefu', and the trees themsells seemed as if leevin' creturs when the breeze came near them, and shook their tresses in the moonshine, like lasses lettin' out their hair to dry, after they hae been bathin' in some shady linn, and lauchin' about their sweet-hearts.

Tickler. James, you cannot get rid of your besetting imagery.

Shepherd. Slawly, slawly did I fa' back into mysel'—into a man o' fifty and some few years mair, into something duller, deader, mair obscure—yet no unhappy either, or inclined to utter ony complaints, but still owerburdened by a dimness, maist a darkness o'

soul—and weel, weel aware, that though you were to crown my brow wi' the garlands o' glory, and to set a diadem on the crown o' my head, and for Prime Minister to give me Power, and Health for my Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Pleasure for Home Secretary, never, never, never could James Hogg be what he ance was; nor, as lang as he leeves, enjoy as much happiness, put it a'thegither, and multiply it by decimals, as used lang, lang ago aften to be crooded into ae single hour, till I thocht my verra heart would hae burst wi' bliss, and that the stars o' heaven, pure as they are, burned dim with envy of us twa beneath the milk-white thorn, the trysting thorn for the Flowers o' the Forest, for countless generations.

Enter MR. AMBROSE, with Copper-Kettle, No. 1.

North. Who rung?

Ambrose. I have taken note of the time of the last four jugs, sir, and have found that each jug gains ten minutes on its predecessor—so ventured—

Shepherd. Oh, Mr. Ambrose, but you wud be a gran' observer o' the motions o' the heavenly bodies, in an Astronomical Observatory! The jug's this moment dead. There—in wi' a' the sugar, and a' the whusky,—fill up, Awmrose, fill up! That stroop's a gran' pourer, and you're a prime experimenter in hydrostatics.

(Exit MR. AMBROSE, susurrans.)

Tickler. You knew the late Malcolm Gillespie of Crombie Cottage, I think, James? He died game.

Shepherd. Only middlin'. He had a cross o' the dunghill in him—which is the case wi' a' the cruel.

North. He should not have got faint in the Court House. On the scaffold his behavior was firm enough; and—

Shepherd. He was an infamous ruffian—and mony a prime worm he broke—mony a' sweet-workin' stell,—and much he bragged of his duty and his daring—but a' the while the fearless reprobate was livin' on forgery; and, feenally, naething wud satisfy him but to burn the house o' sin by the hauns o' his abandoned limmers. Yet he declared before God that he died—innocent.

North. It is said that high interest was used to procure a commutation of his punishment. I hope not. No man who knew right from wrong, would have dared to put his hand to a petition for mercy to such a profligate and hardened villain. Pardon would, in his case, have been defiance of justice—the triumph of vice, crime, and iniquity, over the laws. But there are people who will petition for the forfeited life of a felon, a forger, and an incendiary, who will be shy of subscribing a pound for the relief of the blind, aged-widow, who, industrious as long as she saw Heaven's light, is now a palsied but uncomplaining pauper.

Tickler. Nothing seems much clearer to me, sir, than the natural direction of charity. Would we all but relieve, according to the measure of our means, those objects immediately within the range of our personal knowledge, how much of the worst evil of poverty might be alleviated! Very poor people, who are known to us to have been honest, decent, and industrious, when industry was in their power, have a claim on us, founded on that our knowledge, and on vicinity and neighborhood, which have in themselves something sacred and endearing to every good heart. One cannot, surely, always pass by, in his walks for health, restoration, or delight, the lone wayside beggar, without occasionally giving him an alms. Old, care-worn, pale, drooping, and emaciated creatures, who pass us by without looking beseechingly at us, or even lifting their eyes from the ground—cannot often be met with, without exciting an interest in us for their silent and unobtrusive sufferings or privations. A hovel, here and there, round and about our comfortable dwelling, attracts our eyes by some peculiar appearance of penury—and we look in, now and then, upon its inmates, cheering their cold gloom with some small benefaction. These are duties all men owe to distress; they are easily discharged, and even such tender mercies as these are twice blessed.

Shepherd. Oh, sir, you speak weel. I like you when you're wutty—I admire you when you're wise—I love and venerate you when you're good—and what greater goodness can there be in a world like this than charity?

Tickler. But then, my worthy friend, for one man to interfere with another's charities is always delicate—nay, dangerous; for how can the benevolent stranger, who comes to me to solicit my aid to some poor family, whose necessities he wishes to relieve, know either my means, or the claims that already lie upon me, and which I am doing my best to discharge? He asks me for a guinea—a small sum as he thinks—the hour after I have given two to a bed-ridden father of a large family, to save his bed and bed-clothes from being sold at the Cross.

Shepherd. But you maunna be angry at him—unless he's impudent—and duns you for his donation. That's hard to thole.

Tickler. Yet, am I to apologize to him—uninformed, or misinformed, as he is about me and mine—for not drawing my purse-strings at his solicitation? Am I to explain how it happens that I cannot comply—to tell him that, in fact, I am at that moment poor? He is not entitled to hold such a colloquy with me—yet, if I simply say, "Sir, I must refuse your petition," he probably condemns me as a heartless hunk—an unmerciful miser—and, among his friends, does not abstain from hints on my selfish character.

Shepherd. There's, for the maist part, I am willing to believe, a

spice o' goodness about the greater number even o' the gadders about wi' subscription papers.

Tickler. But a spice, James, is not enough. Their motives are of too mixed a kind. Vanity, idleness, mere desire to escape ennui, curiosity even, and a habit of busy-bodyism, which is apt to grow on persons who have no very strong ties of affection binding them to home, do sadly impair the beauty of beneficence.

Shepherd. They do that—yet in a great populous city* like Embro', much good must often be done by charitable people formin' themselves into associations—findin' out the deserving poor, gettin' siller subscribed for them, visitin' them in their ain houses, especially in the winter time, sir, giein' them a cart o' coals, or a pair o' blankets, or some worsted stockens, and so on—for a sma' thing is aften a great help to them just hangin' on the edge o' want; and a meal o' meat set afore a hungry family, wha hadna expectit to break their fast that day, not only fills their stomachs, pur sowsls, but warms their verra hearts, banishin' despair, as by a God-gift, and awaukenin' hope, that had expired alang wi' the last spark on the ashy hearth.

Tickler. Give me your hand, James. James, your health—God bless you—certainly a young lady—or a middle-aged one either—never looks better—so well—as when in prudence and meekness she seeks to cheer with charity the hovels of the poor. I know several such—and though they may too often be cheated and imposed on—that is not their fault—and the discharge of a Christian duty cannot fail of being accompanied by a great overbalance of good.

Shepherd. Oh man! Mr. Tickler—but you hae a maist pleasant face the noo—you're a real gude cretur—and I wad fling a glass o' het water in the face o' any body that wad daur to speak ill o' a single letter in your name. Is't no time, think ye, sir, to be ringin' for the eisters?—I hear them comin'!—That cretur Awmrose has the power o' divination!

(*Enter MR. AMBROSE, his brother from Gabriel's Road, the TWO STEPHENS, TAPPYTOORIE, and KING PEPIN, each with a board of oysters.*)

Tickler. Fat, fair, and fifty.

Shepherd. What desperate breedy beasts eisters maun be,—for they tell me that Embro' devoors a hunder thousand every day.

North. Why, James, that is only about two oysters to every

* Twelve hundred years ago, the part of Scotland which now contains its metropolis was attached to what was the Kingdom of Northumbria. Edwin, the ruler of that kingdom, built a fort on the rocky height on which the Castle now stands. Hence arose the name Edwin's-burgh, or EDINBURGH, sometimes diminished to Embro'. The Celtic name of the city is DUN-EDIN, signifying the Hill of Edwin.—M.

three mouths. I am happy to see from their condition, that the oyster population is not pressing too hard on the means of subsistence. They will be spared the report from the Emigration Committee.

Shepherd. Tak' them, right and left, sir,—this way,—first frae ae brodd, and then frae anither—crossin' hauns like a young leddy playin' a kittle piece on the piawno. Tappytoorie—some pots o' porter. I think I see a cauld roon' o' beef ower by yonner on the sideboard, lowerin' amang a fillet o' veal,* a pie and a pasty, a how-towddie, and some sma'ish burds, maist like snipes and wudcocks—for the long-bills is come ower noo frae Norway—just like a three-decker lying at anchor in the middle o' as mony frigates. Yon's what I ca', sirs, a Core o' Reserve.

North. Were you at the Cattle Show, James, t'other day, in the Court of the Oil-gas Institution?

Shepherd. Eisters dinna interrupt talkin'. There's a beauty, Mr. North,—obleedge me by allooin' me to let it down your throat. Haud back your head awee—open Sesame—there it goes, without ever a chack,—didna ye hear't play plowp in the stomach?

Tickler. Pleasing picture of piety!—The young cormorant feeding his old father.

Shepherd. I was at the Show. But sic anither prize-bill as you I never saw,—a wee wizzened, waif-and-stray-looking cretur—sic a tawty hide—a mere rickle o' banes—sae weak that he could hardly staun',—and evidently a martyr to the rheumatism, the asthma, and the consumption.

North. But the breed, James—the breed!

Shepherd. Nae doubt the breed was gude, for it was Mr. Rennie's; but sic a specimen! I defy ony judge, since the days o' Gamaliel, to decide on the merits o' a beast in sic a condition as you. Suppose, sir, by way of argumentative illustration, that a prize was to be given to the finest young man of eighteen that could be produced, and that from among ever so many noble fellows, all instinct with health and vigor, the judge were to single out ae urchin, a lean, lank, yellow, and loose-skinned skeleton, and put a belt round his waist as being the picked man of all England.

North. So might be his frame-work.

Shepherd. What? Do ye mean his skeleton? But the prize was no for skeletons—if it was, a' the competitors should hae been prepared. Or take, sir, a shipwrecked sailor aff a rock in the middle o' the sea, where he has been leevin', puir fallow, on some moothfu's o' tangle, scarted aff the sluddery stanes, for maist part o' a fortnicht,

* In some parts of Scotland, where cold veal is considered rather insipid, it is often spoken of by the name of "kiss-your-sister," from the reputed insipidity of such a demonstration of family affection.—M.

and wringin' the rain out o' his troosers to keep doon his ragin' thirst—and compare him wi' me—just me mysell sittin' here wi' a brodd o' eisters on ilka haun—after a denner the day wi' some freends in the Auld Town—and a December's eating, the month that's alloood to be the verra bést in the hail townmount, and wha wad daur to pass judgment on the comparative pints o' sic a sailor and sic a shepherd? As for the bit bill, he was leevin' then—though nae doubt he's dead noo—for it was a raw day, and he keepit shiverin' in his pen like an aspen.

North. I confess, James, there is something in what you say—yet a bull bred by Mr. Rennie of Linton, and approved by Captain Barclay of Ury,* must have been, in spite of his delicate state of health, a rare animal.

Shepherd. There's no twa mair honorable and cleverer chieis in a' Scotland—but it's just perfectly impossible to decide atween ane or twa brute creturs—or human anes either—when the tane's a' that it ought to be, or can be, in health and speerits, and the tither hingin' head and tail, little better than an atomy—it's just perfectly impossible.

Ncrth. The Highland Society, James, the promoters of these great Cattle Shows, is the most useful one in all Scotland; and you will be glad, I am sure, to hear, that under their auspices, Mr. Blackwood is about to publish quarterly an Agricultural Magazine, for which he has already found an Editor of rare accomplishments.

Shepherd. Oh, man, but I'm real glad o' that! sic a buik's a great desiderawtum—I'll write for't mysell, and sae will a thousan' ithers;—but still I doubt the possibility o' judgin' fairly o' a bill like yon, though, nae doubt, he would hae been a beauty if in fine ruddy health, like a bailie or a bishop. It was just the vice versa wi' yon prize pig. She was just a fat grunt, and had lost all appearance o' a human cretur.† Extremes should be avoided, for, as Horace says,

Sunt certi denique fines.

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

North. Very sensible, James. In like manner, with respect to horses. A colt whose sire was a Regulus, and dam a Mandane,

* Captain Barclay, who accomplished the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours, inherited from his uncle a large and unprofitable estate, at Ury, near the small town of Stonehaven, about sixteen miles from Aberdeen, in Scotland. He devoted himself, for years, to the improvement of this apparently barren land, and, by succession and alteration of crops, subsoil ploughing, spade culture, and judicious application of manure, succeeded in making it one of the most productive properties in Scotland. He took to cattle-breeding also, and his annual sales of stock long drew crowds of purchasers from all parts of the kingdom. In 1840, he made an Agricultural tour through Canada and part of the United States, and published an account of it on his return to Scotland. He is a descendant of Robert Barclay, author of An Apology for the Quakers, and claims the dormant title of Earl of Alladycce.—M.

† The practice of feeding up prize-cattle to such obesity that their flesh is rendered unfit for food, has long been the fashion in Great Britain, but is now being "put down" by good use.—M.

must almost necessarily be a fine colt—but shut him up in an empty stable till he is starved, and just able to hobble, and is there a man in all England who will take upon him to say that he can still fairly compare all his points with those of another colt at the moment of starting for the St. Leger,* and backed at even against the field?

Shepherd. Let the judge ken that the colt belongs to Mr. Petre or Lord Darlington, and name sire and dam, and let him also ken the inferior lineage of the ither competitor, and in spite o' himsell he will prefer the starvelin', and the mair because he is a starvelin'; for, if filled up and fattened to the proper pitch, wadna he indeed be a pictur? But it's fause reasonin'!

North. James, you astonish me by your knowledge of the turf. You are a perfect Gulley.†

Shepherd. No me. I never saw a horse-race for higher stakes than five pounds and a saddle. But nae races for siller or leather like a—broose. I had ance a din powny, about fourteen hands but an inch, that I coft frae a set o' tincblers, that beat a' for gallopin' sin the days o' Childers or Eclipse. I wadna hae feared to hae run him against Fleur-de-lis, or Acteon, or Memnon, or Mameluke, or Camel, or Mullatto, for a thousan' guineas.

North. Weight for inches, James.

Shepherd. Devil mind the wecht. Pats-and-Pans never ran so weel's whan he was ridden dooble—me and a weel-grown lass ahint me, for I never could thole thin anes' a' my days. His favrite distance, carryin' dooble, was twal miles; and he used generally to do't up hill and doon brae, within the half hour. Indeed, he never came to his speed till about the middle o' the fourth mile, and siccan a cretur for wund! I never saw him blawn but ance, and that was after bringin' the howdie‡ ahint me, a' the way frae Selkirk up to Douglas Burn—no short o' eighteen miles, and bein' just ta'en aff the gerse.¶

North. Still, at Newmarket or Doncaster, James —

Shepherd. He wad hae left them a' as if they had been stannin'—provided they had allowed me to carry as muckle wecht's I chose; for Pats-and-Pans never ran steddily under the twal stane at the least, and wi' a feather he wad hae swerved ower the ropes, and played the mischief wi' the carriages. Where's Mr. Tickler?

*The St. Leger is the principal and celebrated trial of speed at Doncaster Races, in England. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Petre was long a distinguished man on the turf. The Earl of Darlington, who was made Duke of Cleveland in 1833, was rather a huntsman than what is called a sporting-man. Horses of his breeding were much prized.—M.

† John Gulley, who had been a professional pugilistic prize-fighter, made a large fortune by betting upon races, and finally became the owner of extensive landed estates, and member of the British Parliament.—M.

‡ *Howdie*,—midwife. ¶ *Gerse*,—grass.

North. I saw him slip away a little ago—just as he had cleared his boards —

Shepherd. I never missed him till the noo. Is he aff to Ducrow's, think ye? Yet it's ower late, for isna that ten that thae bits o' Fairies are chappin'?

North. Have you seen Ducrow? He is indeed a prodigy.*

Shepherd. After a', sir, it canna be denied that the human race are maist extraordinary creturs. What canna they, by constant practice, be brought to perform? It's a complexin' place, yon Circus; æ man draps down in the dust, and awa out o' the door on his doup; anither after him, wi' a' celerity, on his elbows; a third after him again, soomin' on dry laun at the rate o' four miles an hour; a fourth perpendicular on the pawms o' his hauns, and a fifth on the croon o' his head, without ever touchin' the grun' wi' his loofs ava. A' the while the lang-lugged fule, wi' a maist divertin' face, balancin' himsell cross-legged on a chair wi' æ foot, it spinnin' roun' like a whirligig. Ordinary sittin' or walkin' seems perfectly stupid after that—feet superfluous, and legs an incumbrance.

North. But Ducrow, James, Ducrow?

Shepherd. Then in comes a tall, pleasant-looking fallow o' a German, ane Herr Benjamin, wha thinks nae mair o' balancin' a beam o' wood, that might be a roof-tree to a house, on his wee finger, than if it were a wundle-strae; then gars a sodger's musket, wi' the point o' the beggonet on his chin, spin roun, till it becomes nearly invisible; no content wi' that, up wi' a ladder aneath his lip, wi' a laddie on't, as easily as if it were a leddy's fan; and, feenally, concludes wi' twa mail-cotch wheels on the mouth o' him —

North. But Ducrow, James, Ducrow?

Shepherd. Yon's a beautifu' sicht, sir, at ance music, dancin', statuary, painting, and poetry! The creturs aneath him soon cease to seem horses, as they accelerate round the circus, wi' a motion a' their ain, unlike to that o' any ither four-footed quadrupeds on the face o' this earth, mair gracefu' in their easy swiftness than the flights of Arabian coursers ower the desert, and to the eye o' imagination, some rare and new-created animals, fit for the wild and wondrous pastimes o' that greatest o' a' magicians—Man.

North. But Ducrow, James, Ducrow?

Shepherd. As if inspired, possessed by some spirit, over whom the laws o' attraction and gravity hae nae control, he dallies wi' danger, and bears a charmed life, safe as the pigeon that ye will

* Ducrow, for several years manager of Astley's Amphitheatre, in London, was by far the best equestrian performer ever seen in Europe. There was natural grace in his movements, and something extremely picturesque and classical in his personations of statues from the antique. He was indifferently educated, as far as books are concerned, but he knew the world, and amassed a large fortune to his widow, who immediately took a second husband.—M.

afttimes see gang tapsy-turvy amang the clouds, and tumblin' down to within a yard o' the earth, then re-ascend, like an arrow, into the sunshine, and, wheelin' roun' and roun' in aft-repeated circles, extend proudly a' its burnished plumage to the licht, till the een are pained, and the brain dizzy to behold the aerial brichtness beautifyin' the sky.

North. Bravo, James—excellent—go on.

Shepherd. Wha the deevil was Castor, that the ancients made a god o' for his horsemanship—a god o' and a star—in comparison wi' yon Ducraw? A silly thoct is a Centaur—a man and a horse in ane—in which the dominion o' the man is lost, and the superior incorpsed with the inferior natur! Ducraw “rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.” And, oh, sir! how saftly, gently, tenderly, and like the dyin' awa o' fast fairy music in a dream, is the subsidin' o' the motion o' a' the creturs aneath his feet, his ain gestures, and his ain attitudes, and his ain actions, a' correspondin' and congenial wi' the ebbin' flight; even like some great master o' music wha doesna leave aff when the soun' is at its heicht, but gradually leads on the sowsls o' the listeners to a far profounder hush o' silence than reigned even before he woke to ecstasy his livin' lyre.

North. Go it again, my dear James.

Shepherd. Yon's neither walkin', dancin', nor loupin', nor rinnin', nor soomin', nor bengin', nor floatin', nor fleein', but an inconceivable conglomeration o' them a'—sic as I used sometimes to experience whan lyin' in a dream on a sunny knowe by St. Mary's Loch—believin' mysell a disembodied spirit—and withouten wings, giein' the eagle and the hawk the go-by, richt afore the wund,—and skimmin' the real stars, just as skaters skim their images aneath the ice, and fearing not the mountain-taps, from which, every time I touched them wi' my foot, upsprung I again into the blue lift, and felt roun' my brows the cool caller halo o' the harvest-moon.

North. Empty your tumbler, James—to Ducrow's health.

Shepherd. That I will. But I houp the Circus'll no injure the Theatre?

North. Not at all. Admirable Murray*—incomparable Mackay—perfect Mrs. Siddons, and elegant Miss Gray—cleverest Jones—accomplished Pritchard—manly Denham—genteel Stanley—

* Mr. W. H. Murray, for many years manager of the principal theatre in Edinburgh. was an excellent actor, and a well-educated gentleman. His sister was married to Henry Siddons, son of the Tragedy Queen. In 1819. he produced a dramatic adaptation of “Rob Roy,” in which Mr. Charles Mackay, [pronounced Mak-Kye], himself a native of Glasgow, and master of the West-Country dialect, made an immense hit as Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Scott, who went on the first night, was so much interested that, though the authorship of the Waverly Novels was then a great mystery, he left his box between the scenes to remind the lady who played Mattie that she must have a lantern with her mantle. The other performers named here, were then attached to the Edinburgh theatre, and very popular.—M.

Shepherd. Gie ower your epithets—for neither you nor ony man can describe an actress or an actor in ae word;—but I agree wi' you,—the mair general the speerit o' pastime, the better will the Theatre fill in the lang run; and the manager and his sister will aye be supported by their freen', the people o' Embro, wha admires in them the union o' professional genius and private virtue.

North. Their health and happiness—in the jug, James,—in the jug.

Shepherd. A stranger that chanced to be present at a Noctes without kennin' whar we twa was, wud never jalouse us to be Leeterautee, Mr. North. We seldom hae ony brainless bother about books. Sic talk maistly marks the blockhead.

North. You know, James, that I would not give an intelligent and independent Tweedside sheep-farmer for a score of ordinary town essay-mongers, poetasters, and getters-up of articles. The thoughts and feelings of the Pastoral run in a channel scooped out by themselves—they murmur with a music of their own, and ever and anon overflow their banks in a style that is flood-like and impressive. He of the common stair is like a canal-cut, navigable only to flat-bottoms, muddy in the clearest weather, and its characterless banks wearisome with their gritty gravel-walks, on which you meet nothing more lively than an occasional old blind horse or two towing coals, or a passage-boat crowded with the paltriest people, all sorely sick of one another, themselves, the locks, and that part of Scotland in general, the women staring at you from below ill-shaped bonnets of coarse dirty chip, and the men crowned with third-head water-proof hats—napless and greasy—strolling candle-snuffers, petitioners, editors, contributors, and a sickly man of tailors perhaps, trying change of place and posture. Whereas —

Shepherd. Stop a wee, and I'll sing you Blue Bonnets—by a fine fallow—a freen o' mine in Leith. I promised him that I wad sing't at a Noctes.

Write, write, tourist and traveller—

Fill up your pages, and write in good order;

Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—

Why leave such margins! Come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead, flutters around your head;

Many a *tome* is your *memento mori*:

Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen—

Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms, where the farthing wick's burning—

Come with your tales—speak they gladness or woe;

Come from your small beer to vinegar turning—

Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow.

Fame's trump is sounding—topics abounding,—

Leave then, each scribbler, your high attic story;

Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,—

“He wrote for the snuff-shop—he wrote not for glory.”

Write, write, tourist and traveller—

Fill up your pages, and write in good order;

Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—

Why leave such margins! Come nearer the border.

North. Very well, indeed. A mere literary man, James, is a contemptible creature. Indeed I often wish that I had flourished before the invention of printing, or even of writing. What think you, James, of a Noctes in hieroglyphics?

Shepherd. I scarcely ken; but I think ane wud no look amiss in the Chinese. Wi' respeck to mere literary men, O dear me, sir! hoo I do gant when they come out to Mount Benger! They canna shute, they canna fish, they canna loup, they canna warsle, they canna soom, they canna put the stane, they canna fling the hammer, they canna even drive a gig, they canna kiss a lassie in an aff-haun and pleasant manner, without offendin' her feelins, as through the dewes she “comes wadin' all alane;” and what's perhaps the maist contemptible o' a', they canna, to ony effect, drink whusky. Ae glass o' pure speerits on the hill afore breakfast wud gie them a sick headache; and after denner, although the creturs hae nae objections to the jug, oh! but their heads are wake, wake—before the fire has got sun-bright, they are lauchin'-fou—you then fin' them out to be rejected contributors to Blackwood; and you hear that they're Whigs frae their wee, sharp, shrill, intermittin', dissatisfied, and rather disgustin' snore, like a soun' ane aften hears at nicht in moors and mosses, but whence proceedin' ane knows not, except it be frae some wildfool distressed in sleep by a stamach fu' of slug-worms mixed wi' mire—for he aiblins leeves by suction.

North. He is all mind, James; king of the Coteries, and monarch o' all the Albums. His mother laments that he is not in Parliament; and, up to the Preface, used to hint that he had a finger in Kenilworth and Ivanhoe.

Shepherd. Yet, after a', it's far frae unamusin' to read the verses o' sic creturs. They're aye taukin' o' inspiration—o' bein' rapt, and carried awa by the Muses—and ridin' on Pegasus—and climbin' Parnassus, on their hauns and knees, nae doubt—and drinkin' Hippocrene and Helicon, twa kinds o' Greek wine, ance red, but noo tawny; and though no like to flee to the head, yet apt to soor sair on an empty stamach. Yet a' the time there's no a whut mair inspiration, or ravishment, or ridin', or climbin', or drinkin' about the bit versifying creturs o' Cockneys, than there is about a gro-

cer's clerk copying out an advertisement o' sweeties for the newspapers.

North. Yet such sons of genius think themselves entitled to become unprincipled, because they can occasionally count their fingers—disdain area-doors, with eyes in fine frenzy rolling—get into a network—that is, James, according to Dr. Johnson—a thing equally reticulated and discussated with equal distances between the interstices—a network of small coarse debts—attempt to commit forgery—fall, through ignorance of the forms of business, into the inferior crime of swindling—off on the coach-box of the Carlisle mail to Liverpool; and, by packet that is to sail to-morrow morning, right slick away to the United States.

Shepherd. You're really verra interteenin' the nicht, sir; but dinna be ower hard on them a'; for when natur has kindled the spark o' genius in the heart o' a fine out-spoken, enthusiastic, hopefu' callant, wi' bauld bricht een, like far-keekers spyin' into futurity, isn't delightfu' to grasp his haun, and to clap him on the shoulder, and praise him to his face, as you shove ower the jug to him, and ask him to sing or receet something o' his ain,—and tell ane o' your bairns to gang roun' the table and speak till him, for that he's a freend o' yours, and a gran' fallow, and no to mind even about climbin' ontill his knee, and ruggin' the curly locks o' him, as black as a raven?

North. How delightful for a town-talk-teased poor old man, like me, to take refuge, for a month or so, in a deeper solitude even than Buchanan Lodge—the house at the head of the glen, which, know it ever so well, you still have to search for among so many knolls, some quite bare, some with a birk or two, and some of them each in itself a grove or wood,—self-sown all the trees, brushwood, coppice, and standards.

Shepherd. You're getting desperate descriptive in your dotage—sir—dinna froon—there's nae dishonor in dotage, when nature's its object. The alder we grow, our love for her gets tenderer and mair tender, for this thocht often comes across our heart, “in the bosom o' this bonny green earth, in how few years—shall I be laid—dust restored to dust!” That's a' I mean by dotage.

North. What a difference, James, between the din of twenty little waterfalls, that absolutely seem pursuing one another away down the glen, and as many hackney coaches jolting along a street! A composure in all faces and figures that you meet going out to work or coming in from it—or sitting or walking about the house! Quiet without dulness—without languor—peace! There the gloaming is indeed pensive—each star as it rises sparkles contentment—and the moon is felt to belong more especially to this one valley, most beautiful of all the valleys of this earth. Not an action of all my life—

not a word I ever uttered—not a tale, or poem, or article, or book in two, three, or four volumes, that I ever wrote—not one of all the panegyrics, anathemas, blessings, curses, prayers, oaths, vows, and protestations, ever pronounced, denounced, and announced anent me, known to one single dweller in all the vale! There am I strictly anonymous. That crutch is as the crutch of any ordinary rheumatic—and I, James, have the unspeakable satisfaction of feeling myself—a Cipher.

Shepherd. What are ye hummin' at, sir. You're no gaun to sing?

North.

Why does the sun shine on me,
When its light I hate to see:
Fain I'd lay me down and dee,
For o' life I'm weary!

O 'tis no thy frown I fear—
'Tis thy smile I canna bear—
'Tis thy smile my heart does tear,—
When thou triest to cheer me.

Ladies fair hae smiled on me—
A' their smiles no joy could gie—
Never lo'ed I ane but thee,
And I lo'e thee dearly!

On the sea the moonbeams play—
Sae they'll shine when I'm away—
Happy then thou'llt be, and gay,
When I wander dreary!

Shepherd. Some auld fragmentary strain, remindin' him, nae doubt, o' joys and sorrows lang ago! He has a pathetic vice—but sing what tune he may, it still slides awa' into Stroud Water.

North. Oh, James! a dream of the olden time——

Shepherd. Huts! huts! I wush you maunna be gettin' rather a wee fuddled—sir—haffins fou—preserve me, are ye greetin'? The whusky's maist terrible strong—and I suspect has never been chris-sened.* It's time we be aff. Oh! what some o' them he has knowted wud gie to see him in this condition! But there's the wheels o' the cotch. Or is't a fire-engine?

Enter AMBROSE to announce the arrival of the coach.

Dinna look at him, Mr. Ambrose—he's gotten the toothache—and likewise some ingon in his een. This is aye the way with him noo—he's far aff a' on a sudden—and begins greetin' at naething, or at

* To *Christon* whisky—a social domestic crime of infinite darkness—is to add water to it.—M.

things that's rather amusin' as itherwise. There's mony thousan' ways o' gettin' fou—and I ken nae mair philosophical employment, than, in sic cityations, the study o' the varieties o' human character.

North. Son James—

Shepherd. Pardon, father—'twas but a jeest. I've kent you noo the better pairt o' twenty years—and never saw I thae bright een—that bricht brain obscured—for, wi' a' our daffin'—our weel timed daffin'—our *dulce est desipere in loco*—that's Latin, you ken—we return to our hame, or our lodgings, as sober as Quakers—and as peacefu', too,—weel-wishers, ane and a', to the hail human race—even the verra Whigs.

North. Sometimes, my dear Shepherd, my life from eighteen to twenty-four, is an utter blank, like a moonless midnight—at other times, oh! what a refulgent day! Had you known me then, James, you would—

Shepherd. No hae liked you half as weel's I do noo—for then, though you was dootless tall and straucht as a tree, and able and willin' baith to fecht man, doug, or deevil, wi' een, tongue, feet, or hauns, yet, as dootless, you was prooder nor Lucifer. But noo that you're bent down no that muckle, just awee, and your "lyart haffits wearing thin and bare," sae pleasant, sae cheerfu', sae fu' o' allooances for the fauts and frailties o' your fellow-creturs, provided only they proceed na frae a bad heart—it's just perfectly impossible no to love the wise, merry auld man—

North. James, I wish to consult you and Mr. Ambrose about the propriety and prudence of my marrying—

Shepherd. Never heed ye propriety and prudence, sir, in mair-rying, ony mair than ither folk. Mairry her, sir—mairry her—and I'll be godfather—for the predestined mither o' him will be an Episcopaulian—to wee Christopher.

North. As the Reis Effendi well observes to the interpreters of the Three Powers—we must not name a child till we have ascertained its sex. But, Ambrose, open the ears of Dionysius.

(MR. AMBROSE opens a secret door, and flings it open.)

Shepherd. Mr. Gurney—the short-haun writer! Dinna be frightened, sir. What a cozy contrivance! A green-baized table o' his ain—twa wax cawnles—a nice wee bit ingle—and a gae big jug!

North. Not a whisper, James, that Mr. Gurney does not catch. I will explain the principle to you at our first leisure. You know the elements of acoustics!

Shepherd. Cow-steeks,—cow's horns. What do you mean? Let me try your toddy, Mr. Gurney. Oh, man! but it's strong. Good

night, sir; dinna steer till ye extend.* Come awa', Mr. North—
Awmrose, rax him ower the crutch.

North. What a hobblethoy I am, James—Allons. But hark ye,
James—are you the author of the “Relief Meeting?” No! I wish
I knew how to direct a letter to him about his excellent article. Let
us off to Southside—and sup with Tickler.

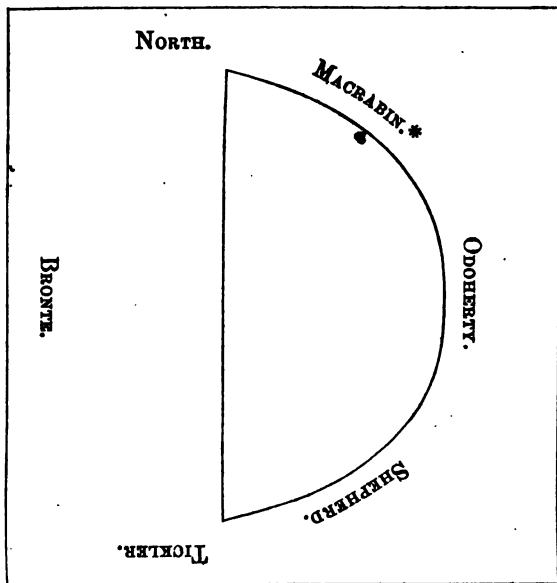
Glee,—For Three Voices.

Fall de rall de,
Fall, lall lall de,
Fall de lall de,
Fall, lall le, &c.

[*Exeunt Ambo et Ambrose.*

* That is—do not stir until you have extended, or transferred your short hand notes into ordinary writing.—M.

No. XXXVI.—MAY, 1828.

SCENE—*Great Dining-Room, Buchanan Lodge—Time, after Cheese.*

North. John, the quaighs.† Here, gentlemen, is some Glenlivet

* This was an imaginary interlocutor. In November, 1819, Maga commenced a series of interesting articles, entitled "Recollections, by Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian," which ran through many volumes, and professed to relate incidents connected with the career of several of the preachers and professors of the religious sect founded in Scotland by Richard Cameron. The locale of this sect, which may be said to have included the reliques of the stern enthusiastic Covenanters, was chiefly in Dumfriesshire. Allan Cunningham, himself from that part of Scotland, was believed to have been the writer, and the more so, as the series was gemmed with many very charming snatches of songs.—M.

† These *quaighs*, which were little cups of curiously dovetailed woods, usually inlaid in silver, were of Highland birth. Scott had many of them, with a history attached to each, and that reserved for his own use, and greatly valued, had travelled from Edinburgh to Derby in the canteen of Prince Charles Stuart. It is not difficult to imagine how true Scotchmen would value *quaighs* which the lips of the Chevalier had touched, or which had belonged to John Home, (author of the play of "Douglas,") or to William Carstairs—who, by the way, was no Cardinal, but Protestant Chaplain to William III., and afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh—or to Allan Ramsay, the poet, to Deacon Brodie (who was hanged on a drop of his own invention,) or to Bishop Cameron, respected in Edinburgh alike by Catholic and Protestant. The Doyle here mentioned was an Irish Bishop, who wrote a great many works on politics and polemics, and died in 1834. He startled even the Catholics, by declaring that "if a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no sentence of excommunication would ever be fulminated by a Catholic prelate."—M.

the same sort that carried the prize the last time our friends the Barons of Exchequer had a competition anent the dew.

Shepherd. Rax me that meikle black ane. Safe us, Mr. North, whare got ye a' this cleekin' o' quaighs? My certy, there's aught o' them—

North. Whisky in glass is a gem set in brass, says the adage: porter in glass is as heathen as the mass,* quoth another. I stick in all these affairs to the wisdom of our ancestors.

Macrabin. This is a queer-looking little gentleman. Any history?

North. No quaigh unhistorical shall ever press my board. That lordly dish belonged to the Prince of Wales. He gave it to old Invernahyle, who left it to your humble servant. His Royal Highness had it in his holster at Drummossie.

Macrabin. A precious relic indeed! And what may this yellow-faced burly concern be?

North. Ah Mac, my dear, that is a quaigh I set a very particular value upon. Tickler, it shall be yours, if, as in the course of nature, you see me out. That bit of boxwood has often touched the lip of our comrade, Charlie Hay. You know it well.

Tickler. Ah, poor Charlie! I do remember it. It was John Home's legacy to Lord Newton, youngsters.

Shepherd. It has seen mony a deep brooze in its day. I'll warrant the chields o' the Poker hae lippeden to it a' round.

North. Ah, James, James! there is something very pleasing in such memorials as these. That Sir Morgan is playing with was Dr. Webster's; it was originally Cardinal Carstairs's. He taught King William to sip whisky out of that identical chip of yew.

Odoherty. The Glorious.—for ever!

Tickler. This, which I hold in these reverend fingers, was, if I mistake not, the property of umwhile Deacon Brodie.

North. It was. That quaigh, gentlemen, is from the roof-tree of the cottage at Leadhills, wherein Allan Ramsay was born: Allan left it to Bishop Geddes; that holy father bequeathed it to my worthy friend, Bishop Cameron; and he, in turn, transferred it by a codicil to myself. Ah, Tickler! we have had a sore loss in our good Bachelor of Salamanca.

Tickler. We shall not look upon his like again. He was the only Papist, except Kempferhausen, that I ever could tolerate. M'Crie's book went to his heart, I believe.

North. And Doyle's pamphlets. That fellow's tricks did more to kill Cameron than all the rest of it. Peace be with him! He was a noble, a generous character—a true Christian, Sir Morgan, by all that's purple, this night in Paradise.

* Porter should be drank out of "its native pewter."—M.

Odoherty (sings.)

No churchman am I, for to rail or to write,
No statesman or soldier, to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business, contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

Come, North, sound a retreat to your timbers.

North. John, the decanters. Gentlemen, The King, God bless him!

(Invisible musicians play the National Anthem—three times three, &c. &c. &c.)

Gentlemen, a bumper. His Grace the Duke of Wellington! Long life to him! and a fig for Rascals, Radicals, and Rats! All the honors.

Shepherd. Lord keep us, what a din! ye'll deave me, callants: ye should mind you're among the Elders of Israel, and keep some decency wi' your daffin.

Macrabin. Mr. President, I beg a bumper. Gentlemen, long as I have been conversant with forensic disputation, and not entirely a stranger to the more ornate and elaborate eloquence of the festive board, I am free to say that my impressions at this moment go to impress me with a lively conviction that I never rose to address any assembly of Christian citizens under feelings and impressions of that character of trepidation, hesitation, and an accumulation of diffident scrupulosities, with which I, at this moment, rise to propose, gentlemen, a bumper toast to this Enlightened Society. I say, gentlemen, that it is the most anxious, the most nervous moment of my existence. And yet, gentlemen, when I look around me, and contemplate the benignity with which so many eminent and illustrious men are condescending enough to receive me upon this occasion, it asks no mighty effort of candor, gentlemen, to confess, as I now do not fear to confess, that I rise with pride and confidence in this very distinguished circle. Gentlemen, year follows year, lustrum lustrum, and decad decad. Time flows on, my lud; generations pass into oblivion, and are, in fact, lost sight of; but when the body fails, the spirit may be immortal: and that, my lud—that, gentlemen—that high, that heroic,—standing here as I do,—I will add, that holy thought, that it is, my lud, that in that way which I cannot adequately express, is uppermost in my bosom, and that I hope and trust meets with a responsive echo, gentlemen, in every bosom that beats on that bench. Gentlemen, I feel but too deeply that I have not sufficiently developed all the feelings which, at this moment, agitate, and, I may say, overwhelm my sensations; but, gentlemen, cold and unworthy as this brief address may be, I shall have miserably indeed disappointed my own most fervid wishes, the

most ardent aspirations, gentlemen, of my own heart, mind, soul, and intellect, if, my lads, I have failed to convey to your lordships' bosoms some faint notices of these emotions—emotions, gentlemen, of which, while life continues to animate the veins in this hand,—while patriotism, gentlemen, while patriotism, honor, and faith, are not yet expelled from my heart of hearts,—I venture to assure you, gentlemen, I for one, shall never be ashamed—no—never! In one word, then, gentlemen, I perceive that all minor deficiencies and lapses are merged, as they ought to be, and ever will be, and ever have been, in that deep and sacred feeling of devotion and reverence with which you are all prepared to drink what, in spite of the two immortal names that have already received your plaudits, I will venture, gentlemen, to pronounce THE toast of this evening.* Gentlemen, this is the 20th of March, 1828. (*The devil it is! Hear, hear!*) This day, gentlemen, is the anniversary of that day on which the illustrious Christopher North first opened his eyes upon a world which his genius and virtue were destined to illuminate, gentlemen, to delight, to instruct, and to revivify. (*Hear, hear.*) This, gentlemen, is the seventy-third birthday of our immortal host. Gentlemen, I add no more. Here is Christopher North! Health, strength, and length of days, to the illustrious Caledonian, the Champion of the Faith! (*Immense applause—three times three, &c. &c. &c.*)

Shepherd. Let's gie him time to think o' thanks. Here's a sang—ye'll no be backward at the tchorus. (*Sings.*)

Tune,—O'er the Muir among the Heather.

In Embro town they made a law,
In Embro at the Court o' Session,
That Kit and his lads were fautors a'!
An' guilty o' a high transgression.
Decreet o' the Court o' Session;
Act Sederunt o' the Session;
Kit North and his crew were fautors a',
And guilty o' a high transgression.

In the Parliament House the Whigs were croose,
In the Parliament House at the Court o' Session;
There was Cobrun to blaw, and Jamffrey to craw—
Crooseness and gabs their best possession.
Decreet o' the Court o' Session,
Act sederunt o' their Session;
Whiggery's light, and Whigs are bright,
An' a Tory creed is a fool's transgression.†

* This is a pretty fair sample of the peculiar description of oratory called "after-dinner eloquence."—M.

† In allusion to one of the many libel-suits into which Blackwood's Magazine became involved by its wit and personality. At length, finding that juries gave very small damages, and that the notoriety rather served than injured the magazine, parties got to pocket the affronts, and then, the personalities came to an end. Messrs. Cockburn and Jeffrey, both of whom subsequently were made Scottish Judges, almost invariably were employed to plead against Blackwood.—M.

In Embro town there dwalls a man
 That never gangs near their Court o' Session,
 A vif auld man, wi' a drap in his can,
 Has gien a' the Whigs in the land a threshin',
 Decreat o' his Court o' Session,
 Act sederunt o' his Session;
 The Whigs they are neerdoweels, great and sma',
 And cheap, cheap o' a hearty threshin'.

Frae Embro town his word gangs out,
 Frae Ambrose' spence, his Court o' Session,
 And the deevil a prig that stinks o' Whig,
 But dumfounder'd he sinks in consternation.
 Decreat o' this Court o' Session,
 Act sederunt o' the Session;
 The Whigs are found out, and in siccan a rout,
 That their hurdies are scantily worth a threshin'.

North, (on his legs without crutch.) Gentlemen, many thanks to you for your prose eulogies and your verse eulogies, and for the strenuous eulogies of your hurras; and, above all, for the sterling and precious eulogies of your friendly looks. I feel myself very happy at this moment—I have done my duty—I have succeeded in all that I have wished to perform—and my health, thank God, is very tolerable for a Septegenarian Whig-hater. Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of making long speeches. I thank you heartily for your countenance on this occasion; and I beg leave to thank you very seriously in this bumper of port, for the support you have afforded the King, our royal and gracious master, my excellent friend the Duke of Wellington, and myself, all through the troublesome nine months which it cost us three to eject the Whigs, and to *damage* the Philo-whigs so completely, that it can no longer be of the smallest consequence either to Turk, Jew, or Christian, what they do or what they say, whether they be all out of place, or only all out of character, influence, and power.* Gentlemen, fill your glasses. I beg to drink the immortal memories of the Right Honorable William Pitt, and the Most Noble Robert Marquis of Londonderry; and may the Duke of Wellington, acting steadily on their principles, and trusting exclusively to their friends and disciples, complete the great work he has so gallantly begun; and hav-

* In August, 1827, the death of Canning, the Premier, rendered it necessary to form a new Ministry in England. On Dogberry's principle of choosing "the most diertless man," Lord Goderick (now Earl of Ripon) was selected as Prime Minister, and made up a Cabinet consisting of the fag-end of the Canning Administration, a few wavering Tories, and a brace of office-seeking Whigs. Until Parliament met, this ministry had nothing to do—and did it! Feeling his own utter incapacity, Lord Goderick resigned, and the Duke of Wellington relinquishing his office of Commander-in-Chief, became Premier. He carried the habits of the orderly-room and the camp into the Treasury—rising at 7, commencing business at 8, insisting on all other officials also doing their work, and greatly simplifying the routine of government. The Tory party, who little imagined how soon their favorite would astonish them by granting Catholic Emancipation, which at one time he strongly opposed, were in raptures at the Duke's accession to power.—M.

ing heretofore saved England and Europe in the field, finally rescue his country and the cause of order and government all over the world, from the bad consequences of Whig and Philo-whig practice, and the worse consequence of Whig and Philo-whig theories! Solemn silence, gentlemen all,—To γὰρ γρηγας σῶσι θανόντων!

Shepherd. Haud him there, Mr. Tickler, if that's no twae words o' Latin I'm a Pagan Greek.

North, (filling two bumpers.) I sip corrected.

Shepherd. Mr. Macrabin, I think naething o' your way o' speakin'. Yon's no real oratory. It's a' made at hame, and muckle pains it maun cost ye to gie't an extemporaneous air o' deception. You couldna propose Mr. North's health in anither speech the noo aff haun?

Macrabin, (hem.) I now rise, my lud, under sensations of that sort, my luds, that it may be difficult for you, sittin there as you do, to understand, gentlemen. Gentlemen, I beg leave to remind you, that this is the evening of the first day of April, anno domini, one thousand, eight hundred, and twenty-eight,* (*hear, hear!*) And now, gentlemen, when I have mentioned this fact, for a fact I say it is, and I fear not to bottom this averment on all the almanacks of the day, be they of Aberdeen, or Poor Robin, or Francis Moore, physician, or Henry Brougham, schoolmaster-in-chief of the nineteenth century, (*hear!*) But to return, gentlemen, I venture to observe, *in limine*, that there are a thousand reasons, gentlemen, why this particular night ought to be cherished, and hallowed, and venerated, and crowned with glory, and honor, and reverence, gentlemen, by every man, woman, and child (*hear, hear!*) in the dominions of George the Fourth, by the grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, and his sheriffs in that part, (*hear!*) (confound it)—I say there is indubitable argument, why this evening should witness the shedding of a bumper of beer, porter, punch, port, or claret, by every human Christian now extant in the whole circumnavigable globe! (*Hear, hear!*) Gentlemen of the Jury, nor, standing here as I do, is it at all incumbent that I should occupy a lengthy space of your precious time, with any detailed examination of the averments of the other party,—my learned friends will not suspect me of any thing personal; no, no, my luds, looking merely to things in general, and the broad *ex facie* appearance of the case, I do not hesitate to affirm, that the counter proposition is entirely, and totally, and wholly, and *funditus*, an untenable proposition—a false, gentlemen, and a groundless, and an utterly absurd, and contemptible, and quackish, and ridiculous, and base, and vile, and irrelevant proposition, (*hear, hear, hear!*) Such

* This oration may be taken as a specimen of the ordinary post-prandial manner of using a maximum of words to convey a minimum of ideas.—M.

an one, gentlemen, as no court, no, nor no jury, would ever listen to for a moment, were it not introduced, gentlemen, I will, and must say it, under that portentous and truly fascinating and basiliskian glare of gorgeous and rhetorical embellishment, (*hear!*) and amplification, with which no one, as we all know, knows better how to illustrate and decorate the most untenable and egregious humbug, (I use plain language on a plain subject, gentlemen,) than the learned gentleman whom we have had the high satisfaction of hearing, my lud, since this court assembled. (*Hear, hear!*) Now, to return, I venture to assert, that the reason of the case is as plain, clear, distinct, and intelligible, as that two and two make four, or that the learned gentleman now in my eye, my luds, is—no conjuror—begging his pardon—(I mean no personality): in a word, to descend from things in general, to a brief statement of the case now before you, this, gentlemen, is the evening of the 1st of April,—this is the anniversary of a day, which will ever, I think, be hallowed in the eyes of the remotest generations of mankind, and which, at all events, has vivid claims, sitting here as we do, upon us, (*hear, hear!*) *Verbum non amplius*, (*hear, hear!*) Gentlemen all, fill your glasses; here's Christopher North, Esquire, who this evening completes the seventy-third year of his age, gentlemen, (*hear, hear!*) and many happy returns to him of the 1st of April. Christopher North, gentlemen, long life to him, and prosperity to Maga the Great!—(*All the honors—Immense applause, &c. &c. &c.*)

North, (with his crutch.) Gentlemen, I beg leave to return you my best thanks, for the kind way in which you have now drunk my health; and I must also take the opportunity, since I am on my legs, of thanking you for your valuable and steady support of Maga the Great, as our facetious friend has been pleased to call her; and especially for your efficient assistance and inflexible fidelity to the high and holy cause of Protestant Toryism, all through the late eventful crisis of the political concerns of this country. You, gentlemen, were faithful found among the faithless; (*hear, hear!*) and now that the horizon is clearing, I believe I may venture to assure you, that neither pilot nor sailor, who helped to weather the storm, are at all likely to be forgotten by either owner or passengers. (*Hear, hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, we have had a hard tussle; but Providence has been pleased to bestow blessing and success in the long run, where these were best deserved, (*hear!*) and I think my good friend the Duke of Wellington and myself may now be safely said to be pretty well upon our seats again. (*Hear, hear!*) And, by-the-by, I don't think I can do better than propose his Grace's health, (*hear!*) He writes, to-day, that his tumble from his cab was a mere scratch, and that he has already quite recovered that,

(*hear, hear!*) but nevertheless, here goes—Arthur, Duke of Wellington; may his days be many and his glory full!

Tickler. With all my heart; and may I propose this small addition?—May he see clearly, and adhere steadily to the principle, that the nation is Tory, and that other vital principle, that conciliation is humbug. (*Hear, hear, hear!*)

Omnes. The Duke, God bless him, and hang conciliation!—(*Three-times-three.*)

Tickler. I believe, Sir Morgan, you have just arrived in Auld Reekie.

Odoherty. Or you should have seen me at Southside. I came right through on the Mail; for you know I was absent last birthday, and I could not think of playing the truant twice.

North. Thank ye, Odoherty. Well, and how left you the enemy?—all at blank, eh?—Quite down in the mouth?—No symptoms of resurrection?

Odoherty. Not a twist.

Tickler. And the Duke looking well?

Odoherty. Never better. I saw him cantering old Blanco White, as usual, down Whitehall, the morning I started, as fresh as a daisy. Hang it, he's not the boy to be worried and worn-out like a parcel of prating mountebanks. Do's the word. Indeed I am told, the first address he made to his cabinet was,—“Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse me for one hint preliminary—Do as much as you can, and say as little.”

Tickler. “*Imperatoria brevitās!*” I beg your pardon, James, give me the Bordeaux.

Shepherd. The schoolmaster is abroad, Hairy Brougham;* and I hope ye'll find the length o' the taws yoursell belyve. You'll be nane the waur o' some mair schulin'. I wish the Duke wad ca' a new paurliament, and kick oot a' the dregs o' the Cannin's pairty.

Tickler. Oh, nonsense! What signifies it whether they are all out of place, or only all and every mother's son of them out of character, influence, and power? (*Hear, hear!*) They may make fair clerks, some of them. Let them alone, James.

Shepherd. Oh! but I wad mak a clean house o' the hailt tott o' them. I hae nae faith in sic creepy, sleiky, cunning creatures; they'll bear onything, or they would never hae staid wi' the Duke; and neither him nor Peel ever to gie them, no even the whistle o' a bonny word, in favor o' either Navareen nor free tred.† Ey! sirs, some folk hae grand stoot stamachs o' their ain!

* One of Brougham's remarks, about this time, which has become an aphorism, was in comment on the fact that England was ruled by a military Premier: the soldier sits in the Cabinet, said he, intending to govern by sword and ordnance, but I would tell him that *the schoolmaster is abroad*.—M.

† In July, 1830, Mr. Canning had made a treaty by which England bound herself to support

Odoherty. Pooh! pooh! Mr. Hogg, you rusticals are apt to take things rather too seriously. Why, man, do but consider £4000, £5000, £6000, £10,000 per annum, James—these are pretty things, besides the pretty houses and the pretty pickings. Oh, dear sir, you don't understand the world as it is.

Shepherd. Aiblins no; but I understand aboot enough to gar me despise maist feck o' the upper pairt o't gayen heartily.

North. It is very sad to say it, James Hogg, even here among friends, but it is a world worse to know and feel it, that the character of our public men, in general, has sustained, during these twelve months bygone, a very considerable deal of damage. Who has escaped? Hang me, my cocks, if I can lay my hand on more than three at this moment. The dear Duke, of course, being one.

Shepherd. And honest auld John o' Eldon another.

Odoherty. And Peel.

North. Peut-être—but no, I meant my Lord Melville—Scotland has reason to be proud of that nobleman.* As to Peel, nobody can admire his talents, or his principles, in the main, more than myself; but between ourselves, he is afraid of bearding the Liberals; and if that feeling be not subdued, say and do as he may, he will never be an efficient House of Commons' Aaron for our admirable Moses—who, by-the-by, seems to need no Aaron at all, at all, in the Lords.

Odoherty. He indeed! Why, no man speaks better—plain, clear, distinct, manly, downright—just as Lord Dudley said, the *imperatoria brevitatis*. Why, the House of Lords have too much sense to listen to long speeches from any body. Even poor dear Canning would have been extinguished in a fortnight.

Tickler. Canning! extinguished!! O dear! O dear! what a world this is!

“ Ah! who would climb the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?”

Greece in the struggle for independence. In September, 1827, Ibrahim Pacha, the Turkish Governor of Greece, agreed with the admirals of the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia, to suspend hostilities against the Greeks, preparatory to a treaty of peace. He violated the truce, and the allied fleets, which had blockaded the Turkish fleet in the harbor of Navarino, immediately entered the port. The Turks fired into an English ship, and a battle ensued, (Oct. 20, 1827,) in which the Turkish fleet was almost annihilated, and by which the independence of Greece was virtually achieved. The Turks resisted, and war with Russia was the result. Turkey defended well, at first, but in the second campaign, the Russians forced the passage of the Balkan, captured Adrianople (the second city in the empire,) and forced the Sultan to consent to terms of peace, dictated (not very harshly) almost at the very gates of Constantinople. When Parliament met, after the naval conflict, the King's speech mentioned the battle of Navarino as “an untoward event.” The most curious fact was, that Sir Edward Codrington, the British Admiral, had strictly obeyed his instructions, which were not to fire a shot until the Turks first acted on the offensive and that the Lord High Admiral, (then Duke of Clarence, and afterwards William IV.) when dispatching these instructions, actually wrote the emphatic words, “*Go it, Ned,*” under his official signature!—M.

* The second Viscount Melville, son of Henry Dundas, the friend and supporter of William Pitt—who deserted him at the end!—M.

Macrabin. The tappit hen's with you, Mr. Tickler?*

Tickler. Here, North, I shall shove her along the mantel-piece to you. Pray, Odoherty, speaking quite among ourselves, what are the true people saying to it in town?

Odoherty. Deuced little. But, hang it! there's no denying the fact, they are not pleased.

Tickler. I thought so. The Quarterly mum as a mouse as to things in general, but bold enough as to the corn, and on the right side, I am happy to see—John Bull grumbling audibly—the Post still at its post, as if Ellenborough were not gagged—the Standard dropping odd hints—why, the new God really seems to have no thoroughstitch advocate in the London press of any consequence, except the Courier and New Times, both of which concerns it will take time to place where they were before the *rat at the strike*. This looks baddish, don't it?

Odoherty. Why, so far as the Duke is concerned, I believe there has been no minister since Pitt so universally trusted: but he, I daresay, had more difficulties to get over than we know of. And to speak the plain fact, he fell into one or two blunders. The leaving out old Eldon was one; and, with reverence be it said, the taking in Lord Ellenborough, clever speaker as he may be, was another—he is a man without either blood, or land, or money even; and his stool might have been more efficiently filled.†

North. I once heard him speak, and think he will turn out a valuable hand in the long run—why was he taken in?

Odoherty. He can speak well, and fears no Whig—and he had heard so much of the private feelings, in certain quarters,‡ about that bloody blunder of the noodle Codrington, that when mum was to be the word, it was, I suppose, thought or felt to be a matter of necessity to take him into the firm bodily.

North. So Metternich's coming over, I hear.¶ How will he manage with Dudley?

Odoherty. O, he'll manage them all, except the Duke, who will manage him. He'll cut no jokes about the new Premier, such as he sent home to the sensitive heart of poor Canning.

North. Of Canning? Jokes?

* *Tappit hen*,—in drinking, this usually means a tin pot, with a knob on the top, containing a quart of ale.—M.

† Considering that Lord Eldon was 77 years old at this time, and by far too ultra in his Tory politics for Wellington's new system of moderate concessions to the people, the not restoring him to the Ministry and the Woolsack was the reverse of a blunder. In his place, Lord Lyndhurst, (son of Copley, the American painter,) was continued and was as pliant as could be desired at the proper time. Lord Ellenborough, albeit an able man, was unfitted for such a responsible post as that of conducting the government of the East Indies, and afterwards showed such marked inefficiency, when Governor-General of India, that he was peremptorily recalled.—M.

‡ As evinced by the "Go it, Ned" instructions.—M.

¶ For forty years, Prince Metternich, Foreign Minister of Austria, was the most powerful subject in Europe. The Revolution of 1848 drove him from office and into exile. He returned to Austria in 1851, but has not resumed office.—M.

Odoherly. Aye, to be sure; did you never hear the real history of the Treaty of London?

North. Not I, truly.

Odoherly. It was this. Metternich writing to Princess Lieven about the St. Petersburg Protocol, said "*Parturiunt montes—Canning's bell enfant du nord*, will be, after all, *still-born*." My lady, shortly after this, chose to resent some part of Metternich's proceedings—his marriage, I believe; and Canning, who was at that time doing his *possible* in the corps diplomatique, chancing to be in her boudoir one pretty morning among "the wee short hours," the fair dame thought fit to show him the old Fox's taunting epistle. You may guess the effect on the vainest man in Europe. He went home biting his nails, and war, war, war—

North. Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Good God! what are we made of? Yet was George Canning made of the finest clay.

Macrabin. What a scandalous concern was all that explanation-row! Upon my word, The Times made me sick for a week on end.

Tickler. No wonder—gabble, gabble, gabble—guarantee, guarantee, guarantee,—pledge, pledge, pledge—fudge, fudge, fudge.

Odoherly. Perhaps you have not heard of the real history of the break-up of the patch-work neither?

North. Possibly not. But say on. Have you seen the last Number?

Odoherly. I don't take in your magazine.

North. But every other, editors and all.

Shepherd. Hem!

Odoherly. Truth never lies in a well, but always in a nut-shell. The Whigs at last, after months of work, extorted from a high quarter a most reluctant consent to the coming in of Lord Holland. The consent was given, but every one felt from that hour that the confidence was gone. The Tories—Herries and Copley, I mean—took heart of grace accordingly, and so the smash. The immediate cause however, was old Tierney's eternal babbling at Brookes's. That disgusted Huskisson; and when *he* was willing to separate from the faction, what bolt had they to keep the concern together? Lord Goderich, who is worth fifty thousand Huskissons, had no more the sort of tact for managing matters among such a set of hungry griping tricksters, than for being an attorney or a stock-jobber. There was, by-the-by, another original element of ruin. Goderich never trusted Brougham—and Brougham, who had made Canning his own, soul and body, revolted, *in fact*, from the hour that Lansdowne failed for the Premiership. You can see the *gum* against Goderich in the last Edinburgh, plain enough—and that could be nothing but the Barrister's, and would be Lord Chancel-

lor's own private *gum*; for he, in truth, sacrificed his Premiership to the Whig *leaders*; and moreover, was left out by the Duke, simply and solely on account of his feelings, of a personal nature, in regard to Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Holland, and Lord Carlisle.

North. Your story is probable, and may be gospel. But really *now*, who cares about these things? There are *present* difficulties enough, God knows. There are, as Grant's speech anent the corn is, of itself, abundant evidence, *two* parties still in the Cabinet—and it is clear enough, that *de facto* there is all but a professed opposition of a worse sort still going on—I mean the opposition of the House of Commons to the House of Lords.

Odoherty. Most true. Canning had completely taken possession of all the young fry in the Lower House, and there they are now, a pack of empty-headed, solemn economists, prigs and dolts, ready to stick to any leader who will cant the liberal slang of the day,—I mean to any one of that stamp *but* Huskisson. He has been damaged, so that, for the present, he is pretty near powerless with them—but time soon wipes out all impressions from light minds, and let Peel look to himself and his leadership against another session.*

North. What an egregious pack of slumberers the old Tory Lords are! Why can't they open their eyes, and see that it will not do to keep their seats in the Commons, lumbered with all this brood of idle Lord Johns and Lord Harries—that if they mean to save anything, they can only do it by looking about them, and putting in fellows that have both brains and tongues to do their business for them? The interest will go to pot if they persist much longer.

Tickler. Strange blindness! Can't they look over the land, and perceive a fact which stares all but themselves in the face, that the literary talent and influence of this nation is, to a fraction, with them and their just cause; and then ask of themselves how the deuce it happens, that in the House of Commons, the talent, and the influence of talent, are to a fraction against them? By Heavens! if we had the Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle here, I think it would be no hard matter to put them up to a thing or two.

Odoherty. Pooh! pooh! They have as clever a fellow as any of us among themselves—Lord Lowther.†

North. They have; but Lowther *is* one of themselves, and therefore the prayer of Timotheus, may still stand,—

* Huskisson attempted to gain more preponderance in the Wellington Cabinet, while also fishing for popularity out of it, than the Duke liked, and was turned out in a very summary manner, at the earliest opportunity. His convulsive efforts to continue in office excited so much laughter and contempt that his character, as a public man, sank to zero.—M.

† Now Earl of Lonsdale. He was President of the Council in Lord Derby's Administration, 1852.—M.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Shepherd. I wad like to be a member of it, war it but for ae single session. And aiblins when they were discussing corn, or sheep, or nowt, or the sawmon quastion, I could tell them as meikle practical sense as ever a laird or lord in the bang—it I could.

North. The honorable and learned member for Selkirk, Peebles, Lanark, and Linlithgow, hath said well. By-the-by, talking of Laidlaw, why does Allan Cunningham call him *Walter*?—and why does the Edinburgh Reviewer repeat the blunder!—I was glad, however, to see that Jeffrey had the sense to quote "*Lucy's Flitting*;" 'tis one of the sweetest things in the world—and William Laidlaw should take courage and publish a volume. Not a few staves of his have I sung in the old days, when we used to wash our faces in the Douglas' Burn, and you, James, were the herd on the hill. Oh, me! those sweet, sweet days o' langsyne, Jamie! Here's Willie Laidlaw's health, gentlemen.* Oh, dear!—(*Great applause.*)

Shepherd. Oh, Mr. North! it's weel as I mind you the first time ye cam up Yarrow—thirty years come Lammas—yes, it was just the ninety-eight—and, eh me! but ye war a buirdly ane in thae days—ye didna look meikle aboon five-and-thirty—and nae wonder, for I'm sure nae stranger wad take ye fur meikle aboon sixty now.

North. And yet I have been no Cornaro, except as in keenness of appetite. Abernethy would speak less dogmatically about abstinence and his eternal fourteen ounces of simple food and small glass of sarsaparilla water, if he had ever colloqued with some of us. Eh, Tickler?

Tickler. Yes, indeed. What a capital book Abernethy's Lectures make! They have sucked them out of the Lancet now, and you

* William Laidlaw was the son of a farmer on the Douglas-burn, near Ettrick Forest, to whom Hogg had been shepherd for ten years. Scott had become intimate with Laidlaw in his country excursions in quest of old ballads for his "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," and in 1801, was brought by him into a knowledge of Hogg, himself a lover and writer of songs, and whose mother was celebrated for having by heart several old ballads in a more perfect form than any other inhabitant of the Vale of Ettrick. Laidlaw had written some poetry, and his song of "*Lucy's Flitting*,"—a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings on leaving a service where she had been happy—has long and must ever be a favorite (says Lockhart) with all who understand the delicacies of the Scottish dialect and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid. Having failed as a farmer, he was invited by Scott to occupy a house on his land, and try to live by his pen. Scott obtained him a good deal of work—chiefly compilation—and finally made him steward of the Abbotsford property. Washington Irving, who met Laidlaw and his wife at Scott's table, has warmly praised the intelligence of his mind and the simplicity of his manners. Moore diaried him also, in terms of praise. Scott was unable to hold a pen during his severe illness in 1819, and Laidlaw acted as his amanuensis, and wrote from his dictation the greater part of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the whole of the *Legend of Montrose*, and nearly all of *Ivanhoe*. When he returned from Italy, to die, Laidlaw received him at Abbotsford, and his first words were, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" He attended Scott in his last moments and followed him to his grave.—M.

may have them all in a single compact stout volume by themselves. I took it with me t'other day on the top of the mail to Glasgow, and I swear I passed my five hours most exquisitely. The *Hang its!* and *Egads!* and so forth, give a wonderful lightness and relief to the doctrine. But, as you say, the burden of the whole song is fourteen ounces and sarsaparilla—a very Sangrado.

North. He has the honesty, however, to confess, that he has not always practiced as he preaches. That shows life in a mussel. Oh! he must be the prince and king of all oral instructors. I only wish they had given us a face of the old boy, for I never saw him, and I think no *interesting* book ought ever to be published without a cut of the inditer's physiognomy.

Shepherd. What a capital ane of your worship that is on the last new cover of *Maga!* I wish Tammas Cammel would follow your example, and tip us a sample o' himsell with the *New Monthly*. I never saw Tammas Cammel. What like is he?

North. Never saw Campbell!—Is it possible! I love him, despite his politics.

Tickler. And I; but must say, the personality of that magazine of his begins to be very nauseous to me. Why, they used to speak of *Ebony's* personalities—there is more of that in every one number of the *New Monthly now*, than there ever was in any three of ours in our wildest days—and of a worse kind. He has got some most filthy contributors in Dublin.

Odoherty. Horrid creatures! I think their *late* attacks on Lord Manners are about the basest thing I ever met with.* For what class of readers can these be meant?

Tickler. For your delicate countrymen of the Association, of course—though I acquit O'Connell. Hang him, with all his faults, Dan is a gentleman.

Odoherty. By libelling the dying and the dead,
Morgan has bread and cheese—and Sheil has bread.

Have any of you read my old chum, Sir Jonah Barrington's *Memoirs*?

North. Yes, and with edification. Are his facts facts, Odoherty?

Odoherty. Not knowing, can't say; but they are amusing, and that's enough for me. As to the general truth of the picture, I have no doubt of that.†

* The article is entitled, "The Manners Testimonial," and is to be found in the second volume of Sheil's "Sketches of the Irish Bar." Lord Manners had been Chancellor of Ireland for twenty years, during which he opposed the Catholics, in public as well as in private, and when he was dismissed, it was not surprising that one of them, in sketching his character and career, should do it not with a rose-scented crayon.—M.

† Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the Admiralty Court in Ireland, from 1807 until 1830, author of *Historic Memoirs of Ireland*, and of *Personal Sketches of His own Times*, which are extremely graphic and lively, and have obtained much popularity wherever the English language is spoken.—M.

North. Does Barrington scribble in the New Monthly too?
Odoherly. I think not.

Tickler. I hope your friend has better taste. What a vile system this is, of encouraging all the broken down *roués* of Boulogne and Dieppe to write their recollections of the societies they were, in their better days, suffered to contaminate in town! I venture to say, that Harriette Wilson is nothing to the inditers of these "Clubs of London," "Drafts on Lafitte," "Anecdotes of the Beef-steaks," and so forth,*—these escape valves of the bitterness of the black-balled and the ejected! Heavens! in what vile days we live. Grub-street has travelled westwards with a vengeance. Here, fill a bumper all round—*Confusion to the felon-traitors of the festive board—their panderers—and their paymasters!*

Omas. Confusion to the traitors of the festive board!

(*Three rounds of a groan.*)

North. By-the-by, Sir Morgan, what could induce Campbell to stuff that last Magazine of his with that stupid piece of politics? Who wrote those drivels?

Odoherly. Poor Mackintosh, I was told. He writes occasionally for Campbell—particularly that inimitable series of *jeux-de-spleen*, entitled, "Opinions for 1826, 1827, 1828," &c. Poor Jemmy appears to be on his last legs. He was just in full scent, on a very good permanent snuggery, when the machinery of the Whig-jobbers suddenly broke the main-spring in January last.

North. Ah! he was one of a legion of such sufferers. What a pretty number of sly threads were a-weaving! We saw something of it here, but we had not time for a belly-full. It was coming.

Shepherd. Say as ye like; the Whigs are better friends than the Tories. They're no fear'd to lend a lift to folk, that have stood by them when their backs were at the wa'. As for our folk, they're poor pluckless chields anent thae things in common. Let me see a single man of genius that they're done onything for in our time. There's Cammel has his pension, and there's Dugald Stewart got an eight-and-twenty years' renewal of his patent sinecure, only the day afore the Omnigatherum were turned out.† When will ye hear of our friends doing onything like that for the like of me or Allan Cynningham, or ony other man o' genius?

North. Never. And do you thank your God, sir, that you are

* Anecdotal sketches, anecdotes, and reminiscences, which were appearing, at this time, in the New Monthly Magazine. If not very true or new, they were very amusing.—M.

† Campbell was on the pension-list for thirty-eight years, for £200 a-year. Dugald Stewart, the well-known author of "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," had a sinecure place created, or revived, for him, by the Whig Ministry in 1806. He was made Gazette writer for Scotland, and, the small duties of the office being executed by deputy, his own sole and particular business was—to sign a receipt quarterly for about £1000 a-year! In 1828, just before the Goderich Ministry was broken up, they renewed the patent for this sinecure! However, Stewart did not long profit by the job, as he died in the year following.—M.

above needing their assistance. In the present state of literature, James, such men as you need nothing but diligence to be rich, at least independent; and in the present state of this country—I don't mean to disguise my sentiments—James, the man who condescends to pocket either pension or sinecure, unless he has earned them by public service, and, moreover, can't live without the money, that man, be he high or low, deserves to bear any name but that of a **TORY**; for that, sir, is only a synonyme for **PATRIOT**—and **PATRIOT**, if I have any skill in such affairs, means **HONEST MAN**.

Tickler. You are quite right, Christopher. The Finance Committee ought to be cut to the quick—if they don't, it had been better for them never to be born. They may lose a few rotten members by such bold work; but the Duke can afford all that. Let him show them all, that though Whigs can chatter, it is Tories only who ever *will* reform.

North. Yes, yes, Timothy; it's no time for mincing matters now. We have a debt which no man ought to cry out against, because it was contracted in the noblest as well as the most necessary of all causes. The fact is, that we are horribly crippled by our debt; and, whatever direct means may be ultimately taken to diminish the burden itself, (which must be diminished ere we can hold our heads heaven-high again) the indirect means must be taken forthwith. I mean that all unnecessary expenditure must be got rid of, because that alone can give real strength—the strength of vigorous, solid, general faith, to the government of the country; and nothing can we hope for but from a strong government—a gigantically strong one—a real thorough Tory one. What says Timotheus?

Tickler. Timotheus says that he knocks down Odoherty for a song.

*Odoherty. (Sings.)**

Air,—“They may rail at this life.”

They may rail at the city where I was first born,
But it's there they've the whisky, and butter, and pork,
An' a nate little spot for to walk in each morn,
They calls it Daunt's Square, and the city is Cork!
The Square has two sides, why, one east, and one west;
And convenient's the region of frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-steaks are cook'd best,
Och! *Fishamble's* the *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

If you want to behold the sublime and the beauteous,
Put your toes in your brogues, and see sweet Blarney Lane,
Where the parents and *childer* is comely and duteous,
And “dry lodgin” both rider and beast entertain:
In the cellars below dines the slashin' young fellows,
What comes with the butter from distant Tralee;
While the lan'lady, chalking the score on the bellows,
Sings, Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

* This song upon Cork was written by Dr. Maginn, a native of that “beautiful city.”—T.M.

Blackpool is another sweet place of that city,
 Where pigs, twigs, and wavers, they all grow together,
 With its small little tanyards—och, more is the pity—
 To trip the poor beasts to convert them to leather!
 Farther up to the east, is a place great and famous,
 It is called Mallow Lane—antiquaries agree
 That it holds the *Shibbeen* which once held King *Shamus* :—
 Oh! Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

Then go back to Daunt's Bridge, though you'll think it is *quare*
 That you can't see the bridge—faix! you ne'er saw the like
 Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham Square,
 Nor the narrow Broad lane, that leads up to the Dyke!
 Where turning his wheel sits that Saint "Holy Joe,"
 And *numbrellas* are made of the best quality,
 And young *vargints* sing "*Colleen das croothin a mo*"—*
 And Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

When you gets to the Dyke, there's a beautiful prospect
 Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees;
 On one side, with a beautiful southern aspect,
 Is Blair's Castle, that trembles above in the breeze!
 Far off to the west lies the lakes of Killarney,
 Which some hills intervening prevents you to see;
 But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of Blarney—
 Och! Cork is the *Aiden* for you, love, and me!

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or
 The sweet Boreemannah, to charm your eyes,
 If you doubt what is *Wise*, take a dram of Tom Walker,
 And if you're a *Walker*, toss off Tommy Wise†!
 I give you my word that they're both lads of *spirit*;
 But if a "*raw-chaw*," with your gums don't agree,
 Beamish, Crawford, and Lane, brew some porter of merit,
 Tho' *Polteen* is the nectar for you, love, and me.

Oh, long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,
 Your girls, your whisky, your curds, and sweet whey!
 Your hill of Glanmire, and shops where the people
 Gets decent new clothes down *beyond* the coal quay.
 Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,
 And to sweet Sunday's well, and the banks of the Lee,
 Likewise to your *coort*-house, where judges in wigs
 Sing, Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me!

Shepherd. The devil the like i' this world o' thae Eerish sangs for
 doonricht unintelligible nonsense. Yet they're fu' o' natur, and
 natur o' a maist deevertin' sort, too—but, oh, man, Odoherthy! sing
 us something pathetic.

Odoherthy. Out with your fogle then, James. Here goes one, if
 not of the Old Bailey, at least one of the new Bailey songs.‡

* *Colleen das croothin a mo*.—An Irish phrase, signifying "The pretty girl watching her
 cow." There is a delightful Irish Melody bearing this name.—M.

† Walker and Wise were rival distillers of whisky, in Cork. Beamish & Crawford and Lane
 are eminent brewers.—M.

‡ This parody is also by Maginn. The original, "I'd be a butterfly," was written by
 Thomas Haynes Bayley, a song-maker of some note, and author of some plays and novels.
 He died in 1839, and was popular in his day.—M.

1.

I'd be a bottle-fly, buzzing and blue,
 With a Chuny proboscis, and nothing to do,
 But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
 The choicest of meats, when the summer days glow!
 Let the hater of sentiment, dew-drops, and flowers,
 Scorn the insect that flutters in sunbeams and bowers;
 There's a pleasure that none but the blue-bottle knows,—
 'Tis to buzz in the ear of a man in a doze!

2.

How charming to haunt a sick-chamber and revel
 O'er the invalid's pillow, like any blue-devil;
 When pursued, to bounce off to the window and then
 From the pane to the counterpane fly back again;
 I'd be a bottle-fly, buzzing and blue,
 With a Chuny proboscis and nothing to do,
 But to dirty white dimity curtains and blow
 The choicest of meats when the summer days glow!

Mr. North, I knock you down for a stave. Come, old un. Cant.
 North. "Oh yes!" by the same author.

OH YES!

1.

Oh yes! my soul the leaf resembles,
 Which, faan'd by lightest zephyra, trembles
 As though each fibre thrill'd with life,
 And shrunk from elemental strife—
 What though the moon is full and bright,
 And Philomela charms the night!
 Can melody or moonshine cheer
 The sorrow that is rooted *here!*

2.

Oh no! the lip may seem to smile,
 And shroud a breaking heart the while!
 The burning, throbbing, aching brow,
 May seem as smooth as mine is now
 And pain intense may *flush* the cheek!
 Then ask me not why still I seek
 The festive haunts of heartless folly—
 'Tis but to feed—my melancholy!

3.

The red rose hath no charms for me;
 'Tis too much like a peony.
 Give me the lily, pure as bright,
 The chaste, the delicate, the white!
 Fit type of me! and oh! ye powers,
 If souls of poets dwell in flowers,
 When fate has sealed my body's doom,
 Oh! let me in the lily bloom!

Shepherd. I ca' that singing. Nane o' your falsettos—and damn your shakes—but clear as a bell.

North. No flattery—my beloved James. I hate all puffing.

Shepherd. And what think you, then, o' Maister Coburn, the great London publisher?

Tickler. Evils work their own cure—'tis a general rule; and in the issue this will prove no exception. The thing already disgusts everybody that has sense enough, as old Tully says, to keep a hog from putrefaction. No allusion to you, Jemmy.

Shepherd. Allude as ye like, Timothy. For me, I'm free to own that if I was a bookseller, and fand that way was best wi' a view to the till, it wadna be nae delicate nonsenses o' scrupulosities that wad gar me refrean frae turning the penny to the outermost farthing. Hang it, what signifies palaver! Colburn began't, to be sure, but there's ither folk following in his tail now—and they'll a' be at the same tricks, belyve—there's naething can haud against the para-graphing.

North. I differ from you, James. God knows how any gentleman should even for a moment endure the degradation of seeing his name paraded in this fashion—but *they* will ere long—sooner or later *they* must open their eyes, and see what we onlookers have seen from the beginning—and act accordingly. Such men as Ward,* now—what sort of poison must it be to them not to be able to take up a newspaper, without seeing themselves stuck up in this horrid style, to the wonder, the pity, must I add the contempt, of the rational public? Sir, if I were a novelist, I am by no means sure that I should have any objections to deal with Mr. Colburn, for I hear the man's a civil man, and an economical, and an exact, and a thriving; but one thing I am sure of, and that is, that I would make it my *sine quâ non* with the gentleman, that he should leave my book to sink or swim, as might happen, without any of his infernal bladder-work.

Tickler. What! You are sensitive, Kit? You could not bear to see it said of you, as it is in all the papers of Mr. Lister, (a fine fellow he is, notwithstanding,) that you had just returned from a tour on the continent, where your fame as the author of Yes, or No, or Herbert Milton, or Herbert Lacy, or Vivian Grey, or George Godfrey, or whatever else it might be, had procured you the honor of invitations to the tables of several crowned heads!!! This would stomach you,—would it, my dear?

North. Och! och! och! Give me the brandy, Macrabin. No claret could wash that down!

* Robert Plumer Ward, who figured in political life until 1823, when he retired on the lucrative sinecure of Auditor of the Civil List. Resuming his pen, with which, in early life, he had produced a standard work on the Law of Nations, he wrote Tremaine, De Vere, De Clifford, and other serious novels. He died in 1846.—M.

Shepherd. Or aiblins ye wad like weel to light on a small bit of news, as it were, extracted frae some country chronicle or gazette, certifying, that the innkeeper at siccan a place, in the immediate vicinity of siccan a hall, or castle, or hill, or dunghill, had sent a cask o' porter, and a side o' beef, to Christopher North, Esq., in humble acknowledgment of the great addition to his custom, since his last splendid romance of *De Gammon*, or *Fitzfiddle*—had rendered the neighborhood the haunt of visitors,—noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, &c. &c. &c., frae the four winds o' Heaven. Ye wad notice the puff lately about *Torrhill meikle* to that effect; and, od! I daursay ye wad hae liket weel to be in honest *Horautio's* shoon on the occasion.

North. Οἱ τοῖς! τοῖς! οἱ! οἱ! οἱ! οἱ! οἱ!

Macrabin. And then to have your birth and parentage displayed, "We understand that Christopher North, Esq., the celebrated author of *De Bore*, is a gentleman of independent fortune, holding extensive landed property in the counties of Perth, Kincardine, Kirkcudbright, Argyll, and Mid-Lothian. The family is ancient, and of the first distinction. Mr. North is first cousin to his Grace the Duke of Banff, and brother-in-law to Sir Craw M'Craw of that ilk. The Guildford family are understood to be descended from a collateral branch of the same distinguished house. John North, Esq., the eminent Dublin barrister,* has also, we hear, some pretensions to a connexion with the great novelist's family."

Tickler. Go on. "It is a truly agreeable symptom of the spread of taste, when persons of this caste condescend to enlighten and entertain their contemporaries with their vivid recollections of those splendid circles, in which, from station and accomplishment, they must ever have been welcome guests." Would that do?

Macrabin, (sings.)

Run, ladies, run—there's nothing like beginning it—
Reading of crim. con. is better far than sinning it;
Buy, mothers, buy, the Miss will be a sober 'un,
That meditates nightly the Novelists of Colburn.

Run, ladies, run—'tis written by no garreteer—
We encourage only aristocratic merit here;
No Wapping merriment, or Strand sentimentality,
Gilt-edged paper, dears, and real ink of quality.

Shepherd. Whisht. That's stoopit.

North. Thank you, Peter. Upon my word, I see no reason why Wright and Warren should have all the poetry to themselves.†

* Mr. North, whose progress through College and at the Irish bar was very brilliant, but his Parliamentary career, from which much was expected, was a comparative failure. In 1830, when Sir Josiah Barrington was dismissed from the office of Judge of the Irish Admiralty Court, North was appointed in his stead, but died the year following, aged forty-two.—M.

† Warren, the blacking-maker, and Wright, the wine-merchant, (whose "curious port" and

Odoherly. A good hint, d—me! I'll make Colburn fork out five pounds for the suggestion. There's so many hands engaged already in the prose department, that I suppose one could have no chance of a berth there, *Macrabin*; but if you be disposed to try your fortune in town, I think it highly probable I could lend you a lift to something snug in the verse line. Hang it, that very song would do.

Macrabin. Faith, if songs would do, he should have no lack of them. But I'll tell you what, Sir Morgan, between you and me, I think I have a better idea than that to suggest. By jingo, I have it—it will do, sir—it will do—it will do—

North. What will do, my chuck?

Macrabin. Chalk.

North. What do you mean?

Macrabin. Chalk.

Tickler. Confound him, what does he mean by *chalk*?

Shepherd. Cawk.

Macrabin. Odoherly, you are au fait at such things—what would it cost to cover all the walls about Cockneyland with tri-uncials, after this fashion?—(*Dips his finger in wine.*)

Odoherly. Let me see—I'll engage to find a trusty fellow at sixteen shillings a week—

North. Not extravagant. Upon my word the plan might be worth considering—

Shepherd. Worth considering! Why, as I hae a saul to be savit, it's worth gowd in goupins—here fill us a bumper all round—here's Colburn and the crayons for ever!—three times three—aye, that's your sorts. Now for a stave—a ballad o' the best.—(*Sings.*)

Chalk! chalk! why the devil dinna ye chalk!

Stand to your ladders, and blaze in good order;

Up wi' your capitals, catch, catch the Cockneys all,

Frae the Hampstead hills and the Battersea border.

Chalk! chalk! puffing-men,

Fyke nae mair wi' the pen,

Here's better service, and cheaper for Colburn;

Try the new-farrant hum,

Gar gable, yett, and lum,

Stare like a strumpet, frae Hownslow to Holborn.

Chalk! Chalk! baith "GRANBY" and "NORMANBY,"

Chalk them ahint ye and chalk them afore ye;

Chalk ilka crossing, and canny bit corner by,

"HARRIETTE WILSON," and "CLUB-LAND, A STORY."

Chalk every mither's son,

Till we read as we run

unrivalled champagne were patriotically made from native aloes and gooseberries) were famous for enlisting the services of the Muses—for their newspaper advertisements and puffs. The dead walls in and about London were chalked with gigantic inscriptions calling public attention to their manufactures.—M.

WRIGHT'S IN THE COLONNADE!—SOHO HOLDS EASY!

BUY, IF YOU BEN'T A BEAR,
BUY BOBBY WARD'S DE VERE!

Glower, gaupus, and shooll out the ready!

Macrabin, (The trombone—poker and tongs—sings. Air, "Di piacer me balza il cuor.")

Del ciakar confounda lo corps;
E perche! Per Gingho io so:
I puffanti del orribil bore
Perche non pillorono nel row!
Scampo mi disgustera!
Boro sempre bothera!
Gran Editor confido in te!
Deh! tu lascia Cobron e Leigh!
Cento ragamuffi ciakrons intorno!
Piu foulis scornio
Scornar non puo:
No—no—no—

North. Non bisogno cangiar ni voce ni faccia per esser angelo?

Shepherd. Come, lads, ye're sinnin' against the fundamentals.
Fill your glasses, baith o' you. Polly botho dammero gablebo
skinki fordoitikinibragh! Come, come, ye heathen Greeks!

Tickler. There, now, translate your stave, Macrabin, in *usum porci*.

Macrabin, (bagpipe—sings.)

*Air—Waters of Elle.**

Yarrow and Ettrick, now your streams are flowing,
Purer than silver to sweet Selkirk town;
On Altrive brae once more the broom is blowing,
Lambkins are gay on soft Mount Benger's down.

There 'twas, at eve, in yonder byre reclining,
Hogg, ever dear, first fill'd a cup for me;
"Drink, drink," he cried, to me his quaigh consigning,
Far in the north they brew'd this barley-bree.

Hogg's cherish'd quaigh, with eager lips I drain'd it,
I would have drain'd it had it been a bowl;
Minister, session, never had restrain'd it,
Nor yet the Tweeddale presbytery's control.

(Great Applause.)

North. Adjutant, that was an extemporaneous touch of Macrabin's. It was, I assure you. You used to improvise—(confound it,

* In the novel, called "Glenarvon," written by Lady Caroline Lamb, (shortly after her amour with Lord Byron had become known) in which a song commencing

"Waters of Elle, thy limpid stream is flowing,"

was written by her noble lover, though not included in his collected works.—M.

I'm getting muzzy) admirably yourself—though not quite a Theodore Hook. Come, Rough and Ready, be your theme that bottle of whisky.

Odoherty, (chants.)

WHISKY.

Sing, jovial Muse, how, from the furrow'd field,
By hands laborious till'd, arose that grain,
By gods and men adored; whose vital juice,
Fermented and sublimed, in copper still
Ascending clear, (sweeter than morning dew
On summer fields, or breath of odorous beds
Of blushing roses, pinks, or violets,)
Gives life to drooping nature, wit to fools,
To cowards courage, and on many a nose,
Ere unadorn'd, bids mimic blossoms grow.
Whisky, ye leped, soul-fascinating draught!
Thee I invoke, whilst thy unrivall'd power
I sing in lofty verse; goddess of stills!
Divine Malthæa! O thine aid bestow,
As thou art wont, when oft my drowsy pate
I scratch for verses, and my pen assault
With tooth poetic. So may'st thou never see,
Within thy temple more, the odious face
Of Gauger, or more odious far and dread,
Surveyor or inspector, dreaded more
Than midnight goblin, whose insidious ken,
Greedy of seizures, darts from hole to hole,
Inquisitive. But, lo! my glass is out,
And with the inspiring potion halts my song.

*

*

*

Shepherd. Noo—that tanker's owre, Mr. Tickler, you too, sir, maun contribute to the conviviality o' the company. Either sing or spoot.

Tickler. James, I will spoot.

ODE ON THE DISTANT PROSPECT OF A GOOD DINNER.

Ye distant dishes, sideboards blest
With Halford's* peptic pill—
Where grateful gourmands still attest
Illustrious Robert's skill;
And ye that, girt with *legumes* round,
Or in the purest pastry bound,
On silvery surface lie;
Where *pâté—salmi—sauce tomate*,
Fricandeau framed with nicest art
Attract the glist'ning eye.

Ah! richest scent! perfume beloved!
Blest odors breathed in vain—

* Sir Henry Halford, at this period, the leading physician in London.—M.

Where once my raptured palate roved,
 And fain would rove again.
 I feel the gales that now ascend,
 A momentary craving lend—
 As curling round the vapors seem
 My faded faculties t' excite,
 Restore my long-pall'd appetite,
 And soothe me with their steam.

Say, Monsieur Ude,* for thou hast seen
 Full many a jovial set
 Discoursing on *la bonne cuisine*,
 In social union met—
 Who foremost now prepare to pray
Des cotelettes à la chicorée ?
Sauté de saumon—qui l'attend ?
 What young *Amphitryons* now vote
 Nothing like *pigeons en compote*,
 Or taste the *vol-au-vent* !

While some at lighter viands aim,
 And towards digestion lean.
Poularde aux truffes, or *à la crème*,
 Or, *agneau aux racines* ;
 Some hardier epicures disdain
 The distant chance of doubtful pain,
 And *queue d'esturgeon* try ;
 Still as they eat they long to cease,
 They feel a pang as every piece
 Passes their palate by.

But, lo ! the *entremets* are placed
 To greet the gourmand's nose,
 Bedeck'd with all the pride of paste,
 Confective prowess shows.
 One earnestly devotes his praise
 To *beignets à la lyonnaise*,
 Others survey with mix'd delight
Gelée's d'orange—de marasquin ;
 While some, with looks ecstatic, scan
 The *soufflé's* buoyant height.

Best fare is theirs by — fed,
 Less pleasing to digest ;
 The taste soon gone, and in its stead,
 Oppression on the chest.
 Theirs joyous hours, and jocund nights,
 Wit's playful sallies, fancy's flights,

* Ude was a French "artist," who published a book on Cookery. He left the service of the Earl of Sefton, (a great epicure, familiarly called "Cod's head and shoulders,"—from his peculiar make,) because his lordship had taken the liberty of adding a little cayenne to soup which Monsieur Ude had sent to table ! He finally became *maître d'hôtel* and *chârinier* to the Duke of York, and said, on his death, "Mon Dieu ! what can he do without me ?"—M.

And goodly cheer as e'er was seen—
The aged Hock—the Champagne bright,
Burgundia's best, and claret light,
The vintage of nineteen.

Alas! regardless of their doom
Each rich ragout they take,
No sense have they of pains to come,
Of head or stomach-ache.
Yet see how all around them press,
Th' attendants of each night's excess;
Fell Indigestion's followers vile:
Ah! show them where the hateful crew
Scoff calomel and pills of blue,
Ah! tell them they have bile.

These shall the Gout tormenting rack,
The vampire of the toes,
Night-mare, Lumbago in the back,
And Colic's painful throes;
Or languid liver waste their youth,
Or caries of a double tooth,
Its victim's nerves that nightly gnaws.
Vertigo—Apoplexy—Spleen,
The feverish hand—the visage green,
The lengthen'd lanthorn jaws.

This, a *consommé*, precious prize!
Is tempted now to try;
To restless nights a sacrifice,
And dire acidity.
Till throbs of heartburn—ague's pangs,
And Cholera's fiercely-fixing fangs,
Have left him, liverless, to moan
The bloated form—the pimpled face,
The tottering step—th' expiring trace
Of good digestion gone.

To each his twitches, all are men,
Condemned to pick their bone;
The poor man in another's den,
The rich man in his own.
Yet, why should I of torments treat?
Since we were made to drink and eat,
Why should I prophesy their pain?
Stomachs were form'd for holding food—
No more—while our digestion's good,
'Tis folly to abstain.

North. Most excellent, my dear Timothy. After all, you are the man among us for a——

Tickler. I knew you would like it. But the author is thirty years, at least, my junior.

North. But the parody is not complete without the lines that usually——

Tickler, (spouts.)

BY A LADY.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THE ODE, ON THE DISTANT PROSPECT OF A GOOD DINNER.*

Pleasures of eating! oh! supremely blest,
And healthy far beyond e'en Halford's skill,
If thy strong stomach can indeed digest
All that thy palate loves, without a pill;
By me how envied—for to me
The herald still of misery,
Good eating makes its influence known
By aches, and pains, and qualms alone;
I greet it as the fiend to whom belong
Dyspepsia's vulture train, and nightmare's prancing throng.
It tells of bright champagne, and sauterne iced,
Of patties, sauces, *soufflé* and *aspic*,
Of meats too fondly loved, too richly spiced,
Of many a cause to fear I shall be sick!
For what, but dread lest I should soon
Be sorely ill, withholds my spoon;
When turtle—soup of soups—is near;
What but the sad-restraining fear,
Least heartburn, tyrant dire, usurp his reign,
And realize the pangs that friends and doctors feign.

Shepherd. That's gude poetry, ony hoo. What's it and the preceidin' odd parroddies on?

North. Nay, James, that would be painting his name below the picture of the Blue Lion. What! you are not all going to leave me at this early hour?

Omnes. Doch-an-dorrach!†

Shepherd, (sings.)

The day may daw,
The cock may crow,
But we will taste the barley-bree!

North. Whate'er the standard tippie, whisky's best
To greet the coming, speed the going guest—(*Rings.*)

Enter JOHN, with the black bottle.

Macrabin, (sings.)

Air—"Sweet Home."

'Mong poets and novelists on we may jogg;
Be they ever so clever, there's none like our Hogg.
A light from the skies seems to centre on him,

* This is a parody on Lines written in a copy of "The Pleasures of Memory."—M.

† Stirrup-cup. The name and the deed are the same in Scotland and Ireland. When the guest's feet were in the stirrups, a parting-glass was given to him.—M.

And leave everything round it imperfect and dim.

Hogg—Hogg—great, great Hogg!—

There's no bard like Hogg!

There's no bard like Hogg!

Without genius like Hogg's learning dazzles in vain;

Oh give us, we cry, our bright Shepherd again.

The wit and the rhyme jump to life at his call,

And the true native sentiment, better than all.

Hogg—Hogg—sweet, sweet Hogg!

There's no man like Hogg!

There's no man like Hogg!

(Great applause.)

North. Dearly beloved Shepherd—your paw. How the dunces wince, my lad, at the honor in which the author of the Queen's Wake is held all over Scotland, and, most of all, in Maga the Magnificent—the focus of the many lights—the concentrated essence of the many liquids of Scotland.

Shepherd. Puir deevils—but they do that—and oh, sir! they're bitter, bitter, bitterest o' a' at the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Some o' them hae even had the impudence to tak the leeberty in my ain house to—

North. I understand you, James. But by the spirit of Robert Burns, I swear—

Shepherd. Whist. Nae swearin' in this hoose. Was na't verra kind, very freenly in John Lockhart to dedicate "the Life" to me and Allan Cunningham?*

North. Not a whit. What else could he have done? The best pledge a writer can give, James, of the sincerity of his admiration of dead genius, is his love of the living—and —

Shepherd. O pity me the day—sir—how the dunces do hate him and you—and the Magazine—and Edinbro' and a' Scotland—and indeed, some o' them, for your three sakes, the wide warld, and a' mankind—this life, and the life to come!

North. Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

Shepherd. I ken that quotation—and can translate it too—

Kick the confounded scoun'rels to Auld Nick,

'Tis kick and come again—and come again and kick!

North. Yes! they will come sneaking, James, up along my avenue, to the sore annoyance, no doubt, of the flowers, that nod their heads to such visitors as my Shepherd, and smile welcome to him, with a thousand eyes —

Shepherd. Oh! the dear dummies! may nae untimely blight ever blast or blacken their brichtness—but their dewy lives a' be blest,

* Lockhart's Life of Burns.—M.

whether short and sweet, as that o' the pair bit annals that see but
 æ spring and æ simmer, and never ken winter ava', ignorant, as is
 easy to be discerned frae their thochtless faces, as they keep drying
 their locks in the sun, that there is in natur sic things as sleet and
 hail, and frost, and ice, and snaw—naething but saft dews and rains,
 that mak a' things grow and glow, and the earth murmur to hersell,
 like a bonnie sleeping lassie dreamin' o' her sweetheart—or langer
 and mair checkerd, like that o' the perannals, that often keep
 blumein' on to Christmas, and are gathered by some tender haun',
 to furnish a winter posy for the breast o' beauty, or a winter gar-
 land wi' whilk to wreath her hair.

North. Beautiful, my James—quite beautiful—exquisite—quite
 exquisite.

Shepherd. What! the impident creatures come to you too, sir,
 wi' their albums and their trash aneath their oxters?

North. Too often. Be my gates open, day and night, to every
 honest man; and, to share my hōspitality with sons of genius from
 afur, shall be my delight till I die.

Shepherd. Dinna tawk o' deein'—dinna tawk o' deein' even in a
 metaphor. Were North dead, the sun might as weel die too; for
 what in this warld could he see worth shinin' on *then*!

North. But 'tis hateful to have one's Dulce Domum—one's
 Sanctum Sanctorum, profaned by hollow-hearted intruders, with a
 bill of lading in their pockets, who afterwards libel the very spider
 on your wall, and accuse him of murdering flies, in a way offensive
 to the shade of his great ancestress—the first weaver of the web of
 his house—Arachne. Is it not so, Bronte? Won't you henceforth
 bark at the beggars?

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—whurrwhurrwhurr!

Shepherd. What'n tosk! Savage and sagawcious! Tear the
 trampers, Bronte.

Bronte. Whurrurrwhurrur—bow—wow—wow!

Shepherd. The gang! Some o' them wi' claes unco napless, and
 a bit sair-woven tip-penny watch-chain, that changes color every
 time you look at it; and, safe us, siccan a hat! And ithers o' them
 again wi' sirtoos, nae less, and a fur foraging cap, and a bunch o'
 seals as big's my uieve—but a's no goold that glitters—wi' their
 coats o' arms, forsooth, engraven on the chucky-stanes, and beasts
 they pretend to be their crests—but wi' little siller in their pouch,
 or I'm deceived sairly—neither cash, credit, nor character—which,
 if you please, sir, let us drink in a bumper-toast.

North. The Three C's.—Cash, Credit, and Character! Hurra—
 hurra—hurra!

Shepherd. Weel, sir,—as I was sayin'—in they come—you ken
 the door out-by—lootin' their heads aneath the lintel, though it's

better than sax feet ony day, just like a gander gaun in at a gate that he cou'dna touch the arch o', war he to try to flap himsell up into a flee,—and there they keep fummlin' in the trance wi' their Spanish cloaks, nae less fastened round their thrapples.* (Heaven grant it may never be waur wi' them,) and it's a gude quarter o' an hour o' precious time lost, afore they can get their daft-neer-do-well-lookin' head-gear to tak' haud o' yon pegs. Then they canna eat this, and then they canna eat that, wi' their tale; but let them alane a wee, and, hech sirs! but you see they're desperate hungry—maist voraw-cious—four-meal-a-day chiels, when they get them, which is plainly no often—at breakfast eatin' the verra shells o' the fowre eggs—in the forenoon chowin' cheese and crusts, and drinkin' porter gin you were to let them hae't—at denner helpin' themsells afore the mistress, and never offerin' to put so muckle's a potawto on the plate o' my bonny wee Jamie, God bless him!

North. The mistress—my dearest Shepherd—wee Jamie, and a' the lave o' them—here's to them all—and God bless them indeed—well do they deserve his blessing, James—and thou too, my friend. Come, James, sit nearer the old man.

Shepherd. I canna get ony closer for the crutch. Oh! sir—Mr. North—but I do like you weel, weel. Faith, I'm maist greetin'.

North. That Glenlivet is very strong, James.

Shepherd. Haud your tongue—it's no that. But to return to thae stravaigers—after eatin' and drinkin' you out o' house and ha', and stupifyin' ye wi' their Cockney clishmaclavers till you're like to scunner, aff they set in the mornin' early, without lettin' the servant lass ken the color o' their coin, wi' a shirt on their backs and a pair o' stockings on their legs, and a silk pocky handkerchief in their pouch—no belangin' to them—and sailin' awa' to Lunnan in the steerage o' some dirt-gabbert, for they canna afford smack or steamer. In a month or twa you see them libelling you in periodicals, or what's mair unendurable yet, laudin' you with their flattery, sickenin' to my stammach, as whuppit-up soor-milk, that stauns in the middle o' the table, and's ca'd flummery.

North. The Athenæum?

Shepherd. Just sae. Yon young Eerisher had better keep a calm sugh.

Shepherd. Yes—mum's the word for him, and some of his compeers. What think you of that story of the dressing-case? It was a bad sign of the Times. The new Times are, I fear, not so good as the Old.

Shepherd. Ten guineas for a dressing-case!† Wull ye tell me,

* Allusion to a transaction in London, where a tradesman charged Mr. Emerson, a man of letters, with swindling him out of a dressing-case. It turned out that the accused had made the attempt, but without success.—M.

† *Thrapples*—throats.—M.

sir, what is a dressing-case. Does the whalp shave wi' gowden razors? But hoo did the bizziness terminate? Did the auld lang-bearded Jew carry aff his article?

North. Ask at Bow-street.

Shepherd. Nae doubt he's weel acquainted with Gray's Elegy—and really when I saw the cretur out at Mount Benger, lying aae conceity on a bit knowe, I cudna help saying intil mysel—

“ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.”

North. I much fear he has no talents—poor fellow. Yet he might speak the truth. He ought not to say what he knows to be false. You remember a saying of Dr. Johnson's, James?

Shepherd. No me. It passes the power o' my understandin' to comprehend hoo sic a clever chiel as that Buckingham can thole contributors of that class.* And wad hae thoct, that after a' his travellin' through this wide and weary warld, he wad hae fund out by this time which side his bread was buttered on—but that cawve, that coof Creeto—the Cawker—and Pert Paddy, are cretures that wull soon kill ony critical, for naething aae deadly to a young new wark as a feelin' towards it in the public mind o' cool contempt. He'll no be lang i' findin' that out—let him kick all such out o' the concern—and under his able owspices, the Athenæum, I hope, will flourish.

North. I hope it will. Buckingham's politics and mine are wide as the poles asunder—but I respect the independent spirit of the man, the energy of his character, and his talents.

Shepherd. Nane o' a' the new weekly periodicals will ever cut out the Literary Gazette.

North. Never, James. And simply for one reason—Mr. Jerdan is a gentleman, and is assisted by none but gentlemen.

Shepherd. And havein' taen the start he'll keep it—let the lave whup and spur as they like after his heels. But I like to see a gude race, so I houp nane o' them 'll be distanced.†

North. 'Tis a pretty race. The Athenæum is well laid in upon his flank—and there goes the Sphynx and Atlas‡ at a spanking rate—looking within the ropes like winners; but the rider of the ould

* James Silk Buckingham (whose nine volumes on America will be remembered—for their weight.) was founder of the literary London Journal called “The Athenæum,” which is *The Assenium* of Bulwer's Paul Clifford.—M.

† William Jerdan was Editor of the Literary Gazette, in London, for five and thirty years. In his hands it was an organ of much weight, but latterly was deficient in spirit. Jerdan's recently published Autobiography, in four volumes, is a remarkably provoking book. He mixed, on familiar terms, with all the men of mark and mind in Great Britain, for half a century, and while he relates very little about them, is perpetually declaring that, had his papers been in order and his time not so much pressed, he would have told a great deal!—M.

‡ The Sphynx was one of Buckingham's many speculations—born but to die. The Atlas commenced in 1828, flourished awhile under the editorship of Robert Bell, author of a *Life of Canning*, but is now a third-rate journal, with small circulation and no influence.—M.

horse has him in hand, and letting him loose within a rod of the judges' stand, he will win the gold cup by two lengths at least—and I take him at even against the field for the Derby.

Tickler—Odoherthy—Macrabin—(una voce.) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Shepherd. What the deevil are you ne'erdowneels guffawin' at?

Macrabin. The best caricature of you both ever drawn, by Odoherthy! See here!

Shepherd. Hae ye daured, Odoherthy, to draw a carricatoor o' us twa? A wee thing wad gar me gie you the braid o' your back on the Turkey carpet.

Odoherthy. I cry you mercy.

North. One other toast before we part. Here's to the health and happiness of the only Whig I ever knew whom it was possible to love—the amiable, ingenious, enlightened, and most eloquent—whom?

Omnes. Jeffrey — Jeffrey — Jeffrey — Jeffrey — Jeffrey! Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Shepherd. And no Sir Walter!

North. He, my dear Shepherd, is at all times in our hearts.

Tickler. Come, now, hands all round the table—are the quaighs filled? Ay, John, you may well stare wild like a goshawk. Here goes—(*sings.*)

Air,—Isabel.

Come, jolly boys, and never disunited,
One cup for friendship's sake
Let's now with claret nobly freighted
Our doch and hurras take!

We up Leith Walk, ere now, have often stoitied,
With a' the world awake—
Jolly boys, jolly boys, jolly boys,
Farewell, dear host, be soon and blithe our meeting,
Jolly boys, jolly boys, jolly boys.

Shepherd. Nae harm, my dear lads, in partin' wi' a bit bonny sang o' my ain—no sae merry, but yet no melancholy.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

The night is wearing to the wane,
And daylight glimmering east awa';
The little sternies dance amain,
And the moon bobs aboon the shaw.
But though the tempest tout and blaw
Upon his loudest midnight horn,
Good night an' joy be wi' you a',
We'll maybe meet again the morn.

O, we hae wander'd far and wide,
 O'er Scotia's land of firth and fell;
 And mony a bonny flower we've pu'd,
 And twined them wi' the heather bell.
 We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
 The hamlet and the baron's ha',
 Now let us take a kind farewell,—
 Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,
 And follow'd where I led the way,
 Till ilka poet's love we've seen
 Of this and mony a former day.
 If e'er I led your steps astray,
 Forgie your minstrel aince for a';
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay,—
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.
Omnes—Gude nicht and joy be wi' us a'.

(*Exeunt.*)

North, (Demi-Transatlantic.) John, open the windows—upon my word, 'tis a very fine morning. Get the hot-bath ready, John, and my dressing things—I must get through the rest of that infernal Emigration Report yet before breakfast.

(*Left yawning.*)

No. XXXVII.—OCTOBER, 1828.

Picardy Place—Scene the Oval.—Time Seven in the Evening.

NORTH and TICKLER.

North. Is not Mrs. Ambrose an incomparable coffee-brewstress?*Tickler.* She is, indeed. I never got reconciled to the continental custom of creamless and sugarless coffee, North. The Dairy Company excels itself to-night.*North.* Honey your bap, Tickler—I know you prefer it in the comb—and this has been a glorious season both for clover and heather.*Tickler.* Virgin honey, indeed—but be so good as to give me the marmalade—after the essence of flowers, the fruit smacks of paradise, and I shall conclude with jam.*North.* To resume our conversation—What! says a great gaby in England, or a great rogue on the continent—what, are you then going to permit the Russians to eat up all Europe, leaf by leaf, as a maiden spinster eats a lettuce?*Tickler.* You remember, North, Sir Bob Wilson* wrote a book on this subject many years ago, which sadly terrified several old women who are holders of India stock. Sir Robert—he was a knight in those days—Sir Robert drew maps, and charts, and plans, and campaigned as actively on paper as ever he retreated at Banoz. He marched the troops of Russia from post to pillar over the bellies of the Austrians, Prussians, Poles, Saxons, Turks, Jews, and Atheists, all sprawling on the flat of their backs. Slap in like manner he dashed them down from Trebizond to the northern bank of the Euphrates, ninety miles.*North.* To Arzroun, one hundred.*Tickler.* To Sinope, two hundred and seventy.*North.* To Scutari, opposite Constantinople, a little more than five hundred.*Tickler.* Across the Isthmus of Asis Minor to Alexandretta (a sea-

* This Sir Robert Wilson was a General in the British service, and published an account of the expedition, under Abercromby, in Egypt, in which he first brought the charge against Napoleon of having poisoned the prisoners at Jaffa. In 1815 he assisted in the escape from prison at Paris. In 1821 he was dismissed the service for acting with the people at Queen Caroline's funeral, but was subsequently restored, and died in 1849, after having been seven years Governor of Gibraltar. He labored under a Russia-phobia, and vented it in print.—M.

port town opposite Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, and only *sixty* miles from Aleppo,) little more than *four hundred*.

North. And to the Red Sea from thence, not more than *five hundred*.

Tickler. Yes—these were his very words. Now, all this is done so easily, so gently, so quietly, so gingerly, that people would think they were reading a French road-book, with all its mysterious calculations of postes and postes et demi. Then, continued, Sir Bob, they have nothing to do but to get down the Red Sea.

North. Perfectly regardless of the fate of King Pharaoh of Egypt.

Tickler. Through the Straits of Babelmandeb, (which, by the way, they used to call Babelmandel in my schoolboy days,) and then, with fair weather to their tail, they would have nothing to do but to take Sir John Malcolm,* or whoever else should reign in his stead, by the back of the neck, and drown him in any convenient part of the harbor of Bombay.

North. Or else there was Persia open to the march—get through Daughistaun, and Shirvaun, Tchiraun, and many more places ending in aun, and floating gaily adown the Persian Gulf, sail from Ormus, and so make themselves masters of India.

Tickler. It is amusing to remember the mouthing of our Modern Munchausen. All the time several people, otherwise respectable, were so shallow-pated as to believe that this cock-and-bull history had as much sense and truth in it as the Adventures of Aladdin and the Princess Badroulboudour. And it remains a standing proof of the imbecility of human intellect, that it was seriously answered in the Quarterly Review.

North. For our parts, when we read it, we said that we had a higher opinion of Bob's reading in consequence, as it was perfectly evident he must have been fresh from the perusal of that most admirable of all romances—that most philosophical of all works of science—that most delightful of compilations of Ethics, viz. the Romance of Gargantua, as written by Master Alcofribas.

Tickler. You are more at home, North, in Rabelais than I am—his prodigality overwhelms my senses and my reason.

North. For—Vertue-Bœuf, as Rabelais would say himself—the whole idea—many of the very phrases and locutions—almost the places—the entire plan, spirit, and regulation of the campaign—are pillaged, plundered, conveyed, and abducted from a celebrated

* Sir John Malcolm was a Scotchman, who went to India as a cadet, and rose high in military and diplomatic rank, including that of plenipotentiary to Persia and Governor of Bombay. Returning to England, he entered Parliament, but died soon after, in 1833. His History of Persia, and some works on India, are standard works.—His brother, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, was the Admiral in Command during the war with America in 1814-15, and was stationed from the early part of 1816 to July, 1817, at St. Helena, where he conciliated the regard of Napoleon.—M.

chapter thereof,—that, I mean, in which the three Captains of his host came before King Picrochele, and promise that prince that they will make him, if he follows their advice, the most honored and renowned monarch that ever made his appearance on the face of the world, since the days of Alexander the Macedonian.

Tickler. Brush up my memory of the wittiest work of the wittiest of all Frenchmen.

North. Swashbuckler, Dustaille, and Smelltrash, came before their king, and told him how they were to overcome the world—to make him, among other things, King of Trebizond—to massacre all the Mahometans, unless they were baptized—to rebuild Solomon's temple—to sweep through Syria, Palestine, Lydia, and many other places most abominably misspelt in the usual editions of Sir Thomas Urquhart, as they probably will be in *Maga*—and returning thence, to make but one mouthful of Europe—England, Ireland, and Scotland being gulped up in a single parenthesis. Picrochele having believed all this, went to war, which ended in his being a beggarman, awaiting for the coming of the Cocklicranes, to be restored to his kingdom.

Tickler. I see the application; though that the Emperor Nicholas has any chance of coming to this humble estate, I am far from believing; and sorry should I be if there were any chance of seeing his diademed head covered with a beggar's clout.

North. I should be most sorry, too, *Tickler*, because he is a good Anti-Catholic of the Greek persuasion, who would vote, if he had a vote, for the restoration of the penal laws in Ireland to-morrow. Secondly, because he is the representative of that house which crushed the Jacobin power, and broke up the continental system. Thirdly, because he is a good free-mason, having been made in our presence in the Canongate Kilwinning.

Tickler. Reasons sufficient for being sorry were he ever to be so far reduced as to look for the advent of the Cocklicranes to be reinstated on the throne of all the Russias; yet I am not in the least degree grieved that he is now, in his proper person, exhibiting the enormous absurdity of the Bob Wilsonian school of Munchausenism.

North. Why I, who flatter myself I know a thing or two, said from the very first, that Russia, unsubsidized, unassisted by foreign armies, unsupported by foreign cabinets, could not move forty thousand real soldiers—I put Cossacks, &c., admirable as they are at home, or in pursuit of a defeated enemy, out of the question—I say, that Russia, of herself, could not move forty thousand men forty miles beyond her own frontier, without being cursedly hampered.

Tickler. And the more uncivilized the enemy, *North*, the greater the difficulties. In rich countries, where there are wealthy cities,—fat burghers to be robbed,—greasy monasteries to be rifled,—golden

chests and golden plains to be broken open or cut down—there the honest system of *perquisitions*, the *vivere rapto* plan might succeed. Will that do in Turkey?

North. Alas! no. The invading army must there bring all its provisions, all the demands of its commissariat, all its ordnance and battering train with it; and these things are to be paid for in one way or another—either way being equally inconvenient to his imperial majesty.

Tickler. "Here goes the Emperor Nicholas," shouted all the gentlemen of the press all over Europe,—“one day at Moscow, the next in Constantinople. What is the Duke of Wellington doing? Oh! unhappy ministry, you are ruining the country, by permitting the conquest.”

North. How intensely, Tickler, the Duke of Wellington must have laughed! Somewhat as Hannibal did when he heard the old snuffling sophist,—one of a class of men, who, by the way, very much resembled in information and honesty, our journalists at present,—lecturing *him*—him of Cannæ—on the art of war. How actively he must have rubbed his ear, as he heard blinkard after blinkard talk of walking to Constantinople, as the Cockneys on Easter Sunday walk to Greenwich fair.

Tickler. Wait, gentlemen, he might have said, all's not over yet. Wait till Russia is aggrandized by the taking of the city of the Cæsars.

North. Well did he know that this campaign of Russia, on her own resources, was the most impolitic act she could commit; and he had no objection that she should divert herself, by flinging away, in an idle and uncalled-for contest, the stamina of ten years' political existence.

Tickler. The poor paltry politicians—the creatures whose names have become a byword of scorn—the *sitting part* of the Canningites—had, by that most bungling of all pieces of diplomacy, the treaty of the 6th of July, made us auxiliaries—art and part—in this Russian invasion; and the cunning men about the Czar must have chuckled at their triumph over them, the idiots *хас' сгоххв*.

North. But “A change came o'er the spirit of our dream,” my boy. These gentlemen found the laugh considerably altered. They were left to fight the battle by themselves—with what success, all the world knows.

Tickler. Proo!

North. Now, my good little masters and misses, did the Duke do right or wrong? Was it better for him to let the Russians cut their own throats, or to mount his grand Waterloo horse, and play their game?

Tickler. The boy who has been booby for five years in each

successive class of the High School could answer that question aright.

North. But the Greeks, Tickler, the Greeks!

Tickler. Fiddle-di-dee.

North. These fellows must be settled as the interests of Europe dictate. They or their petty affairs cannot be of any consequence, *now* that the great European interests are at stake. And I think that, since they got into the hands of Messrs. Joe Hume, Orlando, Luriottis, Capo d'Istria, Trelawney, Steam-Engine Galloway, Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest, the world in general care as little about them, as they do about the last cargo of Christian and Liberal patriots shipped for the colonies of Australasia.

Tickler. But then, says some interminable querist, holding you by the button, there's the French expedition to the Morea. Chateaubriand writes an immensity about it in the *Journal des Debats*. Are not you horribly afeard of that? Come, confess.

North. Afeard! not we. Why, it is ours when we want it. Why it should intend us harm, we cannot see; and even if it contemplated any, have not we, the rulers of the seas, the absolute disposal of all persons and things in the Peloponnesus? Had we not in more noisy days the French garrison in Malta, and the French army in Egypt, as completely in our hands as if they were in the hulks?

Tickler. Come—come—what do you say about the Pacha of Egypt?

North. An excellent fellow, lately converted to Christianity, and enrolled as a ruling elder of the Relief Kirk of Kirkintulloch, by the persuasion of the Reverend Mr. Dobbie, and Miss Elizabeth Shanks. *He* will not annoy us. Perhaps in course of time he may yield to good advice, and surrender his country to our safe keeping, with the same good humor that the Great Mogul surrendered *his*.

Tickler. India?

North. Dinna fash your thoomb about India. It is a long march from the Caspian to the passes of Altock—and there is many a stumbling-block in the way. And, moreover, listen to one word—if there was as fine an army as Napoleon Bonaparte marched against Russia herself, at the passes of Altock, we could prove it to you, that without firing a gun, we (the English, we mean, not ourselves, C. N.) have it in our power to make it “a’ wede away” almost as rapidly as the army of King Sennacherib of Assyria; and that by the time it came within sight of the foredoomed ground of Panniput, it would not be able to put 50,000 men, and they jaded and worn out, to cope against quadruple the number of as fine a set of fellows as ever pulled a trigger.

Tickler. Barring always the grenadiers of England.

North. No, laddie—for it must be to a very young person we are addressing this argument—if we lose India it will not be by an invasion from Russia. When the time comes we shall give the world an essay on that subject, which will illuminate it to the centre of its soul.

Tickler. North, you are in great force to-night! And now having thus most triumphantly proved, that we have no need to go to war with Russia—that she is injuring herself much more than we could injure her—that no English interest, direct or indirect, is at stake—you have not degraded yourself by answering the nonsense talked about “Rule Britannia” being in any danger from sailors bred in icy seas, or the lakes which go by the names of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean—that if she want to fight we are ready for it—suppose you turn your nose away from the North, and, like a cock on a steeple, point your neb to the South.

North. What is Don Miguel or Don Pedro to us? For the kingdom of Portugal we feel great respect, because we have been for more than fifty years swallowing the wine, the name of which is identified with its own. A liquid to be honored—to be loved. Let Theodore Hook’s admirable Sayings and Doings say and do what they please—that is the sound, constitutional, episcopal, presbyterian, protestant, godfearing liquor, in which I toss off sempiternal bumpers to Church and King.

Tickler. I saw a prime pipe whaumled into my cellar this blessed day. Dine with me to-morrow, Kit.

North. I will. Days, or rather nights of our youth! Shall we dishonor your memory by a word derogatory to that solid-fluid—a compound epithet, which, let mathematicians sneer as they please, is, in this case, no bull. Revering Portugal, therefore, on this ground, and having a hankering recollection of Vimeira, and other doings there, we shall not be suspected of saying a word in its disparagement. But really we cannot see why we are bound to cram a constitution down the throats of the Portuguese against their will.

Tickler. Unless the old lady were in a strait waistcoat, and could not feed herself with her own hands.

North. We cannot see that we were justified in sending five or six thousand soldiers there, to compel people to be free at the point of the bayonet.

Tickler. By the soft persuasion of military law.

North. No wonder that such proceedings—that the diplomatic pedantry of prating about a *casus fœderis*—and the schoolboy pedantry of quoting puffing verses about *Æolus*—should have very much irritated the Portuguese against us. As for the Constitution, it is very evident that they did not understand any thing about it.

Tickler. And as for the Constitutionalists, a more mean, cowardly, ignorant crew never usurped the functions of government.

North. The flight from the Vouga has indeed shown these fellows up in their true colors. There have been few things in history, *Tickler*, more exquisitely comical than the expedition of the Marquis Palmella and his associates. Forth went these valorous champions from London, with the favorable gales of the applause of the Courier breathed hot upon their backs, to make their appearance, and to conquer..

Tickler. The Veni, Vidi, Vici, of Julius Cæsar, was to have been revived in their case. *Sed quales rediere?*

North. Such a running never was heard of. The very sound of the advance of Don Miguel's army made the fellows take to their heels as rapidly as the frogs and mice, in the *Batrachomyomachia*; scudded into their holes and marshes on the arrival of the crabs. Taipa led the way—

“ Πρωτος Πηλεως Βουωτιος ερχε φοβοιο—”

Tickler. But allow me to add, that Peneleus was a good fighter, and did not stir till he was wounded in the shoulder, *πρὸς τετραμμενος αἰετῇ*—until Jupiter, son of Saturn, had shaken his fringed *Ægis*; and darted his terror-striking bolt among the Greeks. Taipa ran before he saw the glistening of a gun, and the disorder shortly became infectious.

North. Palmella ran.

Tickler. Saldanha ran.

North. Villa Flor ran.

Tickler. They all ran.

North. There was not a man among them on that day whom you would not have backed with the long odds against Coates himself.

Tickler. And these are the good people with whom the men of England—the old *Invicti*—the men who never run—it is for these cravens that our sympathies are sought to be enlisted! We wish they were delivered to the tender mercies of Friar Jean des Entoumeures, that he might inflict summary punishment upon them with the sacred baton of the cross.

North. People in this country, Mr. *Tickler*, who are horribly gulled by the nonsense which is written in newspapers, are sometimes in the habit of calling Don Miguel an usurper, and that too is made a ground why we should go to war with him.

Tickler. How he is a usurper I cannot see.

North. Don Pedro, we shall be told at once, is his elder brother, and, therefore, by all the rights of primogeniture, should have succeeded his father. Supposing this all to be as correct as possible,

we cannot for the lives of us see how we are appointed conservators general of the due succession of kingdoms all over the world. Just see to what that would lead us at the present moment.

Tickler. Why, we should be very busy at war with Russia, because Constantine has been set aside for Nicholas.

North. We should be active in ousting Bernadotte, and restoring Colonel Gustafson.

Tickler. King Ferdinand's claim to his throne was not the most correct in the world at the beginning, yet no one that we ever heard of recommended us to attack the great man-milliner to the Virgin Mary on this ground.

North. What nonsense—what idiocy it is, then, to expect that we are to send out fleets and armies, and to puzzle our consols, simply that we may change the name of Miguel for that of Pedro!

Tickler. Of Don Miguel I know nothing—but, as he is grossly abused in the Times, it is highly probable that he is a gentleman.

North. As to the validity of his election, let the Portuguese lawyers look to it. His partisans, in our opinion, make out a good case for him. The fundamental laws of Portugal require that the King must be a Portuguese, and Don Pedro has declared himself a Brazilian. His right, therefore, they contend, has ceased, and, exactly as happened at our own Revolution, the next in succession is put in his place. The Cortes of Lamego, which pronounced this decision, comprehended almost all the great names in the kingdom, and resembled, in many particulars, the Convention Parliament, which put the crown upon the head of William.

Tickler. The church is for Don Miguel.

North. Almost all the landholders.

Tickler. Nine-tenths of the mercantile property.

North. Besides, who is there that can bear the idea of an old European kingdom being turned into a colony to a mushroom American empire?

Tickler. Disgusting.

North. Be this law and this reasoning right or wrong, our interfering to arrange it would not be a whit more wise or rational than Don Quixote's campaign against the windmills. It is the interest of the people of Portugal to keep on good terms with us; and that being the case, it is of no consequence to us what king reigns over them.*

Tickler. Not the value of a Queen Anne's farthing, which now sells, I believe, as low as thirty shillings of the coinage of George the Fourth.

* North's expectations were disappointed. In June, 1828, Don Miguel declared himself King of Portugal. After a prolonged contest with his brother, Don Pedro was compelled to renounce his claims in May, 1834. Four months after, Donna Maria was declared of age, and commenced her actual reign. She died in 1853.—M.

North. We have thus concluded our foreign affairs, and Lord Aberdeen may, if he pleases, lay down our magazine, so far as his own official duties are concerned. Delighted and instructed with the information he has thus gleaned, he may return to the business of his department, a wiser and a better man.

Tickler. But his Lordship's well-known literary taste must of course compel him to proceed.

North. True; ill indeed would he deserve the title of Athenian Aberdeen, if he did not every month peruse, with unsatiated appetite, every line of *Maga*, beginning with the title over the benignant countenance of Georgie Buchanan, and never checking for a moment, until he had fairly mastered the catalogues of the *Born*, the *Married*, or the *Dead*.

Tickler. But what say you of the colonies?

North. Nothing. Canada is peevish, but we shall soon settle all that. A most honored contributor, and a most excellent Tory—our friend Galt—reigns there in plenitude of power; and the department of woods and forests is under the control of a Lord Warden, (The Teeger) whose learned lucubrations have figured in the magazine. Under such control, Sir George Murray may rest contented. The remainder of the empire is as well as can be expected.*

Tickler. At home, Corn—Currency—Catholics.

North. Good Lord, deliver us from the three! Plague—Pestilence, and Famine—Battle—Murder, and sudden Death, are nothing to them! But, as we must speak about them, we our weary lips unclose.

Tickler. Let us take them alternately, Kit.

North. Well, Tim.

Tickler. CORN. Every prospect of a fine harvest, in spite of St. Swithin. This will be one grand element of popularity for the Duke's Ministry. John Bull cannot grumble when his belly is full.

North. CURRENCY. Mr. Peel's bill, we suppose, will be in operation in April.† Great is the lamentation thereupon—and we suppose just—even in the imperishable pages of our own immortal work. But if the world will keep the secret, we mention to them in private, that we never cared anything about the currency, further than to get as much of it as possible into our breeches pockets.

Tickler. "Good gracious," Mr. North—a country banker will exclaim, lifting his spectacles to an angle of 63 degrees upon the top

* Lord Aberdeen was Foreign, and Sir George Murray Colonial Secretary, in the Wellington Ministry. Galt, the novelist, had not a very short "reign" in Canada. "The Teeger" was the late Dr. Dunlop, of Canada.—M.

† Peel's Currency Bill, by which all bank notes of less value than £5 were abolished, and, to a certain extent, a check given to "wild cat" banks. Nearly twenty years later, he completely prevented the establishment of banks without capital.—M.

of his ear—"surely ye're no serious. Do ye forget a' the clever articles ye had about the ruin the daft measures o' the feelosofers wad bring upon the hail kintra? Are na ye fou, when ye talk sae guselike?"

North. Most encomiastic and eminent of bankers, we reply, we are no that fou—though, perhaps, we may hae a drappie in our ee. Admirable articles they were—them to which you allude—sound in argument—true in feeling—clear in position—powerful in facts.

Tickler. And so the whole country felt. They were articles which made the soul of Ebony glad within his bosom, for they did much—

"I verily believe, promote his sale."

And more such you must have.

North. It would have saved much loss, and prevented much mischief, had a few such thinkers as their writer had the management of our financial and commercial affairs. But, after all, I am an old man—a man long cured of listening to the predictions of politicians; and, *croyez en un vieux praticien*, as old Frederick of Prussia used to say of war, I am not now-a-days frightened by prophecies of our destruction from causes, the prevention of which we have in our own power. If the feelosofers have mismanaged affairs, are they not kicked out? Thank God, they are—to one and all the Duke has said, in the language of Juvenal—*aut accipe calcem!* Has not Huskisson, the Complete Letter Writer, been ejected in the manner so graphically depicted in the print-shops, by the vigorous application of the toe of the Duke's jackboot to his *os coccygis*? Does not Free Trade stink in the nostrils of the people?

Tickler. Like a dead foumart.

North. So it will be with the Currency. If we find that a gold currency, to the exclusion of paper, works mischief, depend upon it, after a little of that mischief—and less now than ever—because the country looks upon the sayings and doings with suspicion—thanks principally to my magazine—instead of hailing them with an *a priori* shout of approbation—depend upon it, I say, after the first symptom of its being calculated to do damage appears, we shall come back to the course in which we arrived at a pitch of prosperity unprecedented in the history of nations. No, no, my dear sir—we will never be ruined by that. Until it pleases God to strike us all mad at one stroke of the Dogstar, we shall never be so divested of common instinct as to destroy ourselves, for no reason in the world but to gratify some cloudy theorists, or to gain a character for consistency in folly. I venture to lay a wager of guineas to shillings, that by this time twelve months, we shall not recollect whether the bill passed or not.

Tickler. CATHOLICS. No Popery! This is our cry now—then—

and forever. Our reasons for it we have so often discussed, my dear North, that we are not called upon to do it now. I think, indeed I am sure, that the events of the last six months have kindled that spirit among us to a warmer degree than it has ever been since the Revolution of 1688. Don't you think so, sir?

North. Yes. The Papists have fairly drawn the sword.

Tickler. The return of O'Connell, and the rejection of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, a man who was fool enough to vote for them all his life, prove that no services to their infamous cause can atone for Protestantism.*

North. It has proved, also, that those who prated about the Popish influence returning only a dozen members to Parliament, were mere idiots. It has proved, that if we grant emancipation, we introduce at least one hundred members into the House of Commons, bound by all that they deem sacred to overthrow the constitution of the country.

Tickler. Alarm prevails now, where nothing but sneers were heard before; and, by a just retribution, the Irish pro-Popery members, (we thank thee, eloquent and able, staunch and true STANDARD, for teaching us that word,) are the first to suffer. Your Vesey Fitzgeralds, Sir John Newports, Villiers Stuarts, Spring Rices,† &c. &c., will be the first to go—the first to afford a practical illustration of the justice and moderation of the triumphant Papists.

North. I rejoice, Mr. Tickler, to see the country firmly possessed of this truth. I hail the accession to our side of the Marquis of Chandos, and the young nobility, gentry, and scholars, of almost all the rising youth of the country, whether distinguished for birth, or talent, or influence; and we cheer forward the establishment of the Brunswick Clubs, with the loudest compass of our lungs.‡ All that the Protestants of the empire have to do, is to speak, and THEIR VOICE IS DECISIVE.

Tickler. Yes, my trusty feer, their voice is decisive, even if the minister seem dubious or hostile. How much more so when the minister is their staunch and uncompromising friend; in one word, when he is the Duke of Wellington?

North. Another cup of doffee. As to any doubts about him, give

* Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, a Protestant, who had been member for Clare for many years, was made a Cabinet minister, under Wellington, in June. 1823. Presenting himself for re-election, he was opposed by Mr. O'Connell, the Catholic leader, and, after a severe contest of a week, O'Connell was elected. This led to the Catholic Emancipation in 1829—Wellington and Peel thinking that concession was preferable to civil war. Mr. Sheil's account of the Clare Election is remarkably graphic.—M.

† Sir John Newport became Comptroller of the Exchequer, and retired on a pension of £1000 a year, to make way for Mr. Spring Rice. (then created Lord Montegale) who wanted a permanent office. Mr. Villiers-Stuart was made Lord Stuart de Decies in 1839.—M.

‡ This Marquis of Chandos (who succeeded to the Dukedom of Buckingham in 1839) was an ultra-Tory, and has concluded his career by spending his immense inheritance, which went to the hammer to pay his debts. The Brunswick Clubs arose in 1828, in opposition to the Catholic Association, but speedily fell through.—M.

them to the winds! The Dawsons—I utter the name with pain, for many reasons—may seem to slink from their principles amid a general hooting of contempt, and some sighs of sorrow. But who compares the Duke of Wellington with them?

Tickler. Nobody who is permitted by his friends to walk without an attendant through city or suburb. Yet the Protestants of the empire must not desert him. If they be silent, it will be hard for him to resist the ceaseless clamors of his enemies.

North. That is—not a sad—but a serious—solemn truth. Let them be steady—let them come forward to show that they are in earnest in resisting the encroachments of Popery, and

Our trust in him
Is firm as Ailaa's rock.

Tickler. Is there anything else to say?

North. We hope not—for we are not going to say any more. We are old, now, consider, worthy world, and our hand does not dash off sheet after sheet with that impetuous rapidity that made in former times the devils to stare. We must now take our ease—

The young should labor, but the old should rest.

Tickler. Your life, sir, has been busy and various.

North. Ay, heaven knows, our toils indeed have been immense; and, until we came to the management of this Magazine, our pleasures but few. But we are anticipating. Soon—very soon, perhaps, may the aged body of old Kit be consigned to the tomb—

Tickler. Hush—hear Mr. Gurney sobbing in his closet!

North. When his Memoirs will see the light at last —

Tickler. O let them not, I pray, be a posthumous work!

North. His maligners then will see who it is they have slandered—what wild work they have wrought with a heart too sensitive, too tremblingly alive to the cruel censures of a censorious world —

Tickler. Gurney—blow your nose—and no blubbering.

North. Springs of action will be then developed, which will puzzle the politician—deeds developed, which will, in all probability, render it necessary that the history of fifty of the most important years of the world should be re-written. When it is published, alike indifferent to him will be the voice of praise or of censure —

Tickler. Gurney!

North. But the readers of Blackwood's Magazine will, we trust, drop a tear of good-humored and grateful recollection over the page that tells the chequered fortunes of their guide, philosopher, and friend.

Tickler. Why, Gurney's grief is infectious. Forgive the pensive tear.

North. 'Tis an idle thought, Tickler, but methinks that my bones would not rest in a city churchyard. Let them be deposited beneath the greensward of the burial-place of my native parish, by the side of her —

Tickler. My dear North, you know I have undertaken the interment —

North. Remember, that on turning off from the turnpike road into the lane, with its old hawthorn hedges —

Tickler. Fear not, sir, fear not—the coffin shall there be taken out of the hearse, and borne aloft on the shoulders of six chosen villagers —

North. You yourself walking, as chief mourner, at my head —

Tickler. The Shepherd at the right shoulder —

North. All right—all right—suppose we sing a song.

Tickler. Do—for Godsake!

North. With all my heart. But first a toast—in brandy—for after Turkish coffee, Bourdeaux is best. Here is

THE 144TH NUMBER OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!

12 times 12!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra!

Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, &c. *ad libitum.*

And now one cheer more for the honor of Lord Eldon!

Hip, hip, hurra—hurra, hurra! —

Hark!—how the echoes ring!

Tickler. Every room in the house has caught it.

North. And another, for as true a Tory, in other words, as good a man, as Scotland ever saw—his noble father not excepted—Lord Melville. Hip, hip, hurra, hurra! —

Tickler. Some basely forgot, or rather deserted him, during his short retirement. But WE knew better. OUT or IN, we honor the MAN.

North. That's the way to do things. THE 144TH No. ! This is the Magazine which idiots and knaves endeavored to put down—and which blockheads and fools predicted, over and over again, would not live out the month.

Tickler. Many a precious blockhead has kicked the bucket, hopped the twig, Kit, since the first prating of such predictions.

North. And it is pleasant to the conscience of an old man to know that the death of many of them must be laid directly at the door of No. 17 Prince's-street.* The braying of asses is unquestionably much diminished—and that justifies the belief that the asses themselves are far fewer in number, though I do not wish the breed to be wholly extinct.

Tickler. They are fewer in number—for while he breathes the vital air, your ass will bray.

North, (sings.)

Let us laugh at the asses, while here at our glasses,
 The toast that we're drinking can give them the lie.—
 Is Virtue and Merit, Wit, Learning, and Spirit,
 Is Honor, and Genius, and Fancy to die!
 Even talent like Campbell's, when caught in Whig trammels,
 'Mid Misses and Masters, content is to shelve;
 While we are as clever and joyous as ever,
 Though our numbers, up-mounting, have reach'd Twelve times Twelve.

Alas for the London!—three times it was undone;
 We hope it may prosper in essay the fourth;
 The Monthly, so smartish—the Westminster, tartish—
 Are these to be fear'd by the Pride of the North?
 The Gentleman's prosing—Frank Jeffrey is dozing;
 His tomahawk's gone, both the hatchet and helve;
 While, sharp as a razor, the sword we display, sir,
 Was never more keen than in this Twelve times Twelve.

Like the hues of the morning, its pages adorning,
 May its Genius continue long, lasting, and bright,
 True Tories delighting, false Liberals spiting,
 And cutting down Whigs to the left and the right.
 Our rivals all rotten, sunk, dead, and forgotten,
 In obscurity's slough, must go burrow and delve,
 While still in full glory, a wit and a Tory,
 Our Maga will number TWELVE HUNDRED TIMES TWELVE!

* In Edinburgh, where Blackwood's Magazine was then published.—M.

ANTESCRIPT.*

The world has given us to understand, by the most unequivocal expression of her feelings, that she has been longing for what, in her passion, she rather ungrammatically calls A Noctes. We beg to assure the worthy world, with the utmost sincerity, that few things could give us more pain, than to disappoint her in any of her natural, reasonable, and honorable hopes of happiness, in as far as they are and ought to be dependent on this Magazine. The world, however—she must pardon us for publicly telling her so,—is constitutionally impatient. She ought to regulate her feelings—to bring them under a system of severer discipline—like Us, to tame the ardor of youth by the wisdom of age. She is, in fact, our senior; and yet to judge of the two, by their sense, their sobriety, and especially, by their submissive and cheerful resignation to the decrees of Providence, you might well suppose Us the older by some thousand years. “Why is there not a Noctes? Why is there not a Noctes? Why is there not a Noctes?” the world keep exclaiming, with disappointment akin to displeasure, during every month that is suffered to die away in gloom unilluminated by one of those Divine Dialogues. “Why is there not a Noctes?” Heaven and Earth, why is there not always a Moon? How can the world be so impious as to find fault with the laws that regulate the motions of the Heavenly Bodies? The Moon, though to our eyes seeming to be occasionally “hid in her vacant interlunar cave,” notwithstanding keeps sailing along all the while in her orbit. So We, too, though sometimes invisible to the world, still keep shining—and why will not the world wait till, obedient to the Astral rules and regulations, a Noctes Ambrosianæ returns, and she is made again to feel the exquisite beauty of those lines of Homer and Pope—

“As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O’er Heaven’s clear azure sheds her sacred light!”

We must not, however, be too severe on the world, whose chief fault, after all, is too impassioned admiration of Us. Let her know, then, that for some months past, the non-appearance of a Noctes has been owing to a cause over which we had little or no control—the

* A double number of Blackwood was published in October, 1828, and each livraison had a Noctes. This Antescrypt appeared after the series had been interrupted for four months.—M.

illness of Mr. Gurney. Early in May that gentleman was seized with a brain-fever. Something odd we certainly did see in his manner on May-day, when celebrating our annual feast of curds and cream at the Hunter's Tryst. But we continued to attribute the manifest flurry and fluster of his demeanor to an unfortunate domestic grievance, with most of the fundamental features of which the world, alas! is but too well acquainted; and he still occupied his closet during our social evenings in Picardy, still took and extended his notes. On setting up his MS. for June, the compositors—the choice of the establishment—were first perplexed—then confounded—and finally dismayed. However, they got up the article—and in the regular course of things, it fell under the eye of the best of foremen, Mr. M'Corkindale. He stood aghast—and then carried the incomprehensible composition to head-quarters—to J. B. himself,* who at once saw how it was, and immediately sent Mr. Gurney (who had suddenly made his appearance in the office, very much in the dress of Hamlet, as described by Ophelia) to Dr. Warburton, then, as the world knows, providentially on a visit to Scotland. There was no longer any possibility of not seeing, or of concealing the truth. Mr. Gurney had for months been as mad as a March hare; and were we to publish the Three Noctes which he *extended*, during the incumbency of his disease, the world would think the Chaldee itself wishy-washy—such was the super-human impiety, and extra-mundane wickedness of the ravings, which, thank God, never issued from any of our lips; but, aided no doubt by a few hints from us—were the inspiration of his Demon. One truly singular and most interesting psychological curiosity we must mention in discriminating Mr. Gurney's case from that of any other lunatic of our acquaintance. During his lunacy, he absolutely invented a new system of Short Hand! a system which—now that he is not only perfectly restored to his former senses, but inspired by new ones—gives him incredible facilities—so that never more will a single syllable of our wit and wisdom be suffered to elude his pen and make its escape. The Three Noctes—both as they exist in the new stenography—and in a state of extension—have been safely deposited in the British Museum. Two others, which may be thus fairly considered as the first of a new series—and which were taken and extended by Mr. Gurney when he would appear to have been nearly recovered from the severest visitation by which a human creature can be afflicted—we now present to the world as specimens of a style of composition, which we cannot for a moment doubt will be even more popular than those hitherto inimitable productions that have been the chief causes of elevating the character of this Magazine to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame.—C. N.

* James Ballantyne.—M.

No. XXXVIII.—OCTOBER, 1828.

SCENE—*Large Dining-Room—Time uncertain—NORTH discovered sitting upright in his easy-chair, with arms a kimbo on his crutch, asleep.*

Enter the SHEPHERD, and MR. AMBROSE.

Shepherd. Lord safe us! only look at him sitting asleep. Whatan a face! Dinna leave the parlor, Mr. Awmrose, for it would be fearsome to be alane wi' the Vision.

Ambrose. The heat of the fire has overcome the dear old gentleman—but he will soon awake; and may I make so bold, Mr. Hogg, as to request that you do not disturb—

Shepherd. What? Wad ye be fur my takin' aff my shoon, and gliding ower the Turkey carpet on my stocking soles, like a pard or panther on the Lybian sands?

Ambrose. (*Suaviter in modo.*) I beg pardon, sir, but you have got on your top-boots this evening.

Shepherd. Eh! sae I hae. And tryin' to rug them aff, tae and heel, aneath the foot o' a chair, wad be sure to waukin him wi' ane o' thae froons o' his, aneuch to dant the deevil.

Ambrose. I never saw Mr. North frown, Mr. Hogg, since we came to Picardy. I hope, sir, you think him in his usual health?

Shepherd. That's a gude ane, Awmrose. You think him near his latter end, 'cause he's gi'en up that hellish froon that formerly used sae aften to make his face frichtsome? 'Ye ne'er saw him froon sin' ye came to Picardy? Look, there—only look at the creatur's face—

A darkness comes across it like a squall
Blackening the sea.

Ambrose. I fear he suffers some inward qualm, sir. His stomach, I fear, sir, is out of order.

Shepherd. His stamach is ne'er out o' order. It's an ingine that aye works sweetly. But what think you, Mr. Awmrose, o' a quawm o' conscience?

Ambrose. Mr. North never, in all his life, I am sure, so much as injured a fly. Oh! dear me! he must be in very great pain.

Shepherd. So froon'd he since, when in angry parle
He smote the sliding Pollock on the ice.

Ambrose. You allude, sir, to that day at the curling on Duddingston Loch. But you must allow, Mr. Hogg, that the brute of a carter deserved the crutch. It was pretty to see the old gentleman knock him down. The crack on the ice made by the carter's skull was like a star, sir.

Shepherd. The clud's blawn aff—and noo his countenance is pale and pensive, and no without a kind o' reverend beauty, no very consistent wi' his waukin' character. But the faces o' the most ferocious are a' placid in sleep and in death. That is an impressive fizziological and sykological fact.

Ambrose. How can you utter the word death in relation to him, Mr. Hogg? Were he dead, the whole world might shut up shop.

Shepherd. Na, na. Ye nicht, but no the warld. There never leev'd a man the warld miss'd, ony mair than a great, green, spreading simmer tree misses a leaf that fa's doon on the moss aneath its shadow.

Ambrose. Were ye looking round for something, sir?

Shepherd. Ay; gie me that cork aff yon table—I'll burn't on the fire, and then blacken his face wi' coom.

Ambrose. (*Placing himself in an imposing attitude between NORTH and the SHEPHERD.*) Then it must be through my body, sir. Mr. Hogg, I am always proud and happy to see you in my house; but the mere idea of such an outrage—such sacrilege—horrifies me; the roof would fall down—the whole land ——

Shepherd. Tuts, man, I'm only jokin'. Oh! but he wad mak a fine pietur! I wish John Watson Gordon were but here to pent his face in iles.* What a mass o' forehead! an inch atween every wrinkle, noo scarcely visible in the cawm o' sleep! Frae eebree to croon o' the head a lofty mountain o' snaw—a verra Benledi—wi' rich mineral ore aneath the surface, within the bowels o' the skull, copper, silver, and gold! Then what a nose! Like a bridge, along which might be driven cart-loads o' intellect;—neither Roman nor Grecian, hooked nor cockit, a wee thocht inclined to the ae side, the pint being a pairt and pendicle o' the whole, an object in itsell, but at the same time finely smoothed aff and on intil the featur; while his nostrils, small and red, look as they would emit fire, and had the scent o' a jowler or a vultur.

Ambrose. There were never such eyes in a human head ——

Shepherd. I like to see them sometimes shut. The instant Mr. North leaves the room, after denner or sooper, it's the same thing as if he had carried aff wi' him twa o' the fowre cawnles.

Ambrose. I have often felt that, sir,—exactly that,—but never

* Now Sir James Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Academy of Scotland—and the best portrait-painter in Edinburgh—for Frank Grant lives in London.—M.

could express it. If at any time he falls asleep, it is just as if the waiter or myself had snuffed out.—

Shepherd. Let my image alane, Mr. Awmrose, and dinna ride it to death—dooble. But what I admire maist o' a' in the face o' him, is the auld man's mouth. There's a warld's difference, Mr. Awmrose, atween a lang mouth and a wide ane.

Ambrose. There is, Mr. Hogg, there is—they are two different mouths entirely. I have often felt that, but could not express it.—

Shepherd. Mr. Awmrose, you're a person that taks notice o' a hantle o' things—and there canna be a stronger proof, or a better illustration, of the effect o' the conversation o' a man o' genius like me, than its thus seeming to express former feelings and fancies of the awditor—whereas, the truth is, that it disna waken them for the second time, but communicates them for the first—for believe me, that the idea o' the cawnles, and eke o' the difference wi' a distinction atween wide mouth and lang anes, never entered your mind afore, but are baith, *bonna feedy*, the property o' my ain intellect.

Ambrose. I ask you many pardons, Mr. Hogg. They are both your own, I now perceive, and I promise never to make use of them without your permission in writing—or —

Shepherd. Poo—I'm no sae pernickity as that about my original ideas; only when folk do mak use o' my obs, I think it but fair they should add, “as Mr. Hogg well said,” “as the Ettrick Shepherd admirably remarked,” “as the celebrated author o' the Queen's Wake, wi' his usual felicity, observed”—and so forth—and ma faith, if some folk that's reckoned yeloquent at roots and petty soopers, were aye to do that, when they're what's ca'd maist brilliant, my name wad be seldom out o' their mouths. Even North himsell —

Ambrose. Do not be angry with me, sir—but it's most delightful to hear Mr. North and you bandying matters across the table; ye tak such different views always on the same subject; yet I find it, when standing behind the chair, impossible not to agree with you both.

Shepherd. That's just it, Mr. Awmrose. That's the way to exhovst a subject. The ane o' us ploughs down the rig, and the other across, then on wi' the harrows, and the field is like a garden.

Ambrose. See, sir, he stirs!

Shepherd. The crutch is like a very tree growin' out o' the earth—so stracht and steady. I daursay he sleeps wi't in his bed. Noo—ye see his mouth to perfection—just a wee open—showing the teeth—a smile and no a suarl—the thin lips o' him slightly curled and quiverin', and corners draw doon a wee, and then up again wi' a swirl, gien wonderfu' animation to his yet ruddy cheeks—a mouth unitin' in ane, Mr. Jaffray's and that o' Canning's and Cicero's busts.

Ambrose. No young lady—no widow—could look at him now, as he sits there, Mr. Hogg, God bless him, without thinking of a first or second husband. Many is the offer he must have refused!

Shepherd. Is that your fashun in Yorkshire, Mr. Awmrose, for the women to ask the men to marry?

Ambrose. (*susurrans.*) *Exceptio probat regulam*—sir.

Shepherd. Faith, ye speak Latin as weel's mysell. Do you ken the Doctrine o' Dreams?

Ambrose. No, sir. Dreaming seems to me a very unintelligible piece of business.

Shepherd. So thinks Mr. Coleridge and Kubla Khan.* But the sowl, ye see, is swayed by the senses—and it's in my power the noo that Mr. North's half-sleepin' and half-waukin', to make him dream o' a' sorts o' deaths—nay, to dream that he is himsell deeing a' sorts o' deaths—anee after the ither in ruefu' succession, as if he were some great criminal undergoing capital punishments in the wild warld o' sleep.

Ambrose. That would be worse than blacking my dear master's face—for by that name I love to call him. You must not inflict on him the horror of dreams.

Shepherd. There can be nae such thing as cruelty in a real philosophical experiment. In philosophy, though not in politics, the end justifies the means. Be quiet, Awmrose. There noo, I hae dropped some cauld water on his bald pow—and it's tricklin' doon his haffets to his lugs. Whisht! wait a wee! There na, ye see his mouth openin' and his chest heavin', as if the waters o' the deep sea were gullaring in his throat. He's now droonin'!

Ambrose. I cannot support this—Mr. Hogg—I must—

Shepherd. Haud back, sir. Look how he's tryin' to streik out his richt leg, as if it had gotten the cramp. He's tryin' to cry for help. Noo he has risen to the surface for the third and last time. Now he gies ower strugglin', and sinks doon to the broon-ribbed sand amang the crawling partens!

Ambrose. I must—I shall waken him—

Shepherd. The dream'd death-fit is ower, for the water's dried—and he thinks himsell walkin' up Leith Walk, and then stracht intil Mr. Blackwood's shop. But noo we'll hang him—

Ambrose. My God! that it should ever have come to this! Yet there is an interest in such philosophical experiments, Mr. Hogg, which it is impossible to resist. But do not, I beseech you, keep him long in pain.

Shepherd. There—I just tichten a wee on his wizen his black neck-hankerchief, and in a moment you'll see him get blue in the face. Quick as the "lightning on a collied night," the dream comes

* A poem which Coleridge insisted he had composed in his sleep.—M.

athwart his sowl! He's on the scaffold, and the grey-headed, red-eyed, white-faced hangman's lean shrivelled hands are fumbelin' about his throat, fixin' the knot on the juglar! See how puir North clutches the cambric, naturally averse to fling it frae him, as a signal for the drap! It's no aboon a minnit since we began the experiment, and yet during that æ minute, he has planned and perpetrated his crime—nae doubt murder,—concealed himself for a month in empty hovels, and tombs, in towns,—in glens, and muirs, and woods, in the kintra,—been apprehended, for a reward o' one hundred guineas, by twa red-coated sheriff's officers—imprisoned till he had nearly run his letters—stood his trial frae ten in the mornin' till twelve o'clock at nicht—examination o' witnesses, the speech o' the croon counsel, and that o' the counsel for the panel too, and the soomin' up o' the Lord Justice Clerk, nane o' the three shorter than twa hours,—been prayed till frae daybreak to breakfast, by three ministers,—O sickenin' breakfast!—Sat'n in a chair on account of his gout—a lang lang time on the scaffold—and then aff he goes with a swing, a swirl, and a general shriek—and a' within the space o' some forty seconds o' the time that passes in the outer air world, which we wauken' creatures inhabit—but which is the true time and which is the fause, it's no for me to say, for I'm nae metaphysician; and judge o' time, either by the shadows on the hill, or on the stane sun-dial, or by the short and lang haun' o' our aught-day clock.

Ambrose. Mr. Hogg, it is high time this were put an end to—my conscience accuses me of a great crime—and the moment Mr. North awakes, I will make a clean bosom of it, and confess the whole.

Shepherd. What! you'll 'peach, will you? In that case, it is just as weel to proceed to the last extremity. Rax me ower the carvin' knife, and I'll guillotine him—

Ambrose. Shocking, shocking, Mr. Hogg!

(The SHEPHERD and AMBROSE struggle violently for the possession of the carving knife,—amid cries from the latter of "Thieves,—Robbers—Fire—Murder!"—and in the struggle they fall against the chimney-piece, to the clash of shovel, poker and tongs. BRONTE, who has been sleeping under NORTH's chair, bursts out with a bull-bellow, a tiger-growl, and a lion-roar—and NORTH awakes—collaring the SHEPHERD.)

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—

Shepherd. Ca' aff your doug, Mr. North,—ca' aff your doug! He's devoorin' me—

North. *(Undisturbed from his former posture.)* Gentlemen, what is the meaning of all this—you seem discomposed? James! engaged in the duello with Mr. Ambrose? Mr. Ambrose!

(Exit MR. AMBROSE, retrogrediens, much confused.)

Shepherd. I'll ca' him out—I'll ca' him out wi' pistols. He was the first aggressor.

North. Arrange your dress, James, then sit down and narrate to me truly these *plusquam civilia bella*.

Shepherd. Why, ye see, sir, a gentleman in the hotel, a Russian General, I believe, was anxious to see you sleepin', and to take a sketch o' you in that predicament for the Emperor, and Mr. Awmrose insisted on bringin' him in whether I would or no,—and as I know you have an antipathy against having your head taken aff—as naebody can hit the face, and a' the likenesses yet attempted are mere caricatures—I rose to oppose the entrance o' the General. Mr. Awmrose put himself into what I could not but construe a fechtin attitude, though I daursay it was only on the defensive; we yokit, and on me tryin' to hough him, we tumbled again' the mantel-piece, and you awoke. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

(*NORTH rings the bell violently, and MR. AMBROSE appears.*)

North. Show in the Russian General, sir.

Ambrose. The Russian General, sir!

North. How dare you repeat my words? I say, sir, show in the Russian General.

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw!—I'm like to spleet!—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw!

North. (*with dignity.*) These manners, sir, may do in Ettrick—or the Forest—where the breed of wild boars is not wholly extirpated—but in Edinburgh we expect —

Shepherd. Na—gin that be the way o't, I maun be on my mettle too. As for your wutticism, sir, about the boars, it's just perfectly contemptible, and, indeed, at the best, nae better than a maist meeserable pun. And as to mainners, I'll bet you a ten-gallon cask to a half-mutchkin, that I'll show an elder in Yarrow-Kirk, ony Sabbath atween this and Christmas, that shall outmainner your ainsell, wi' a' your high breedin', in everything that constitutes true natural dignity—and as for female mainners, select the maist yele-gant and fashionable leddy that you see walkin' along Prince's Street, wi' a bonnet bigger than a boyne, atween three and four o' the afternoon, when the stree's like a stream, and gin I dinna bring frae the Forest, within a mile's range, wi' Mount Benger the centre o' the circle, a bare-legged lassie, wi' hauns, aiblins, red and hard wi' milkin' the coos, wi' naething on her head but a bit o' pinch-beck kame, that shall outmainner your city madam, till she blush black through the red pent on her cheeks—my name's no James Hogg—that's all. And whether you tak the wager or no, let me sell you to the face o' you, that you're a damned arrogant, upsettin',

impudent fallow, and that I do not care the crack o' my thoom for you, or your Magazin, or your Buchanan Lodge, were you and they worth ten thousand million times mair than what you ever will be, as lang's your name's Christopher North.

North. James—you are a pretty fellow. Nothing will satisfy you, it seems, but to insult most grossly the old man whom you have first drowned in his sleep, then hanged, and, but for my guardian angel, Ambrose, would have guillotined!

Shepherd. What! and you were pretendin' to be asleep a' the while o' the pheelosophical experiments! What a horrid heepocrit! You're really no fit company for plain, simple, honest folk like the like o' me—but as we've been baith to blame, especially you, who began it a' by shammin' sleep, let's shake hauns—and say nae mair about it. Do ye ken I'm desperate hungry—and no a little thrusty.—(*Re-enter MR. AMBROSE, in trim apparel and downcast eyes—with a board of oysters.*)

North. Bless you, James, you wheel me round in my chair to the table wi' quite a filial touch. Ay, my dear boy, take a pull at the porter, for you are in a violent perspiration.

Shepherd. Nothing like draft!

North. Mr. Ambrose, confine the Russian General to his chamber—and see that you keep him in fresh train-oil.

(*Exit MR. AMBROSE, smiling through his tears.*)

North. James, I shrewdly suspect Mr. Ambrose is up to our high jinks.

Shepherd. I really begin to jalouse he is. He was sair frichtened at first—but I thoct I heard him gi'en a bit grunt o' a lauch, a sort o' suppress'd nicher, ahint the door, to the flunkies in the trance, wha had a' flocked thegither in a crowd at the cry o' Fire and Murder. Hech, sirs! but the month o' September's the month after my ain heart—and worth ony ither twa in the year—comin' upon you, as it does, after May, June, July, and August, wi' its R and its Eisters*—na, that brodd beats a'—ilka shell as wide's my loof—ilka fish like a shot-star—and the tottle o' the whole swimming in its ain sawt-sea liccor, aneuch to create an appetite in the palate o' yon Atomy swingin' in Dr. Munro's class in the College by himself during the lang vacation—puir fallow!

North. Dear to me, James, September, because of the harvest moon—

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, ye heepocrit. The harvest moon, indeed! Did ye ever aince see her horns, or her lugs, or her een,

* The rule is to eat oysters in the months which have the letter R in them. In England it is prohibited by law to trail for oysters in May, June, July, and August, when they are breeding.—M.

or her mou', or her chin, or her nose, or her Toot-nsamble, as the French say, during a' that September you passed wi' us at Mount Benger the year afore last, when wee Jamie, you ken, had the mizzles?

North. Why, James, there was perpetual mist —

Shepherd. Frae the toddy jug. Ye wad aye drink it het—and 'deed I agree wi' you in detestin' a blash o' cauld speerits and water wi' broon sugar—aneuch to gar you gru, scunner and bock—ye wad aye drink it het, and frae gloamin' till midnight assuredly there was a mist,—but hoo could you possibly see the moon, ye auld sinner, through the mist, like ane o' Ossian's ghosts, when regularly at sax o'clock you axed me to ripe the ribs, and shut the shutters —and —

North. I rung the bell for that bonnie lassie, the "lass with the gowden hair," to come with her brush which she brandished so prettily, and sweep in the ashes —

Shepherd. I ca'd you an auld sinner—and an auld sinner ye are, my maist excellent sir, though I gladly alloo there's no a better man, for a' that, 'mang the eight hundred millions inhabiting the earth.

North. Sits still so trigly, James, the silken snood of my Lily of the Lea?

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
But it was na to meet Duneira's men

Shepherd. The last time I saw your Lily o' the Lea, sir, she was sittin' on a stane at the cheek o' the door, wi' a mutch ower her tawty hair, a geyan dirty face, bauchles on, and sooklin' twuns.

North. Suckling twins! O Jupiter and Leda! Castor and Pollux!

Shepherd. Ay, just sooklin' twuns. But what's there in that to gar you turn up the whites o' your een. Tibbie's married.

North. And I devoutly trust to a man worthy of her beauty, her virtue, her innocence—her —

Shepherd. The tailor carried her aff frae them a'—the flyin' tailor o' Ettrick,* sir—him that can do fifteen yards, at hap, step, and loup, back and forward on level grun'—stood second ae year in the ring at Carlisle—can put a stane within a foot o' Jedburgh Bell himsell, and fling the hammer neist best ower a' the border to Geordy Scóugal o' Innerleithen.

North. Another phantom of my imagination has melted, like a dew-drop from the earth. To a tailor!

Shepherd. Another phantom o' my imagination has melted, like

* The flying tailor of Ettrick is the hero of a mock serious poem in Ragg's Poetic Mirror.
—M.

a dew-drop frae the earth—and a sappier eister never play'd plump intil a human stamach.

North. James, that is a sacrilegious parody, on the expression of one of the finest feelings that breathes a sadness over our common humanity. Eat your oysters after your own fashion—but —

Shepherd. O, sir! I wonder to see you, at your time o' life, lamentin' that a bit ferny-tickled kintra-lassie, that used to gang atween barn and byre wi' worsted huggers on, and a jacket o' striped mankey, should hae sae far improved her condition within the year, as to be a sonsie gudewife, double the size she used to be—her wee bit prim rosy mouth, since sae like a bud that refused to open out even in the sunshine, noo aye wide open as if wishing to catch flees—and her voice, formerly sae laigh and loun, now loud and fierce as ony ither wife and mither's, scauldin the servant-lass, the doug, or a tramper.

North. True—James—as Wordsworth says,

“Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn!”

Shepherd. As Wordsworth says—whroo! Nae occasion for quoting ony body but ourself. We twa ken as muckle—and mair too, o' human nature, in its various phawses, than a' the Pond Poets pitten thegither. O man! Mr. North, but my heart has often and often amaist dee'd within me, to think that a' we love and long for, pine to possess, and burn to enjoy—a' that passion maddens for on the midnight pillow, in the desert day-dream—a' that the yearning sowl would fail expand itself to embrace within the rainbow circle o' its holiest and maist heavenly affections—a' that speeritual-eezes our human nature, till our very dust-formed bodies seem o' the essence o' licht, or flowers, or music, something no terrestrial, but akin to the elements o' our native regions on the blue cloudless lift —

North. You touch a chord, James—you do indeed—you touch a chord —

Shepherd. Should a' be delusion—a glamour flung ower us by a celestial but deceitful spirit—felt and seen, as soon as it is broken, and dissolved, to have been a fiction, a falsehood, a lie—a soft, sweet, bright, balmy, triumphant and glorious lie, in place of which nature offers us in mockery, during a' the rest o' our lives, the puir, paltry, pitiful, faded, fushionless, cauld-rifed, and chittering substitute—Truth. O, sir! waes me, that by stripping a' creation, fauld after fauld, o' gay, glitterin', gorgeous and glorious apparellin', you are sure at last to come to the hard, naked Truth—

North. Hamlet has it, James,—“a foul congregation of vapors”—

Shepherd. Or say rather, like a body carelessly or purposely

pressin' a full-blawn or budding rose atween his finger and his thoomb, scalin' leaf after leaf, till what hae you in your hand at last but the bare heart o' the flower, and you look down amang your feet in vain for the scattered and dissipated bloom that a moment afore thrust its bold beauty into the eyes of the sun, and seemed o' its ain single self to be scenting the haill wilderness, then sweet wi' its grassy braes, as if the heavens had hung over mountains o' bloomin' heather steeped in morning dew evaporating in mist-wreaths, exhaled from earth to heaven in morning sacrifice!

North. And Tibbie has twins!

Shepherd. 'Deed has she, sir. Her poetry is now prose.

North. Gone all the light lyrical measures! all the sweet pauses transposed. The numerous verse of her virgin being shorn of all its rhymes so musical—a thousand tunes, each in its specific sweetness murmuring of a separate soul, blended indistinguishably into one monotony, and marriage, marriage, marriage is the deadening word!

Shepherd. That's treason, sir,—treason against natur. Is the young lintie, I would ask, flutterin' amang the broom, or balancin' itsell in sportive happiness on ane o' the yellow jewels, half sae bonny as the same lintie sittin' in its nest within a briar-bush, wi' its head lying sae meek and lovingly on the rim o' the moss, and a' its breast yearning wi' the still deep instinctive bliss o' maternal affection—or fleeing ten times a minute frae briar-bush to bracken-brae, and frae bracken-brae to briar-bush, wi' insects, and worms, and caterpillars, and speeders in her neb, to satisfy the hunger o' a nest a' agape wi' yellow-throated young anes, and then settlin' herself down again, as saftly as if she were naething but feathers, aboon her brood in that cozie bield, although but a bit sillie burdie, happy as ony angel in the heaven o' heavens?

North. A sweet image, James,—an image that beams the light of poetry on the Prose-ground of human life! But, alas! that thin golden ring lays a heavy weight on the hand that wears it. The finger it seriously and somewhat sadly decks, never again, with so lightsome touch, braids the hair above the fair forehead,—the gay, gladsome, tripping, dancing, and singing maiden soon changes into the staid, calm, douce, almost melancholy matron, whose tears are then sincerer than her smiles—with whom Joy seems but a transient visitor,—Grief a constant guest.

Shepherd. And this world, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters,—and by fate and destiny, their verra lives depend on ane and the same eternal law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy would soon dwine awa into the resemblance o' her departed Soror—aye, her face would soon be

whiter and mair woe-begone, and they would soon be buried, side by side, in ae grave.

North. Shake hands, my dear James. I am in bad spirits to-night, and love to listen to your benign philosophy.

Shepherd. I hae nae philosophy, my dear Mr. North; but I howp I hae some religion. If I had not, the banes o' my father and my mother would not lie at rest in Yarrow kirkyard. Philosophy, I hae nae doubt, is an excellent, a capital thing,—and I'm sure Poetry is sae,—but the ane is but the moon, which, bricht and bonny though she be, is often sairly benighted, and at the best shines by a reflected licht,—the ither is like the stars—no useless in their beauty—God forbid I ever should think sich a stupid thocht—but still, after a', no just sae usefu' perhaps, in the ordinair sense o' utility, as they are pleasant and delichtfu' to the shepherd on the hills;—but the last, that is, Religion, she, sir, is like the sun, that gladdens heaven and earth, gars a' things grow, baith for the profit and the pleasure o' man, and convinces us, alike in gloom and glory, that the mortal senses hold a mysterious communion with the immortal soul; that “we are greater than we seem;”—may I be pardoned for even venturing to say, even *here*—and why not?—that “the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal.”

North. You may say it, James, without reproach *here*, over the social board—*there*, by yourself, in the wilderness—*anywhere*, by day or by night, on the world of green earth or foamy waters, on the steadfast brae or reeling deck, in calm or in storm, in joy or in sorrow, in life and in death. Shame on the coward heart that fears to utter what itself prompts! Shame on the coward ear that fears to hear what the heart dictates, in any time or any place, where the mood is blameless,—for mirth is still in sympathy with melancholy, and what, oh! what thoughts profound circle round the wine-cup, when it flows to the memory of one beloved of yore,—one who left us in the sunshine of youth, and seems to re-appear like a veiled shadow across the light of the festal fire—and then in a moment away into oblivion?

Shepherd. Then you see, sir, the place o' the bonnie young distractin' and deceitfu' creatures—for, wi' a' their innocence—a favorite word wi' you, sir—they are deceitfu'—their places, I say, are supplied by anither flock o' flowers—just like annuals after annuals—as fair and as fragrant as theirsells—and thus, amid the perpetual decay and the perpetual renovation, there is naething worth weeping for—except, indeed, when twa silly poets like us,—and ye are a poet, sir, though ye dinna write verses,—foregather ower a brodd and a bowl, and gie vent, the ane or the ither o' us, it's the turnin' o' a straw which, to mournfu' heart-sinkings that

maun hae an inkling o' pleasure in them, or else they would be at aince repressed—and seek in a sort o' diseased or distempered willfulness, just as you hae been doing the noo—to look on the world in a licht that it was never intended we should look on it, and to people it wi' sorrowfu' spectres, instead o' various kinds o' gude flesh-and-blood folk, a' gude in their degree, in their place, and in their time,—and if that be true, is na a' moping contrar to richt reason, and them that's Penserosos for the maist pairt—Sumphs?

North. “Melancholy and gentlemanlike,” you know, James.

Shepherd. It's a wicked ack, sir, in a warld like ours, to pretend to sham melancholy; and if a man canna contrive, by any other means, to look like a gentleman, he had far better keep on lookin' like a bagman. Besides being wicked, it's dangerous; for by pretending to be melancholy, in desperation o' being thought a gentleman by any other mair natural contrivances and endowments, a man comes to get himsell universally despised—contempt kills credit—then follows bankruptcy—and the upshot o' the whole is suicide—jail—or America.

North. But to be rational, and as far as possible from the poetical and the pathetic, I often shudder, James, in solitude, to think of the change, generally slow, but often sudden, from the happiness of maidenhood, to the misery of the wife, especially in many of the classes of the lower orders of society. I use advisedly the words—happiness and misery. James, the whole world groans. I hear it groaning—though no Fine-Ear to the doleful.

Shepherd. There's owre muckle truth in what you say, Mr. North; and were we to think too intently on the dark side o' the picture, or rather on the mony great big black blotches disfigurin' the brichtest pairts o' the fairest side o' the married life o' the puir, and ignorant, and depraved, weel might we shut them in despair, and weep for the maist o' woman-born! Meesery never comes to a head but in marriage. Yet, oh! how different might it be, without supposing human natur' to be altogether changed, but only what it was intended to be, in spite o' original sin and corruption!

North. How many hundreds of thousands of harsh husbands—nay, cruel—savage—fierce—drunken—furious—insane—murderous? What horrid oaths heard at the humble ingle—and, worse than oaths, blows and shrieks—and the pregnant mother of terrified children, all crouching in a corner, on her knees beseeching the demoniacal homicide not to kick to death the babe yet unborn—for its sake to remember the days of their courtship—and——

Shepherd. Whisht—whisht—whisht!

North. Drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the grief and guilt that aggravate the inevitable distresses of the poor. Dry up

that horrid thirst, and the hearts of the wretched would sing aloud for joy. In their sober senses, it seldom happens that men, in a Christian country, are such savages. But all cursed passions latent in the heart, and, seemingly at least, dead, or non-existent, while that heart beats healthily in sober industry, leap up fierce and full-grown in the power of drunkenness, making the man at once a maniac, or rather at once converting him into a fiend.

Shepherd. There's nae cure for that but education—edicatin' o' the people—clear the head, and you strengthen the heart—gie thoughts, and feelings follow—I agree wi' Socrates in thinking a' vice ignorance, and a' virtue knowledge, takin' a' the four words in the highest sense o' which they are cawpable. Then they are baith *σπεία πρεσβύτερα καὶ φρονεῖντα συνεταῖσι.*

North. Yet I sometimes feel myself almost compelled to agree with the present Archbishop of Canterbury,* that there is something necessarily and essentially immoral and irreligious in the cultivation of the intellect—

Shepherd. Na—na—na—that can never be—

North. His lordship means—apart from—divorced from the cultivation of those feelings and principles—those great natural instincts—by which man is a moral and religious being. The tendency of intellect, not only left to itself, but instructed solely in its own knowledge, is averse, his Lordship holds, from the contemplation and the love of more holy and higher things; and—

Shepherd. Ay, there he's richt. I perfectly agree wi' his lordship there—and I wish he ken't it—for aiblins I'm better acquainted, practically acquainted, I mean, than ony archbishop's likely to be—nae disparagement to the Episcopawlian church—wi' the virtues and vices, the sins, sorrows, and sufferings, the noble thochts, and feelin's, and acks, the every-day wark-life, the Sabbath-day rest-life, o' the Puir! The first often painfu', laborious, nay, slavish, and wi' but ordinar' satisfactions belongin' to our lower natur; the last, in Scotland at least, pleasant, calm, and elevated in blissfu' release, up to a mood that, alike in the auld gray-headed grandfather, and his bit bonnie wee oe walking haun in' haun' wi' him to the kirk, does indeed deserve the name o' religion, if sic a thing as religion be ony where to be found atween heaven and earth.

North. You speak like yourself, my dear James. In their present zeal for intellectual education, many good men forget—

Shepherd. Then they should be reminded, that a' the knowledge which the puir—I needna explain the sense in which I use the word puir—can ever acquire in schools, or mechanical institutions, can be nae mair than subsidiary to a far higher knowledge; and if *that* be

* Dr. William Howley, who died in 1848.

neglected, or undervalued, a' that they can ever learn will either be useless or pernicious—for is nae the chief end o' man "to fear God and keep his commandments?"

North. I believe, my admirable friend, that you have said in a few plain and simple, but, allow me to add, beautiful and noble words—all that can possibly be said on this all-important subject. Put round the jug, James.

Shepherd. Then, sir, what may be the case in England, I dinna weel ken—for I never was onywhere in England except at the Lakes on a vaeisit to your frien' the Professor, then only the author o' the Isle of Pawms, and the City o' the Plague; and the folk there seemed no unlike the folk in our ain kintra, only they thoct ower little o' leadin' in corn on dry Sundays in rainy weather,—but in Scotland, the people are not ignorant—it is lang since they were ignorant,—and to return to what we were sayin' about unhappy marriages, believe me, sir, when I say, that maist marriages—by far the maist—are happy—for a warld o' new thochts, and new feelings, is unfalded within wife's and husband's heart—and though there will be sour or dour looks at a time—some flytin'—and even wilfu' meesery,—these are but the sughin' wunds and the drivin' cluds—and the Lift o' Life, gin I may use the expression, is, generally speaking, like our ain dear, sweet, blue Scottish sky, a' the year through, spring, simmer, awtumn, and wunter, pleasant baith to the ee, and to the sowl,—for God reigns day and nicht, aboon and below, alike in dead creation, and in us his creatures; wha, if they serve him, shall never dee, but have immortal life.

North. Perhaps, then, James, you think that in Scotland, what we have chiefly to do is to keep education right—to—

Shepherd. Nearly sae. At a' yevents, nane but ignorant sumphs wad apply to the people o' Scotlan' that vile nonsense about the "March o' Intellect," and so forth,—for our ancestors hae for generations been as wise in the best o' a' wisdom as oursells—though there has been great improvement in a' the airts, and aiblins the sceences,—but o' the latter I shanna for I canna speak—and aboon a' things else, there has been wrought by that means a great and beneficial change in the agricultur o' the kintra.

North. Yet something, I fear, James, may have been lost.

Shepherd. Ay, mony a thing, that had I my ain way, shud leeve forever. But religion, wi' a' the cauld-rife changes in life, and manners, and customs, still strongly survives—and, thanks to Robert Burns—and aiblins ane or twa mair, there is still poetry amang our braes,—and o' nae shepherd on our Scottish hills could it be truly said, in the language o' Wordsworth :—

A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

For as gude a poet as Wordsworth, and, in my opinion, a better too, has tauld us what he felt frae the sicht o' a Mountain Daisy.

North. There is comfort in that creed, my dear James. I feel as if an oppressive weight were taken from my heart.

Shepherd. Then that's mair than I do—mair than you or any ither man should say, after devoorin' half a hunder eisters—and siccan eisters—to say naething o' a tippenny loaf, a quarter o' a pund o' butter—and the better part o' twa pats o' porter.

North. James! I have not eat a morsel, or drank a drop, since breakfast.

Shepherd. Then, I've been confusioning you wi' mysel. A' the time that I was sookin' up the eisters frae out o' their shells, ilka ane sappier than anither in its shallow pool o' caller saut sea-water, and some o' them takin' a stronger sook than ither to rug them out o' their cradles,—I thocht I saw you, sir, in my mind's ee, and no by my bodily organs, it would appear, doin' the same to a nicety, only dashing on mair o' the pepper, and mixing up mustard wi' your vinegar, as if gratifying a fawse appetite.

North. That cursed cholera——

Shepherd. I never, at any time o' the year, hae recourse to the cruet till after the lang hunder—and in September—after four months fast frae the oreters—I can easily devoor them by theirsells just in their ain liccor, on till anither fifty—and then, to be sure, just when I'm beginning to be a wee stau'd, I apply first the pepper to a squad, and then, after a score or two in that way, some dizen and a half wi' vinegar, and finish aff, like you, wi' a wheen to the mustard, till the brodd's naething but shells.

North. The cholera has left me so weak, that——

Shepherd. I dinna ken a mair perplexing state o' mind to be in than to be swithering about a farther brodd o' eisters, when you've devoored what at ae moment is felt to be sufficient, and anither moment what is felt to be very insufficient—feelin' stau'd this moment, and that moment yawp as ever—noo sayin' into yoursell that you'll order in the toasted cheese, and then silently swearin' that you maun hae anither yokin' at the beardies——

North. This last attack, James, has reduced me much; and a few more like it will deprive the world of a man whose poor abilities were ever devoted to her ser——

Shepherd. I agree wi' ye, sir, in a' ye say about the diffeeculty o' the dilemma. But during the dubiety and the swither, in comes honest Mr. Awmrose, o' his ain accord, wi' the final brodd, and a body feels himsell to have been a great sumph for suspekking æ



single moment that he wasna able for his share o' the concluding centenary o' noble inventions. There's really no end in natur to the eatin' o' eisters.

North. Really, James, your insensibility, your callousness to my complaints, painfully affects me, and forces me to believe that friendship, like love, is but an empty name.

Shepherd. An empty name! It's your ain faut gin it's empty—but you wadna surely be for eatin' the verra shells? Oh! Mr. North, but o' a' the men I ever knew, you are the most distinguished by natural and native coortesy and politeness—by what Cicero calls urbanity. Tak it—tak it. For I declare, were I to tak it, I never could forgi'e mysell a' my days. Tak it, sir. My dear sir, tak it.

North. What do you mean, James? What the devil *can* you mean?

Shepherd. The last eister—the mainners eister—it's but a wee ane, or it hadna been here. There, sir, I've douk'd it in an amalgamation o' pepper, vinegar, and mustard, and a wee drap whisky. Open your mouth, and tak it aff the pint o' my fork—that's a gude bairn.

North. I have been very ill, my dear James.

Shepherd. Haud your tongue—nae sic thing. Your cheeks are no half that shrivelled they were last year; and there's a circle o' yeloquent blood in them baith, as ruddy as Robin's breast. Your lips are no like cherries—but they were aye rather thin and colorless since first I kent you, and when chirted thegither—oh! man, but they have a scornfu', and savage, and cruel expression, that ought seldom to be on a face o' clay. As for your een, there's twenty gude year o' life in their licht yet. But, Lord safe us!—dinna, I beseech you, put on your specs; for when you cock up your chin, and lie back on your chair, and keep fastenin' your lowin' een upon a body through the glasses, it's mair than mortal man can endure—you look sae like the deevil incarnate.

North. I am a much-injured man in the estimation of the world, James, for I am gentle as a sleeping child.

Shepherd. Come, now—you're wishin' me to flatter you—ye're desperate fond, man, o' flattery.

North. I admit—confess—glory that I am so. It is impossible to lay it on too thick. All that an author has to do to secure a favorable notice, short or long, in Blackwood's Magazine, is, to call it in the body of his work, or even in a foot-note, “that matchless miscellany,” “that exhaustless fund of all that is entertaining and instructive,” “that miracle of magazines,” “that peerless periodical,” “that glory of Scotland,” “that wonder of the world,” and so forth—while of ourself personally, let him merely say, “Christopher, who, with the wisdom of a Socrates, unites the wit of an

Aristophanes," "North, at once the Bacon, the Swift, and the Scott of the age," "Christopher, whose universal genius and achievements, while they prove the possibility of the existence of such a character as the Admirable Crichton, at the same time throw that wonderful person for ever into the shade," and let him be the most distinguished dunce extant—even MacDermot himself on Taste and Tragedy—and his brains shall be extolled to the skies, above moon and stars.

Shepherd. What'n avooal !

North. Why, James, are you so weak as ever to have imagined for a moment that I care a pin's point for truth, in the praise or blame bestowed or inflicted on any mortal creature in my Magazine ?

Shepherd. What's that you say ? can I believe my lugs ?

North. I have been merely amusing myself for a few years back with the great gawky world. I hate and despise all mankind—and hitherto I have been contented with laughing at them all in my sleeve—pleasing this blockhead only to pain that—holding up John as a great genius, that Tom might the more intensely feel himself to be a dunce. The truth is, James, that I am a misanthrope, and have a liking only for Cockneys.

Shepherd. The chandaleer's gaun to fa' down on our heads. Eat your words, sir, eat your words, or——

North. You would not have me *lie*, during the only time that, for many years, I have felt a desire to speak the *truth* ? The only distinctions I acknowledge are intellectual ones. Moral distinctions there are none ; and as for religion, it is all a——

Shepherd, (standing up.) And it's on principles like these—boldly and unblushingly avoo'd here—in Mr. Awmrose's paper-parlor, at the conclusion o' the sixth brodd, on the evening o' Monday the 22d of September, Anno Domini aughteen hunder and twenty-aught, within twa hours o' midnight—that you, sir, have been yeditin' a maggasin that has gone out to the uttermost corners o' the yerth, wherever civilization or uncivilization is known, deludin' and distractin' men and women folk' till it's impossible for them to ken their right hand frae their left—or whether they're standin' on their heels or their heads—or what byuk ought to be perused, and what byuk puttin' intil the bottom o' pie-dishes, and trunks—or what awthor hissed, or what awthor hurraa'd—or what's flummery and what's philosophy—or what's rant and what's religion—or what's monopoly and what's free tredd—or wha's Poets or wha's but Pats—or whether it's best to be drunk, or whether it's best to be sober a' hours o' the day and nicht—or if there should be rich church establishments as in England, or poor kirk ones as in Scotland—or whether the Bishop o' Canterbury, wi' twenty thousand a-year, is mair like a primitive Christian than the minister o'

Kirkintulloch wi' twa hunder and fifty—or if folk should aye be readin' sermons or fishin' for sawmon—or if it's best to marry or best to burn—or if the national debt hangs like a millstone round the neck o' the kintra or like a chain o' blae-berries—or if the Millennium be really close at haun'—or the present solar system be calculated to last to a' eternity—or whether the people should be edicated up to the highest pitch o' perfection, or preferably to be all like trotters through the Bog o' Allen—or whether the government should subsedeeze foreign powers, or spend a' its siller on ourselfs—or whether the blacks and the Catholics should be emancipawted or no afore the demolition o' priests and obis—or whether—God forgie us baith for the hypothesis,—man has a mortal or an immortal sowl—be a phoenix—or an eister !

North. Precisely so, James. You have drawn my real character to a hair—and the character, too, of the baleful work over which I have the honor and happiness to preside.

Shepherd. I canna sit here ony langer—and hear a' things, visible and invisible, turned tapsy-turvy and tapselteery—I'm aff—I'm aff—ower to the Auld Toon, to tak' toddy wi' Christians—and no wi' an Atheist, that would involve the warld in even-down Pyrrhonism—and disorder, if he could, the verra coorses o' the seven planets, and set the central sun adrift through the sky. Gude nicht to ye—sir—gude nicht. Ye are the maist dangerous o' a' reprobates, for your private conduct and character is that o' an angel, but your public that o' a fiend ; and the honey o' your domestic practice can be nae antidote to the pushion o' your foreign principles. I'm aff—I'm aff.

Enter MR. AMBROSE *with a Howtowdie, and King Pepin with Potatoes and Ham.*

Shepherd. (in continuation.) What brought ye intil the room the noo, Mr. Awmrose, wi' a temptation sic as that—nae flesh and bluid can resist? Awa' back to the kitchen wi' the savory sacrifice—or clash down the towdie afore the Bagman in the wee closet-room ayont the wainstcoat. What'n a bonnie, brown, basted, buttery, iley, and dreepin' breast o' a roasted earock ! O' a' the smells I ever fan', that is the maist insupportably seducin' to the palate. It has gien me the waterbrash. Weel, weel, Mr. North, since you insist on't, we'll resume the argument after supper.

North. Good night, James. Ambrose, deposit the towdie, and show Mr. Hogg down stairs. Lord bless you, James—good night.

Shepherd, (resuming his seat.) Dinna say anither word, sir. Nae farther apology. I forgie you. Ye wasna serious. Come, be cheerful—I'm soon pacified. O man, but ye cut up a fool wi' incredible dexterity ! There—a leg and a wing to yourself—and a leg

and a wing to me—then to you the breast—for I ken ye like the breast—and to me the back—and I dinna dislike the back,—and then howtowdie! “Farewell! a long farewell to all thy fatness.” O, sir! but the taties are gran’ the year! How ony Christian creature can prefer waxies to mealies I never could conjecture. Another spoonfu’ or twa o’ the gravy. Haud—haud—what a deluge!

North. This, I trust, my dear Shepherd, will be a good season for the poor.

Shepherd. Nae fear o’ that, sir. Has she ony eggs? But I forgot—the hens are no layin’ the noo. They’re mootin’. Faith, considering ye didna eat mony o’ the eisters, your appetee’ts no amiss, sir. Pray, sir, will ye tell me gin there be ony difference atween this newfangled oriental disease they ca’ the Cholera, and the gude auld-fashioned Scottish complent, the Colic?

North. Mr. Ambrose, give Mr. Hogg some bread.

Shepherd. Ye needna fash—Mr. Awmrose. I tak bread at breakfast, and the afternoons, but never either at dinner or sooper—but I’m thinkin’ a bottle apiece o’ Berwick’s or Giles’s strong yill ’ll taste gaen well after the portef. Tak tent in drawin’ the cork, that the yill doesna spoot up to the ceilin’. Bottled yill’s aye up in the stirrups. The moment you pu’ out the cork—in wi’ your thoomb—and then decant baith bottles into the dolphin.

North. Above an average crop, I suppose, James.

Shepherd. Do you contribute to it, sir?

North. To what?

Shepherd. Mr. Blackwood’s New Agricultural Journal,* to be sure. There’s a gran’ openin’ the noo for sic a wark—and he’s gotten a capital editor. The subject is endless as the earth itsel and its productions.

North. I am a Monogamist.

Shepherd. And what’s that—may I ask?

North. A man with one wife. Her name is Maga.

Shepherd. Ay—ye do richt in stickin’ to her. Were the ane o’ ye to die, the tither would soon follow. You are lovely in your lives, and in your deaths you will not be divided.

North. She sometimes has her sulks and her tantrums—but in spite of them all, our wedded life has been all one honeymoon.

Shepherd. And then what a breedy body! A new birth every month—and sometimes twins. Is she never to hae dune?

North. Dropping all figure or metaphor,—what do you think of Maga, the Matron?

Shepherd. She shud hae mair leeteratur—mair creetieshism—mair accounts o’ books o’ voyages and travels—mair overhawlin’ o’

* Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.—M.

the press—mair philosophic estimates o' the genius o' the age, in Poetry, Eloquence, Paintin', Music, the Playhouse, and the rest of the Fine Arts—mair topography and antiquities—aiblins, mair divinity, and I hear folk that canna read Latin and Greek cryin' out for the Classics, as they ca' them,—Popular Essays on the Classics, from Homer down to modern Romaics inclusive—and I can weel believe that the Greeks and Romans were gran' writers, for they were gran' fechtters, and the twa aye gang thegither—the Lyre and the Lance, the Pen and the Sward. Noo, tell me, sir, and tell me truly, was Theocratus really as gude a pastoral poet as me, or Robert Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Allan Cunningham?

North. He was, James, your equal in truth, simplicity, nature; more than your equal in an occasional rustic grace without a name—superior far in the power and magic of a language light as air, dense as clouds, cheerful as the dædal earth, magnificent as the much-and-many-sounding sea;—but he was, in variety of feelings and fancies, in depth and force of passion, in creation of character, in profusion of imagery, in invention of incident, far inferior to *Yor GLORIOUS FOUR*. He was indeed.

Shepherd. I'm glad to hear that, sir,—for the honor o' auld Scotland. She too, then, is an Arcawdia.

North. Let Glencorse-Burn, murmuring from Habbie's Howe through Compensation Pond, down into the Esk, and then to the sea,—let the Ayr and Doune, cheering Coila with immortal music,—let the dewy, no more the dowie holms of Yarrow,—let the Nith, from Closeburn to Criffel, attest the truth,—let the —

Shepherd. O man! but the inside o' the back is sappy—sappy. What wi' your sauce and it's ain gravy, this is the maist delicious towdie that ever foraged afore the fanners. Noo for the yill. I fancy there's nae sin in dichtin ain's gab wi' the table-cloth,—for I've forgotten my pocket-handkerchief in my big coat.

North. Is it not singular, James, that, though we two have each our own peculiar and characteristic style of eating, we have finished equal quantities in equal times?

Shepherd. I was dune lang afore you, sir,—and no to hurry you, have been sookin' awa, for ten minutes, in amang the trellice-wark o' the spine, lang after the banes o' the back were as dry as horn.

North. And I, for a quarter of an hour, have been dallying with the merry-thought.

Shepherd. I aye kent, though we sometimes seem to differ in opinion, that we are congenial speerits. For gudesake, dinna drain the dolphin!

North. A mixture of Giles's and Berwick*—nectar worthy an ambrosial feast!

* Ale and porter mixed in equal quantities, which thirsty mortals do call *half-and-half*.—M.

Shepherd. It gars my een water, and my lugs crack. Noo for the toasted cheese.

(*Enter Toffy with two Welch rabbits, and exit.*)

Shepherd, (looking after him.) What droich o' a new cretur's that?

North. A Welchman. Desirous of seeing the world, he worked his passage from Penrhyn to Liverpool, on board a slater—thence played the part of shoe-black in a steamer to Greenock and Glasgow—from Port Dundas in the West country to Port Hopetoun in the East, he ballad-sang himself in an unknown tongue by one of the canal coal-boats—and Mr. Ambrose, who has a fine natural *coup d'œil*, picked him up one morning in the Vegetable Market, munching a carrot, without hat, shoes or stockings—but a lively, active, and intelligent-looking lad as you can see—and in less than a month he was the best waiter in Edinburgh.

Shepherd. What's the name o' the creture?

North. On account of a slight limp in his left leg, which promotes rather than impedes his activity, we call him—Sir David Gam.

Shepherd. I hae some thochts o' keepin' a flunkiey —

North. Don't, James. A lassie's far better in every respect.

Shepherd. But then, sir, a flunkiey in the Forest livery wad look sae genteel and fashionable —

North. What is the Forest livery?

Shepherd. Bricht bottle green, sir, lined and turned up at the tails, lappelles, cuffs, and collar, wi' oker, barred on the breast, when the single-breasted coat's buttoned, wi' zig-zag stripes o' twisted gold lace—and the buttons o' yellow brass, few in number, but about as big's a tea-cup cheena saucer. That's the Forest livery, sir.

North. The nether integuments?

Shepherd. What? the breeks? There's nae maitter about the breeks—but, generally speakin', nankeens, wi' blue thread stockings and pumps, in summer—and in winter, corduroys, wi' gray rig and fur worsteds, and quarter boots.

North. I do not believe Sir David would leave Picardy for any place in the world; besides, James, it would not be handsome to tempt him away from Mr. Ambrose, by the offer of high wages —

Shepherd. High wages, indeed! The deevil a wage he should have frae me. A shute o' livery—and anither of wark claes—a ride in the gig thrice a week—that's to say, in the box abint—and on the hill the ither three days wi' the grets—as muckle's he could eat and drink o' meat, vegetables, and milkness, cheese included—plenty o' fun in the kitchen—and what mair could the heart o' the bit young Auncient Briton desire?

North. I have no doubt that Sir David is laying up golden store, with a view to purchase an estate in his native country. Like us Scotchmen, the Welch are a proud and provident race. He is a boy of birth.

Shepherd. There noo, Mr. North, there's the whole Principawltiy o' Wales lying untouched for articles in the Magazine. What for is't ca'd the Principawltiy? What like is't by our ain Highlands? Is the language the same's the Erse? What mean ye by the Welch Triads? Did Cadwaller, Urien, Lewellen, Modred, and Hoel, flourish afore or after Ossian? And aboon a', what is or can be in a' this world, what, for mercy's sake, tell me, can be the meanin' o' the Cymrodion at Estoffud?

North. All in good time, James—but I have hitherto been very unlucky about Wales. The only literary Welshman of great abilities and erudition, I know, has been too busily occupied with the important functions of his own useful and honorable profession, to become a contributor to *Maga**—and these idle dogs of Oxonians and Cantabs —

Shepherd. What! Mr. Sheward and Mr. Buller?

North. No—no—no. Batches of boys from Oxford and Cambridge, about to become Bachelors of Arts, settle down in Bangor and Llanwryst, and other pretty Welsh villages, getting themselves crammed by tutors with Greek and cube roots for wranglers, and senior optimes, and first classmen, and over and over again, during the last seven years, have the vagabonds promised to send me lots of leading articles —

Shepherd. Never trust till a contributor forty miles aff frae Embro'. Besides, young lawds like them, though clever chiels, nae doubt, carryin' aff at college gold medals for Greek and Latin epigrams, and English poems on the Druids, and so on, canna write articles gud for muckle—they canna indeed—and for years to come should just confine themsel's to Allbums.

North. Allbums! James—these compendiums of wit and wisdom have become the greatest nuisances of all civilized society —

Shepherd. Tuts, man—what ails ye at Allbums!

North. They have broken that confidence between man and woman, which, in our young day, used to form the delight of an acquaintance with an amiable and accomplished female. In those happy times, how often have we sat in a bright circle of the fair and young, and talked, and laughed, in the gaiety of our careless hearts, without fear or apprehension! But now we are afraid, in the presence of ladies, to give utterance to any thing beyond a remark upon the weather. It is long since we have drilled ourselves

* The Rev. Archdeacon Williams, then Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. He read the funeral service over the remains of Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey.—M.

to attribute smiles and whispers, and even squeezes of the hand, to their true source. We see an album lurking in every dimple of a young maiden's cheek, and a large folio common-place book, reposing its alexandrine length in every curve of a dowager's double chin.

Shepherd. Tuts, man! What ails ye at Allbums?

North. No age is free from the infection. We go to a house in the country, where there are three unmarried daughters, two aunts, and a grandmother. Complain not of a lack of employment on a rainy morning, in such a domicile and establishment as this. You may depend upon it, that the first patter of rain upon the window is the signal for all the vellum and morocco bound scrap-books to make a simultaneous rush upon the table. Forth comes the grandmother, and pushes an old dingy-colored volume into your hands, and pointing out a spare leaf, between a receipt for curing corns, and a mixture for the whooping-cough, she begs you to fill it up—with any thing you please.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, man—why canna you obleege the auld body?

North. What right has an old woman, with silver spectacles on her long thin nose, to enlist any man among the awkward squad which compose her muster-roll? Who can derive inspiration from the bony hand, which is coaxingly laid on your shoulder, and trembles, not from agitation or love, but merely from the last attack of the rheumatism?

Shepherd. But young leddies hae their Allbums, too, as weel's auld anes.

North. And even the young ladies, James, presume too much upon their power. Is there no way of getting into their books, but by writing in their albums? Are we to pay for smiles at the rate of so many lines a dimple? If the fair creatures are anxious to show they can read, let them discover it by the tenor of their conversation, and not by large folios of quotations from books which every body knows; or if they are anxious to show that they can write, we can tell them they are very wrong in having any such wish. I will put it to any man—are not the pleasantest women of his acquaintance those to whose handwriting he is the greatest stranger? Did they not think their adored enslaver, who at one time was considered, when they were musing on her charms, beneath some giant tree, within the forest shade, “too fair to worship, too divine to love,”—did they not think her a little less divine, without being a bit more lovable, when they pored over, in her autograph, a long and foolish extract from some dunderhead's poems, with the points all wrong placed, and many of the words misspelt?

Shepherd. Neither points nor spellin''s o' the smallest consequence in a copy o' verses.

North. Think of the famous lovers of antiquity, James. Do you think Thisbe kept a scrap-book, or that Pyramus slipped "Lines on Thisbe's Cat" through the celebrated hole-in-the-wall? No such thing. If he had, there would have been as little poetry in his love as in his verses. No man could have had the insolence, not even a Cockney poetaster, to kill himself for love, after having scribbled namby-pambys in a pale-blue gilt-edged album.

Shepherd. Faith—that's rather a laughable idea.

North. In every point of view, scrap-books are the death of love. Many a very sensible man can "whisper soft nonsense in a lady's ear," when all the circumstances of the scene are congenial. We ourselves have frequently descended to make ourselves merely the most agreeable man in the world, till we unfortunately discovered that the blockheads who could not comprehend us when we were serious, were still farther from understanding the ineffable beauty of our nonsense; so that in both cases we were the sufferers. They took our elegant badinage for our sober and settled opinions, and laughed in the most accommodating manner when we delivered our real and most matured sentiments.

Shepherd. Ye've run aff the coorse, sir.

North. Let no man despise the opinion of blockheads. In every society they form the majority, and are generally the most powerful and influential. Laugh not at their laborious disquisitions on the weather, and their wonderful discoveries of things which every one knows. If you offend a fool, you turn the whole muddy port of his composition into rancid vinegar, and not all the efforts you can make will abate its sourness.

Shepherd. What the deevil are you drivin' after noo? You're just like a horse, sir, that aye gangs fastest when ye turn him aff the main road.

North. Nobody can write with any thing like ease in a scrap-book. It is much more widely published, so far as you are concerned, than if it issued from Albemarle Street,* or Blackwood. Every person who sees your contributions, knows something or other about yourself. Whereas you might publish twenty volumes, and not one of your immediate neighbors, except, perhaps, a literary trunk-maker, know any thing of the matter.

Shepherd. That's a fact.

North. If you write a flaming panegyric on any of those fair tormentors, you are set down as violently in love; and if you happen to be *very* warm in your praises, you will most probably be

* By John Murray, the London publisher.—M.

prosecuted for a "breach of promise of marriage," or shot dead, or lamed for life, by a brother as tall and fierce as Odohertry.

Shepherd. I wad see him damn'd first, afore I wad fecht him in sic a quarrel.

North. In summer, when the woods are green, how delightful to wander forth, James, with some young blue-eyed maiden, far into the forest; to see the sun glinting on the moistened leaves, while the cushat is murmuring its song of happiness, which seems like the indistinct hum of a heart too filled with bliss to express it in intelligible words!

Shepherd. Ay—noo that you're aff on that topic, I may ca' for my nightcap. Auld men never tire o' taukin' o' love.

North. Who in such a situation as this has not felt, while his affections spread wide over the whole human kind, that there arose a tenderer and warmer friendship for the pure and lovely being who was gazing so placidly on the clear blue heavens; or clung closer to his side as the roaring of the distant linn, the sough of the wavering branches, the cawing of rooks, the singing of the birds, and the mighty hum which pervades a vast and almost breathing forest, impressed a feeling of awe upon her innocent heart!

Shepherd. Very innicent—nae doubt. They're a' innicent wi' their tales, and yours.

North. In a scene like this, if one speaks at all, it is not in the same style or manner as in a "gay and lighted hall." There is a humbling and yet an awakening thrill rushes upon the heart, which might well be mistaken for religion, save that its influence is so transitory—

Shepherd. Say rather idolatry—eemage-worship.

North. And who, in such a situation, as he gazed with softened and chastened kindness on the pale cheek of his beautiful companion, as he watched her eye wander with a wild yet admiring expression from the mighty oak that casts its unwieldy arms over the yawning gulf, where far down, you knew by the noise, a river was struggling in its narrow bed, as the lion roars and dashes his mighty strength against his cage,—who would not take her by the waist, small and delicate as the waist may be, and chuck her half way over the brae, if she turned to you, and said, "How pretty! —You must write something on this, in my scrap-book."

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw—haw!—that's really very enter-teenen'.

North. It is upwards of fifteen years since we last contributed to an album; and as in fifteen years we have seen the advantages of refusing to do so, we do not expect we ever shall do so again. We are not excited to this by a selfish wish for ease. We would do any thing in the world to please the whole sex—from the plainest

and least angelic damsel that ever mended stockings, and made extracts from Nourse's Cookery, to the bright and fascinating maid that knitted silk-purses, and wept over Medora and Gertrude, between the intervals of painting fans and thumping a grand piano. But the surest way to please them all, is to contribute to none. If you write no method of pickling onions for Joan, you write no sonnet to Anna Matilda.

Shepherd. Change the subject, sir—I hae often observed that the better a man speaks on ony topic, the sooner you weary o't. Do you ken then I rather effeck the company o' blockheads?

North. O the delights of dulness! real, open, downright, acknowledged stupidity; where the idiot sits down on the quietest edge of the sofa, and has his great gray lightless eyes as entirely fixed on vacancy, as if the vision tended backwards into his own skull; where no remark is expected from him on any subject, however simple, and where, if he happens by accident to say something that has a glimmering of sense, it is treasured up as a wonder, while all your own witticisms are considered common-place.

Shepherd. That's no the thing in't I like—but—

North. In a party composed entirely of gentlemen—how placid his countenance, while all the others are disputing! How calmly his eye rests on his smoking trencher, while others are engaged in literary, legal, or philosophical discussions! What does he care whether the Catholics obtain their claims, and hang the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the string of his own apron! What does he care about Tests and Corporations,* Free Trades, Navarinos, and Don Miguels!

Shepherd. Wunna ye let a body speak?

North. Then how different from this calm placidity of emptiness is the noisy, restless sort of inanity, which distinguishes another class of fools! In them the eye is perpetually wandering; they smirk, giggle, and look as wise when a sensible man is speaking, as if they tried to persuade people they understood him. But all in vain. Look at that little man with the brown coat; see how he smiles with the same idiotical simper, whatever is the subject of conversation; hear how he interrupts, questions, doubts, and finally, squeaks so loud in his reply, that he wakens all the children in the nursery up stairs, whose squalling rouses the lap-dog, whose yelping, when you kick it, produces frowns from your amiable hostess; and all through that empty-pated blockhead; you walk home with your head throbbing as if it would burst, and, moreover, with the reputation among all your friends of a hard-hearted monster, who kicked poor Brush, and almost broke its ribs—

* The Test and Corporation Act was repealed in the Parliamentary Session of 1828.—M.

Shepherd. Wull ye no alloo a body to edge in a single sentence, sir?

North. But they are more intolerable even than that. They will interrupt you in the most interesting *tete-a-tetes*—will bounce into a room just when you are popping the question, and astonish the faltering damsel, who is blushing at your side, by compliments on the beauty of her complexion, all the time you are anxious to put the insignificant coxcombs up the chimney.

Shepherd. Mr. North, I say, wull ye no alloo a body to pit in a single sentence?

North. Puppies of this kind can sometimes sing, and woe betide their hearers! They can dance, play tricks with cards, and sometimes even sew. They are sent messages, they are despised by the men, they are laughed at by the women, and every body at last agrees, that a noisy fool is not half so agreeable as a quiet one.

Shepherd. I wush you was a wee mair quiet yoursell—you're ceasin' to be yeloquent, and becomin' loquawcious.

North. We have no hesitation in saying, that a fool who knows himself to be one, and holds his tongue, is one of the most delightful and enviable men in the world.

Shepherd. Whisht! whisht!—What's the great Reviews about, Mr. North?

North. Our excellent friend, Dr. Brewster,* has written a very good and scientific paper, James, upon the recent history of astronomy, for the last Quarterly.

Shepherd. I dinna doubt it—the Doctor's a real clever man.

North. In this article the Doctor informs us of many things of which we, in our astronomical ignorance, had no conception. Such as, that ourselves, the Sun, and Venus, and Mercurius, and the rest, are but a *nebula*—

Shepherd. A nebula!—What's a nebula?

North. Never mind. That we are posting off, all of us in company, at some certain rate an hour, to bait at the sign of Hercules; that stars, which we simply had imagined to be like the stars in the back scene of a play, *stationary*, (excuse the pun—it is in Joe Miller,) were moving about as merrily as mites in cheese—and that a great many, which we considered to be in a state of single blessedness, were in reality as double as Lucifer—the star of the morning—has occasionally appeared to our matin optics, as they saluted the dawning day, dimmed somewhat, from intense application in this our Picardian Academus of Ambrose.

Shepherd. I never could mak out how astronomers lay doon their

* Dr. Brewster, Principal of the University of St. Andrews, is one of the eight Foreign Associate members of the Institute of France, and founded the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He was knighted by William IV.—M.

localities in the gate they do, wi' sic a Paterson-road precision, in the heavenly regions. I suspect they tell great lees. But go on, sir; there's a pleasure in listenin' to what ane does na understaun'.

North. It appears, James, that Messrs. Smith and Herschel have, by a system somewhat similar to ours, at which we have this moment glanced, viz. by a diligent and unceasing use of their glasses, discovered some 380 double stars, and fixed, finally, irrevocably, and beyond all contestation, sixteen binary systems; or, if any one has a mind to be critically and impertinently exact, fourteen.

Shepherd. But what is a binary system?

North. Never mind, James. Fourteen binary systems, whereof follows a list in Doctor Brewster's article, with which God forbid you should trouble yourself farther, James, as you have something better to do than to trouble your brains with ξ Ursæ Majoris—s f μ Bootis—and the rest of the rabble of heavenly rubbish; rabble, we say; for we do not perceive one among them which seems to be a star of the slightest respectability.

Shepherd. Wae's me! I've entirely lost the thread o' your discourse. Do you ken, you've gien me a desperate headache?

North. Like a Socrates, James, we were busied in bringing down wisdom from heaven to earth, and drawing, by an easy and soothing process, the minds of our readers from the double stars of the firmament, to the double stars which will decorate the front of our November Number 1828—the twin luminaries of Maga, shining harmoniously forth on the eyes of dark, benighted, wandering travellers, like reason to the soul.

Shepherd. Twa numbers again! Some month o' some year or ither, you'll be puttin' out three, and if the warld stauns that, she'll staun ony thing.

North. We recommend all manner of persons to dismiss from their minds all considerations of

— sphere,
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle; orb in orb;

And be warned by Adam's advice and our own

— to know,
That which before them on the table lies,
Is the prime wisdom—what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence.

i. e. to say, the London, Monthly, and New Monthly Magazines.

Shepherd. Come, come, nae sneerin' at the ither periodicals. They're a' verra gude.

North. They are—and the London is amazingly improved under its present able management.* Here then we are, revolving not round one another in periods varying from 51 to 1200 years, but round the public in one steady period of thirty days; not through idle space, cheerless and uncheered, as far as humanity is concerned, but among millions of our countrymen, filling them with joy, and mirth, and gladness, and Toryism; never stationary, never retrograde, but always direct; never *minus*, always *plus*—

Shepherd. O man! but you appear to me to be keepin' up the metaphor wi' great power and skill, like a man playin' by himself at battledore and shuttlecock, wha may gie ower whene'er he likes without losin' the game.

North. Our shine never dimmed by occultation or obscuration, but ever brilliant, fixed, and untwinkling; never of aspect malign, (except to the Whigs, in whose horoscope our influence was worse than that of Saturn,) but always benignant and friendly—always the lodestar.

Shepherd. Your vice, Mr. North, is soundin' in my lugs like a far aff waterfa'.

North. The cynosure of church and king, on whom, with joyful eye, the tried friends of both delight to look, with a glance as keen and discriminating, as ever Dr. Brinkley,† the Bishop of Cloyne, first of astronomers and worthiest of men, ever turned upon Gamma Draconis, when in quest of its parallax.

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' I was drappin' asleep the noo, and tumblin' ower a precipice. I howp I did na yawn nane!

North. Yawn, James!—yes, that you did, like a chasm in a treatise on the picturesque. This may *seem* the language of eulogium—it is that of truth. We appeal to that great mathematician whom we have named, and who is this moment occupied in studying our pages in the calm retirement of the Episcopal dwelling of St. Colman; we appeal to Dr. Pond,‡ Dr. Brewster, Mr. Herschel, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Smith, Mr. Rigaud, Mr. Powell, and the late Messrs. Vince and Woodhouse, (is the latter dead?) the invisible Dr. Blair of the University of Edinburgh, and the inaudible Dr. Cowper of the west country, and any other person who has made the movements of heavenly bodies the study of his life.

Shepherd. What is that you appeal to them about—may I respectfully ask you, sir?

North. Why, James, upon my honor I forget—let it be any thing whatever.

* By Charles Knight, Editor of the Pictorial Shakespeare.—M.

† Dr. Brinkley, Professor of Astronomy in Trinity College, Dublin, was made Bishop of Cloyne, in 1826, and died in 1835.—M.

‡ Mr. Pond was Astronomer Royal of England. The others were highly distinguished for their scientific attainments.—M.

Shepherd. Oh aye! I see how it is. The toddy's beginnin' to tell. The memory first gangs, and then the judgment.

North. We are frequently asked what is the reason why we publish double Numbers, as we sometimes do. The answer is in one word—Necessity. With that plea we excuse the devilish deeds of our groaning presses. What can we do? In the space of eight sheets it is physically impossible to squeeze the matter of sixteen. Inexorable, and occasionally even fierce, in the rejection of articles, as we are, it is still out of our power to keep down the ever-growing pile of excellent matter, which swells behind our editorial chair. We use all the methods recommended by old Anchises in Virgil,—

“Alia pandantur inanes,
Suspensa ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igne.”

Which may be thus literally translated—

Some from our attic window, perch'd on high,
Borne on Auld Reekie's winds, are sent to fly—
Some, hurl'd indignant by the hand of North,
Dive to the bottom of the Frith of Forth—
While o'er the rest impends a fiery fate,
The cook's devouring flames, the terrors of the grata.

Shepherd. That's smooth versification, sir.

North. Yet with all these methods, and others, which we deem it unnecessary to mention, we cannot succeed.

Shepherd. Puir chiel!—I was sorry to hear o' the death o' the head Incremawtor. What for did he no insure his life?

North. There are articles which it were sin—mortal sin—to destroy; and for these, how are we to manage, but by establishing a Supplemental Number? It is our sole remaining resource, and happy are we to say, it has always been palatable to both public and publisher. We never heard a complaint against it, but one from an Irish gentleman living in Nassau-street, Dublin, that it puzzled him extremely when we published a double Number, for he never could distinguish which was the Magazine, and which the Supplement. Both of them, said he, are so first-rate, that there is no knowing which is to play second fiddle to the other.

Shepherd. The first time a dooble Number appeared, ma copies were brought in by the lass as usual in a brown paper parshel, weel waxed and twined—and directed, James Hogg, Esq., Mount Benger. I tore't open—and thinks I, am I fou? When a body's in that state, you ken sir, you can dispel the delusion o' dooble vision o' any particular object, like a tome or a tummler, by takin' hard haud o't in your haun', like grim death, and thus garrin' garrin' yoursel confess that it's in the singular number. You've often dune that, sir, I'm

sure. But on that occasion I held a number in ilka haun'—and I cried to the lass, who had gaen ben the trance, "Tibbie, is't ere a byeuk, wi' a man's face on't, in your master's richt haun' and likewise in his left?" Tibby answered in the affirmative and I grew convinced that there was *bona feedy* a dooble Number.

North. Couldn't you have looked at the leading articles, James?

Shepherd. I thoct o' doin that—but suppose the ane had begun wi' a Horæ Germanicæ XXIV., and the other wi' a Horæ Italicæ XIV., hoo the devil could ever I have come to ony satisfactory and permanent conclusion as to there being only æ magazine or twa?

North. James, why were you not at the magnificent dinner given to that best of Highland gentlemen and soldiers, General David Stewart of Garth, on his appointment to the government of St. Lucie?*

Shepherd. What for was ye no there yoursel'? But ca' him Garth.

North. I was confined to bed, and in vain attempted to put on the tartans.

Shepherd. I set out in the gig, but got laired—for the Lammas floods were down—and the gig was na got out till the road had subsided. Sad and sorry was I no to be present to show my regard and respect for my distinguished friend, about to take farewell for a time o' his native land. I had written twa songs for the occasion. The ane on Garth himsel' I'll sing anither time. But here's the ane ca'd the "Stuarts o' Appin."

I SING of a land that was famous of yore,
The land of Green Appin, the ward of the flood,
Where every gray cairn that broods over the shore,
Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good.
The land where the strains of gray Ossian were framed,—
The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fingal,
And late of a race that with tears must be named,
The noble CLAN STUART, the bravest of all.
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old STUARTS of Appin!
Their glory is o'er,
For the clan is no more,
And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
And all the proud files of Glenorchy and Lorn,
While one of the STUARTS held claim on the crown,
His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,
But still on the STUARTS of Appin they ran,
To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

* General Stewart of Garth was author of a valuable History of the Highland Clans.—M.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood
 The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing,—
 It was then that the STUARTS the foremost still stood,
 And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
 O proud Inverlochy! O day of renown!
 Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruncheon,
 Was ne'er such an host by such valor o'erthrown,
 Was ne'er such a day for the STUARTS of Appin!
 Oh-hon, an Rei, and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

And ne'er for the crown of the STUARTS was fought
 One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
 But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
 And dearest of all on the field of Culloden!
 Lament, O Glen-creran, Glen-duror, Ardshiel,
 High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd were never,
 For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
 And the bold clan of STUART must perish for ever.
 Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Scaforth bends low,*
 The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labor!
 Glenco, and Clan-Donnachie, where are they now!
 And where is bold Keppoch, the loved of Lochaber!
 All gone with the house they supported!—laid low,
 While dogs of the south their bold life blood were lapping,
 Trod down by a proud and a merciless foe,
 The brave are all gone with the STUARTS of Appin!
 Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

They are gone! They are gone! The redoubted, the brave!
 The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing,
 Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave,
 Where the unconquered foes of the Campbell are lying.
 But, long as the gray hairs wave over this brow,
 And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
 My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
 And bleed for the fall of the STUARTS of Appin,
 Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin!
 The gallant, devoted, old STUARTS of Appin!
 Their glory is o'er,
 For their star is no more,
 And the green grass waves o'er the heroes of Appin!

(The whole tenement rings with acclamation.)

Shepherd. What's that? What's that?

Ambrose. (Entering, much agitated.) The Festal Hall, Mr. North, is filled with the Canongate Kilwinning—we have five supper parties

* Lord Seaforth, who was head of the Mackenzie clan, died in January, 1815, and the title became dormant, if not extinct. Scott wrote a poem on his death. The Earldom (forfeited in 1715.) was one of the oldest in Scotland. The Celtic designation of the chief of the clan is Caberfae, meaning Staghead, the armorial bearing of the family. There was an old tradition, believed to be fulfilled by Lord Seaforth's death, that when there should be a deaf Caberfae, the house should fall—M.

in the Parlors—and the whole insist on either sending deputations, or coming bodily —

Shepherd. Fling open the faulding-doors, Awmrose—and that ither door comandin' a vista o' the lang trans—

(The wide folding-doors fly open, and the Festal Hall is seen illuminated through all its lofty length, with its gas chandeliers, and crammed with the Brethren of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, in gorgeous apparel. The side-door also is unfolded, and the lobby, far as the eye can reach, is seen crowded with crowned heads. There is a deep silence for a moment, and, as Mr. NORTH and Hogg rise and bow, the thunder of applause is like the splitting of an iceberg.)

Shepherd. Noo's the time for a toast, Mr. North. Tak them in the fit, and astonish their weak minds wi' a speech.

North. *(Raising his right arm in sign of silence, amidst prodigious applause.)* Gentlemen,—On rising to propose, with all the honors, The Duke of Wellington and his Majesty's Ministers, *(Thunders of applause,)*—it will scarcely be expected that I can, at this late hour of the night, take more than a very general and sweeping survey of the principles that now guide the foreign and domestic policy of what, I fear not, will prove itself to be the wisest and strongest government with which Great Britain was ever blessed, by a gracious and benignant Providence. *(Loud cries of Hear, hear, hear.)* Thank Heaven, it is a *fixed* and a *permanent* government. Ministers were becoming as fickle and variable a race as women—either as young or old women—*(laughter)*—and though at first wonderfully thankful, they in general contrived to get into the sulks before the expiration of the honeymoon. *(Loud laughter.)* Why really, gentlemen, there was much to admire in the picturesque—the fantastic combinations into which the cloudland of administration was being perpetually thrown by every gale that chanced to blow from north or south—the chief shape in the airy pageant being sometimes like a whale, sometimes like a camel, and sometimes like a weasel. *(Loud laughter.)* But the whole unsubstantial fabric of mist and vapor is swept away—and we have once more a clear view of the bold, bright, blue sky. *(Hear, hear, hear.)* Why, even had the men and the measures themselves been good, there had been something luckless and portentous in this perpetual shifting of scenery and actors—but they were *all very bad*, or indifferently so—and, thank Heaven, before the bungled performance could be brought to anything like a catastrophe, the curtain dropped; and pray, whether, think ye, was it the more likely to have proved a tragedy or a farce? *(Much laughter)*—I said, gentlemen, that those frequent changes were bad as changes—and they were worse

on this account, that they were always changes approximating the government nearer and nearer to what the country hates, despises, and distrusts—Whiggery.—(*Loud cheers*)—Gentlemen, only suppose for a moment a change in the management of the editorship of Blackwood's Magazine.—(*No, no, no, no; we cannot suppose it—no, no, no.*)—Suppose Tickler edited *Maga* in spring,—(*Loud cheers*)—Mr. Hogg in Summer—(*Immense cheering and laughter*)—Mordecai Mullion in autumn—(*Laughter*)—and in winter Ensign and Adjutant Morgan O'Doherty, the Standard-bearer—(*Tremendous applause, and shouts of laughter*)—High as one and all of these eminent individuals stand, both as public and private characters in the estimation of the world, and most deservedly so—(*Hear, hear*)—I put it boldly to your consciences, and on your consciences you will reply—would, could *MAGA* have been the *MAGA* she long has been, is, and ever will be, under the Prime-Ministership—the First Lord of the Treasuryship, of the very humble person who now addresses you, old Christopher North?—(*Never, never, never,—hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra. Enthusiastic cheers for many minutes.*) But, gentlemen, suppose me dead,—(*No, no, no, never, never, never,—hurra, hurra, hurra; North's immortal—hurra*)—and that *Maga*, by one of those wonderful changes in human affairs that sometimes startle the eye of wisdom, and make virtue hang her head—suppose that the administration of *Maga* had fallen into the hands, or rather the paws of the Cockneys—(*Enormous guffaws*)—that Leigh Hunt had been appointed Prime Minister, (*continued cachinnation*) Hazlitt, Home Secretary—(*Much derision*)—and Tims elevated to the War Department—(*Convulsions of laughter.*)* Gentlemen, the base faction whom we have finally put down, might have been forgiven much, had they loved their country—even as slaves love the soil. But the passion of patriotism is too nearly akin to virtue ever to find a place in the bosoms of the degenerate. They strove, as if they had been ungrateful aliens, in vain legitimatized on the sacred soil of Albion, to shear her crown of glory of all its beams—(*Hear, hear, hear.*) True, they had a few watch-words which their unhallowed lips profaned—Hampden and Sydney, for example,—names that lost all their grandeur, when eulogized by the drivellings of drunken demagogues,—(*Tremendous applause*)—who, on concluding their orations, in their zeal against corruption, forgot to pay their bill, and by their love of liberty, were eventually laid by the heels in jail.—(*Immense laughter.*) Gentlemen, let me come to the point at once. The great question is, peace or war? Yes, say a thousand tongues—peace—because you can't help it. The Viscount Chateau-

* This strange jumble of real and imaginary persons, whereby the fictitious and the actual were so mingled together that many readers had arrived at the conclusion that all were real, was characteristic of *Maga* during the first five-and-twenty years of her vigorous existence.
—M.

briand in his *Journal des Debats*—the fat old editor of the *Courier Français*—Cobbett—Hunt—the *Philadelphia Quarterly*—Sheil—Connel—Lawless—many others in all shapes and sizes, loudly exclaim,—You must have peace. You are broken by your debt; you can't fire a gun. There are the Irish Papists; there are the Luddites (this was Chateaubriand's crotchet;) there are the one-pound notes; there is everything in this world! *Hear, hear, hear, that's a capital expression.*) Fight you can't—you are dead. You are “effaced in the universe,” says the Viscount. “Bless us,” says a man of a very superior order of talent to Chateaubriand, namely Cobbett, “how pacific and gentle we are become in these days! We want the lion to lie down with the lamb. Having the greatest captain of the age at the head of us, and having a most thundering standing army in the midst of profound peace, we, quite in the Quaker style, are wholly employed in producing peace and quietness among all the nations on the earth. Not content with having peace for ourselves, and letting the rest of the world do what it likes, we must needs make all other nations, or, at least, pray them to do it, live in peace and in brotherly love. This is a new tone, and this is a new office for England. It is very amiable; and it is amongst those good effects which poverty produces wherever it exists.” (*Capital! Cobbett's often capital.**) And so Old England is beaten! Well! we are sorry for it—for it was a good fighting sort of country once upon a time. We remember the day when it had a name for holding out cold iron; and looking on, if we have seen—

—— that glory fade,
That honor perish, and that fame decay,

there is no use of talking about it any further; we have seen a sorry sight. (*Devil the fears—hurraw, hurraw, hurraw.*) Cheer up! old Queen of the Waters! cheer up! We cannot fight, it seems. Have we fewer hands, or weaker thews and sinews, or colder hearts—is the breed of the men of Cressy, and Poitiers, and Agincourt, and Blenheim, and Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, Alexandria, Talavera, and Salamanca, Vittoria and Toulouse, and Waterloo—to say nothing of the Armada, La Hogue, the West Indies (Rodney), the 1st of June, Camperdown, St. Vincent,

* Cobbett often *was* capital. No English political writer ever had so much weight, with all his inconsistencies, as Cobbett. In politics he had veered round to all points of the compass, commencing with Pitt and ending with Paine, but he was in earnest, for the time being, on whatever he wrote. He had a good, clear, intelligible way of expressing himself, which the meanest of the chaw-bacons (as he used to call them) or laboring classes, could understand. Southey told me that he considered Cobbett the best English prose-writer since the time of Jeremy Taylor. When Cobbett died, in June, 1835, (literally killed, at the age of 73, by the late hours and impure atmosphere of the House of Commons, for his strong constitution and temperate habits had marked him as likely to live at least fifteen years longer, under ordinary circumstances,) the warmest eulogies upon his character as a writer and a man were those written by his political opponents.—M.

the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, with ten thousand other battles and sieges by sea and land, which, in other histories, would have filled the trump of fame, as fitting passports to immortality for all concerned in them, and as crowns of eternal glory for the nation whose annals they illuminated. (*Loud and enthusiastic cries of Hear, hear, hear.*) Is that breed of men extinct? Nobody will say it. Is the spirit departed from among us, which won France in the days of chivalry, which smote to the ground the power of Spain, in the times of the commencement of modern civilization—(*No, it lives, and will live for ever*)—which has spread the dominions of Japhet unto the tents of Shem, and seated a company of foreign merchants upon the throne of the Tamerlanes and the Gengises—(*Beautifu' Oriental imagery—Hear, hear, hear*)—which fought single-handed against almost the whole world in arms, and came forth jubilant in victory from the gigantic contests in our own days—is the spirit that has made one of the smallest of nations mistress of all the waves of the sea, wheresoever they roll from north and south—is that spirit dead? (*Na, na, na,—it's an immortal speerit.*) Let anybody say so, and we shall “call the tailor, loon.” (*Tiler, tiler, tiler,—snip, snip, snip.*) A tailor must he be—(*he maun be sae*)—and a must degenerate tailor—(*hear, hear, hear*)—a stercoraceous fawner upon the foreman—(*Loud laughter*)—who never could screw his courage to the desperation of dreaming that he could be a man. (*Here the house was convulsed for several minutes.*) No—nobody says this. General Foy, in his posthumous work,* James, —Gentlemen—Mr. Speaker—in which he endeavors to depreciate the English soldier as much as he can, is obliged in spite of himself to stop in his career of cursing, and to bless altogether. As for our sailors, he gives up any attempt to impeach their valor—he coolly dismisses them as “sea-wolves roaming over the ocean,” with whom contest is so hopeless as to be almost impertinent. But a band there was, the invincible Soldiers of La Belle France—there was the Old Guard, which, as Cambronne said, as he was sneaking away in custody of a corporal, “may die, but not surrender;” and with them, competition on the part of the modern Vikinger, was held to be equally absurd. In Spain, however, he remarks, the French officers observed that it was much easier to laugh at English armies in their *casernes* of Paris, than to stand before them in the fields of the Peninsula;—(*Hear, hear*)—and, adds the General, with much *naïveté*, “it does not require much discrimination to find out that

* This was a History of the Peninsular War, written by General Foy, and published by his widow, after his death. General Foy, who had previously won laurels in Italy, Germany, and Portugal, succeeded Marmont, as commander-in-chief of the French forces, after the battle of Salamanca, and skillfully conducted the retreat of the Douro—as related in Napier's Peninsular War. At Waterloo he received his fifteenth wound, but refused quitting his post until the battle was ended. When he died, 1825, he was so poor, that a public subscription was raised to provide for his widow and family and erect a monument to his memory.—M.

the same courage, constancy, discipline, and coolness, which obtained for them victories at sea, would be equally available if properly conducted on land." Yet before Waterloo, the French Peninsular officers comforted themselves with the reflection, that the Emperor had not yet been opposed—excepting at Acre, which was judiciously forgotten—to the English troops—that the Old Guard had never been looked upon in all the grimness of gasconade;—(*laughter*)—and "wait," said they, "till *then*." Well! the time came at last of this much-wished-for consummation. There was the Emperor—there was the Guard—there was the flower of France—there was Ney—and Murat, and the other thunderbolts of war, fighting for their lives, their honors, their fame, with all the desperation of men who knew that victory was glory and fortune, and that defeat was total ruin. And what was the result?—(*Ay, what was the result!*)—Foy, and other writers of his school, filled with mean jealousy against the great and glorious General that prostrated their idol, a meanness of which Bonaparte himself, to his disgrace, was guilty,* say all that they can to depreciate the Duke of Wellington. (*Scornful laughter.*) They employ all the petty and contemptible sophistry with which the discomfited have always consoled themselves, to decry the military skill of a General who never knew what it was to be defeated; and some of them go so far as to say, with countenances of triple brass, that the French had actually won the victory, and that the English were beaten some half-dozen times in the course of the day. If we ask them why, if beaten, were they not driven off the ground? why did not your victorious legions hound them over the field in bloody chase? It would have been a new sight to have seen the backs of an English battalion. (*Cheers.*) Foy will give the answer. "There they stood," says he,—“there they stood, the IMMOYABLE BATTALIONS, as if they were rooted to the ground.” Ay, there they stood, indeed—

—No thought of flight,
None of retreat—no unbecoming sound
That argued a —

until the moment came, when, responsive to the long-panted-for signal,† “Up, Guards, and at them,” they rushed forward to the

* Not so. Napoleon said (Alison and others agreeing with him) that Wellington did not take the best position at Waterloo,—for had he been beaten he could not have retreated, as there was only one road leading to the forest in his rear—that he ought not to have given battle with the British and Prussian troops divided, and that he allowed himself to be surprised. Napoleon blamed Wellington for having allowed Ney to be shut, but said to O’Meara, “as a General, however, to find his equal amongst your own nation you must go back to the time of Marlborough.” He also praised his firmness, and added, “Wellington is my equal as a General—my superior in prudence.” In Barry O’Meara’s *Napoleon in Exile* this and much more is stated, and Laa Casas reports the same in his highly interesting and valuable work.—M.

† Wellington denied having given any such signal! At one period, when two regiments were giving way, before a fierce attack from a superior force, Wellington galloped up, rallied them, placed himself at their head, exclaimed, “We must not be beaten;—what will they say in England?” charged in person, and turned the fortune of the day.—M.

annihilation of the army which had beaten them, according to all the laws of war—(*loud cheers*)—laws which, it seems, they could not comprehend. Long may such stupidity characterize the soldiers of England!—(*Shouts of laughter*)—Long may she be able, when necessity requires, to send forth into the field, the immovable battalions which cannot be persuaded of defeat—a word that could not make its appearance in their vocabulary.—(*Continued applause*)—James, gentlemen, Mr. Speaker—I may be reminded here, that nobody is doubting the valor, &c. &c. &c. of the British army and navy, and that the only difficulty in the case, is the money. How can you go to war, when your National Debt is 800,000,000 of pounds,* to say nothing of shillings and pence,—and your annual taxes fifty or sixty millions, as depicted in a standing column of the Quarterly Review, some numbers ago? To carry on a war, you must either borrow money or increase your taxation, before you propose to do either! *O curvæ in terram animæ!* Is this pitiful penny policy to tie down the giant of England with its Lilliputian bondage!—(*Laughter*)—We agree with those who desire that the burdens laid upon the country should be as light as is consistent with its security and honor,—but not one farthing lighter. When its security and honor demand it, we are prepared to lay on, and “cursed be he who first cries, Hold,—enough.”—(*Hear, hear, hear.*) We have no patience with those who tell us, that the resources of the country would not enable us to support double the taxation that they do at present, provided circumstances required it.—(*Eh? eh? eh? hoo’s that?*)—Is there any one who does not perceive, that we could more easily bear the reimposition of the Income-tax, (*I have no objection to the Income-tax.*) Or some other one less obnoxious in its mode of collection, than we were at the time of its greatest pressure? And is there any man acquainted with the manner in which we should go to war *now*, who will not agree with us when we say, that *that* sum would be amply sufficient to carry us through any contest in which there is the slightest chance of our being engaged? He who will be hardy enough to say so, does not know how far thirteen or fourteen millions of money expended *on ourselves*—(*Hear, hear hear.*)—not in subsidies, the day of which is, thank heaven! gone by—(*hear*)—not in broken and detached expeditions; but in the maintenance of one or two great fleets and armies,—not in distant and expensive struggles about colonies; but in Europe itself, at the head-quarters, in the very penetralia of an enemy who

* From 1803 to 1815, the whole period of the war with Napoleon, the British expenditure was £1,159,729,256. The last four years (1812 to 1815 inclusive) cost £457,709,135, and the expenditure in three months in 1815, from the time Napoleon was proclaimed an outlaw, in March, to the Battle of Waterloo, in June, (rather less than three months) was nearly 117 millions sterling.—actually \$182,455,255. True, as well as forcible was Brougham’s remark, when the chance of an European war was subsequently discussed, that “England was bound over in 800 millions sterling to keep the peace.”—M.

should be hardy enough to make it necessary for us to assault him,—not, in short, in the fribble school of the timid and cautious generals of the early days of the Antijacobin war, who suffered themselves to be frightened into the belief that we could not oppose the great continental powers in the field, but that we should be satisfied to play second fiddle to nations who took our money when it served their purposes, and deserted our side when they had been saturated with our guineas. No. The Wellington school has put an end to that—(*Loud cries of hear, hear, hear, from the whole house*)—and if we must fight, a short clause of three or four lines in a money-bill would in three months put us in possession of the sinews of war.—(*Hear, hear.*)—If we wished to borrow money—O Pluto! God of the Stock Exchange—wouldst thou not open thy bags, and let loose the imprisoned angels on the faith of the flag of Old England?—(*Loud cries of hear, hear, interrupted with laughter.*)—When Gregor Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais, when Simon Bolivar, Lord Protector of Colombia, when King Ferdinand of Spain, who, like his great predecessor, Esquire South (see Arbuthnot's John Bull,) though rich in plate has no breeches, when Senor Thieftado, or whatever else his name is, from Mexico, (*Laughter*) when Don Pedro, importer of raw Irishmen, of Brazil, (*continued laughter*) when, to make short work of it, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Aarbian, have been borrowing money from us, (*Convulsions of laughter*) when in ten years we have lent these lads more than a hundred millions of money*—is it to be believed, that

* Incredible as this may appear, it is true. The struggle between the colonies of Spain and the mother country, which commenced in 1810, attracted little attention in Europe until after the fall of Napoleon. Urged by strong sympathy and tempted by the high rank and liberal pay offered them in South America, great numbers of experienced European officers, (who could say with Othello, that their occupation was gone,) joined the ranks of the insurgents. There were many English officers among these auxiliaries, who carried with them men and the munitions of war. One adventurer, calling himself Sir Gregor McGregor actually collected the *materiel* of an expedition in Great Britain and Ireland, carried them across the Atlantic in British ships, under the British flag, and employed them to seize the island of Porto Rico, (one of the Great Antilles,) then belonging to Spain, with whom England was at peace. On remonstrance from Spain, the British Ministry (June, 1819.) introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor to enlist persons for foreign service, and carried it by such small majorities that it was evident the national feeling, expressed through the Legislature, was in favor of the insurgents in South America. The new statute could not be acted upon, and troops, stores, and money were sent abroad. Finally, Spanish America became independent. Canning, then Foreign Secretary, considering that "the balance of power" in Europe was disturbed by the French invasion of Spain in 1823, resolved that if France was to possess Spain, it should be "Spain without the Indies." To use his own words, he "called the new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old"—which high-sounding but not very lucid sentence merely meant that he recognized the new republics after they had become independent. It was officially stated, by Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, that between 1820 and 1840, the sum of £150,000,000 sterling, (equivalent to \$750,000,000) had been advanced from Great Britain in loans to the popular states and republics of Spain and South America, nearly all of which had been lost by the faithlessness and insolvency of the states which received them. Add to this at least as much more lost at the panic of 1825, by British capitalists who had entered into mining and other speculations in South America, and we have three hundred millions sterling utterly thrown away for ever!—M.

the only person who should be refused when he asked, would be King George the Fourth, if he were to show his noble countenance among the Jews and Gentiles of Cornhill?—(*Thunderous cheers from all parts of the House*)—that would be a hard case indeed—(*Laughter*)—But of London it may be said, as of the great maritime cities of old, that her merchants are princes—they do not belong to the Mammonites, “who, dead to glory, only burn for gold.”—(*Hear, hear, hear*)—Though they, and their sons, and their servants, go out in ships to the uttermost parts of the earth,—distant far, their eyes are still dazzled into tears by the dream of the white cliffs of Albion—(*Hear, hear, hear,*)—to their hearts their native isle is the fairest gem set in all the sea; and were their King in jeopardy, they would pour the wealth of the world at his feet, till fleets and armies were seen on all our seas and shores, in service of him, the highest-minded of all the House of Brunswick, *who never has forgotten the principles that seated his family on the throne of these unconquered and unconquerable kingdoms.*—(*Peals of thunder absolutely terrible.*)

(*For a few moments there reigns a dead silence—then another peal of thunder rolls in tumultuous echoes up and down all the streets and squares of the city, till, as if reverberated from the Castle, it dies over Arthur’s Seat among the stars.*)

Shepherd. Lift him up gently, lift him up gently—and for heaven’s sake, tak care o’ the gouty foot.

(*The Master of the Canongate Kilwinning—Senior and Junior Wardens—two Highland Chieftains in full garb—and the Russian General—bear MR. NORTH out in triumph on their shoulders, and the procession disappears.*)

No. XXXIX.—NOVEMBER, 1828.

SCENE I.—*The smaller Oval. Time, seven o'clock. NORTH and SHEPHERD. Table with silver urn—Tea and coffee-pots, ditto—China, pattern the Murder of the Innocents—Cakes, crumpets, cookies, muffins, bunnies, short-bread, petticoat-tails, &c. &c. Honey, marmalade, jams, jellies, &c. Rizzards, kipper, red herrings, eggs, &c. Dutch dram-case, THE BOTTLE, &c.*

Shepherd. I think little or naething. Mr. North, o' the four-hours by way o' a meal, excepp a man has happened, by some miscalculation o' time or place, to miss his dinner.

North. I cannot now do, James, without a single cup of coffee.

Shepherd. A single cup o' coffee! gin ye hae drunk ane the nicht, sir, you've drank half a dizzen—forbye twa dishes—or ca' them rather bowls—for cups wad indeed be a misnomer—or rather baishins o' gun-poother tee—

North. As you love me, my dear James, call it not tee—but tay. That, though obsolete, is the classical pronunciation. Thus Pope sings in the Rape of the Lock, canto first,

“Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs, their elemental tea.”

And also in canto third—

“Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.”

And finally in the Basset Table—

“Tell, tell your grief, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.”

Shepherd. A body might think frae the rhymes, that Pop had been an Eerishman.*

North. Now, my dear James, remember your promise—that you will allow me to play first fiddle as long as the urn hisses—or, as

* The Irish, to whom English was originally a foreign language, have probably preserved the broad and full pronunciation of the vowels, as they originally heard it, before and during the visits of Spencer and Raleigh. So, the nasal utterance affected by the English puritans during the early part of the seventeenth century, was brought over by The Pilgrim Fathers, and maintains itself, in America, particularly where they settled, to this day.—M.

Wordsworth says of the kettle on the fire, "murmurs its sweet undersong."

Shepherd. Play awa then, sir—but dinna you forget that I am to do the same thing after sooper. Try to be as little wearisome as you can, and first plump anither lump o' loaf-sugar intil my baishin.

North. Why, James, you not only said you were for no more tay, but turned up your cup and laid your spoon across—

Shepherd. You're leein'—I did nae sic thing—or if I did, I noo draw back, and eat in my words—

North. Why, after eating in so much multifarious and multitudinous bread, I should think you will find that no easy matter—

Shepherd. Do ye ca' that playin' the first fiddle? Gie ower at-temptin' bein' wutty the nicht, sir, for you've never recovered yourself after fa'in intil yon pun. It's an easy matter for ane that's nae conjuror to swallow the staff o' life. But "leave off your damnable faces and begin."

North. Won't you allow me, my dear Shepherd, a half caulker?

Shepherd. Na—but 'll aloo you a haill ane—and as ae freen' canna do anither a greater service than to show him a gude example—up goes my wee finger—

(The SHEPHERD upsets the BOTTLE—the bottle upsets the urn—the urn upsets the teapot—the teapot upsets the coffee-pot, the coffee-pot upsets the cream-jug, and the Murder of the Innocents is brought to a catastrophe. Enter MR. AMBROSE and Household, in great agitation.)

Omnes. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

North. Calm 'mid the crash of the whole Empire of China, I lean upon my crutch.

Shepherd. A meeracle—a meeracle! I've wrought a meeracle. The cheeny, though frail and fair as crancreich, has nae sae much as ae sasser chipped on the rim. No an atom broken. A' that belongs to The Magazine is imperishable.

Ambrose. Wonderful—most wonderful! *(Exit with his tail.)*

Shepherd. Noo, sir—begin your lecture.

North. The origin of poetry is only to be investigated in the principles and demands of human nature. Wherever man has asserted his humanity, we find some sort of composition, oral or written, spontaneous or premeditated, answering to the general notion of the poetic. Authentic history informs us of no time when poetry was not; and if the divine art has sometimes sung its own nativity it is in strains which confess while they glorify ignorance. The sacred annals are silent, and the heathens, by referring the invention of verse to the gods, do but tell us that the mortal inventor was unknown.

Shepherd. Of airts,* as of men, the beginnings, sir, are commonly too weak to remember themselves. As therefore the first man could never have learned but by express revelation, whence he was, or how and when he began to be—so does the obscurity that invests the original of poetry seem to me to evince its primeval nobility.

North. Good, James. In all the legends of antiquity, history, allegory, and arbitrary fiction, are inextricably interwoven. Vain were the attempt to unravel the complex tissue, and to sort the threads according to their several shades of truth and falsehood. To borrow the pleasing illustration of one who was himself more poet than historian, the truth that has been in fabulous tradition, is like the dew of morning for which we may look in vain beneath a scorching noon.

Shepherd. Gin poetry be “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, regulated by an internal law o’ order and beauty,” why inquire after its origin at a’? Wherefore doubt that it was heard in Paradise, that it expressed the loves, the joys, the devotions of our first parents in those happy days, sir, when

————— Often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket they have heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Singing their great Creator—

* * *
Lowly they bow’d, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style,
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow’d from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness!

North. No less beautifully than aptly recited, my dear Shepherd. But if by a poet we mean an *artist*, an artist, James, who, by the voluntary exercise of a certain faculty, according to certain rules, produces semblances of the emanations of native passions, which, though ever high and rapturous, are no longer absolute reality, but always pure and happy, refined and exalted semblances for purposes of delight and edification, then may it not safely be assumed that music and poetry were of coeval birth, twin streams from one fountain, how widely soever their currents may since have diverged.

Shepherd. That’s it to a hair, sir.

North. The ear is endued with an instinctive sense of proportion, and is naturally delighted with a sweet sound, as the eye with a

* The word *airts* signifies “the points of the compass.”—M.

nt hue, and the palate with a luscious savor. The elements of rhythm and melody exist in language itself, and in the modulation of the untutored voice.

Shepherd. And are they not perceived in the sang o' birds, in the waters, in the mounting swell and dying cadence of the

North. In the repeated percussion of sonorous bodies —

Shepherd. In the murmur o' the sea, in the hum o' distant and many multitudes?

North. Metrical arrangements frequently occur, you will observe, even in common conversation, and are readily, perhaps mostly, perceived by children. Nor can it be doubted, that man, in childhood of the race, was feelingly alive to such casual music, eager to reproduce, by imitation, those concords at once so new and so delightful.

Shepherd. That's verra ingenious and verra true, sir.

North. In the first ages a few and slight hints were sufficient to make the *idea* of an art, though to realize and develop it, an indefinite period of time, and many auxiliary circumstances, might be necessary. In cultivated life, man resembles certain equestrian tribes, who live so perpetually on horseback, that they almost forget how to walk. We lose the faculty of invention by relying on the inventions of others, as musicians who play constantly from the book, are often at a loss to recall the simplest strain by the unassisted ear.

Shepherd. That's the case wi' a' first-rate fiddlers.

North. But in the beginning it was not so. Had our forefathers, like us, depended on rules and instruments of art, James, how could art or instruments have been discovered?

Shepherd. Never till the end o' time, sir.

North. Yet I am not disposed to refer the origin of Poetry, or of any worldly faculty, to immediate revelation.

Shepherd. Nor me neither. Revelation does not authorize such an inference, and wad scarcely do that for man, which nature and reason enable him to do for himself.

North. But I do believe, James, that the same Providence who makes a blind man's touch a substitute for sight, and mercifully supplies the defect or absence of one member by the preternatural activity of some other, bestowed on the patriarchs of human kind a finer tact, a more wakeful eye, and ear, and heart, than we, their later progeny, possess.

Shepherd. Oh! that we twa had been antédiluvians!

North. Seated in a luxuriant clime, with just enough of natural wants to stimulate, not exhaust their industry, blest with undegenerate vigor, and antediluvian length of days, our first ancestors

had both leisure and aptitude to become inventors—to improve every suggestion of chance and nature. An old tradition ascribes the first hint of musical notes to the strokes of a hammer upon the anvil—an ingenious fancy, which derives some countenance from the scriptural record, that Jubal, “the father of all that handle the harp and organ,” was half-brother to Tubal-Cain, “the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.”

Shepherd. Baith being sons o’ Lamech.

North. Nor, James, should we too scornfully reject the pretty tales of the Gentiles, the chorded shell of Hermes, and the wax-cemented pipe of the wood-god—since they serve at least to prove from how small an urn Antiquity conceived the stream of harmony to flow.

Shepherd. Verse, if it didna precede instrumental music, would follow close ahint it, I suspect.

North. Now, James, suppose a certain measure or measures once discovered, to accommodate them with the words would be both easy and obvious. Early bards are very uncereemonious in forcing language into a predetermined mould. Accent, quantity, and orthoepy, yield to the spirit of music—and words are set extempore to the tune.

Shepherd. Just sae, sir—just sae—carry on.

North. Unfixed languages are pliant and supple, James, as an infant’s limbs.

Shepherd. And that’s soople enuech.

North. The versification of a semi-barbarous people is often complex and various, and only becomes simple and uniform when language has done growing, and critics have broken it into orderly paces. The prosody of the Welch constitutes a curious and difficult topic of antiquarian discussion, and the ancient Runic boasted of more than a hundred and twenty measures.

Shepherd. That’s no verra mony.

North. There is a time when a poet can shape the language to his thoughts, and then comes a time when he must shape his thoughts to the language.

Shepherd. A true antithesis, sir.

North. The poet of the first period is truly a *maker*,—the versifier of the second must be a rare genius, if he be more than a *composer*.

Shepherd. Capital!

North. In the age of Orpheus or Homer, language was like the *prima materies* of ancient metaphysics.

Shepherd. What the devil is that?

North. A something that yet was nothing

Shepherd. Eh?

North. Capable of all forms, confined by no actual shape, but

plastic as the formless element, which some fine spirit might choose for a temporary vehicle.

Shepherd. O sir! but you are gettin' fearsomely profoon'!

North. Language is the first-born of the human intellect, and, too common case, the child is become the tyrant of the parent.

Shepherd. A parricide? Unnatural monster!

North. But once it was obedient, and then, instinct with divine sense, and following the paces of music, which, in all its wild excursions, and labyrinths of sound, still grows out of unity, and when farthest off, is still returning to unity, it became poetry.

Shepherd. A pike-staff's a joke to that for plainness—

North. As soon as measure was applied to significant sounds, we may suppose that its convenience, as a technical remembrancer, would insure its adoption by all whom choice or need made public speakers, especially in nations to whom writing was unknown, or not generally known. Even the most prosaic subjects—History, Legislation, Science—were anciently sung to the lyre; nor could the real poets, who were prompted by a commanding impulse to sway the minds of their compatriots, fail to observe the influences of melody, and court its alliance.

Shepherd. Alloo me to tak anither caulker, sir.—Noo, I'm ready for you again.

North. The wonderful effects which Grecian fancy attributed to the strains of Orpheus and Amphion, should not be ascribed solely to hyperbolical metaphor and baseless fiction.

Shepherd. There never was a baseless fiction.

North. No fiction, unless imposed by authority on the conscience of men, could ever obtain general credence, if it be not symbolical of truth.

Shepherd. Truth's the essence—Fiction the form. Poets in early times never claimed the merit of inventing stories.

North. Excellent, James! The ancients pretended a *bona fide* inspiration, and the romancers of the middle age refer to their authorities with more than historical ostentation. They relate wonders, because themselves believe them probable, and their audiences are delighted to think them true.

Shepherd. For my ain pairt, I can believe ony thing.

North. But to court admiration by professed audacity of falsehood, is the device of a palled and superannuated age.

Shepherd. When Time is in his dotage, like.

North. While the limits of possibility are undefined, the little that is seen will procure credit for all that can be conceived. The early Greeks were conscious of the power of music over mind, and therefore readily believed in its power over matter.

Shepherd. The transition's easy to creatures like us o' a mixed nature.

North. How great, James, must have been the sway of harmony, among a people who could suppose it imperative over insensate nature, potent to "uproot the fixed forest," to stay the lapse of waters, to charm deaf stones to motion and symmetry, and change the savagery of brutes to mildness and obedience! Nor should that later and more learned fable be forgotten, which imagines an eternal concert of the universe, a ceaseless "dance and minstrelsy" of the never-wearied stars.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim—
Such Harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Shepherd. I'm sure that maun be Shakspeare, sir.

North. No other mortal. Then, James, in a more moral vein the great Theban —

Shepherd. And wha's he?

North. Pindar. He ascribes to music the power of stilling and soothing the steifest of immortal natures—hear him in his first Pythian ode.

Shepherd. Ye maunna spoot Greek upon me, my dear sir.

North. No, James. Hear him in English.

My harp of gold, that eloquently pleadest
For young Apollo, and the dark-hair'd maids,
That sanctify Pierian glades,
Sovereign of the number'd measure,
Thou the gladsome motion ledest
Of merry dance, the prime of pleasure.
Dance and song obey thy bidding,
Every maze of music thrilling;

When thrilling, trembling through thy vocal wires,
Thou sound'st the signal to the festive choirs;
And thou canst quench the warring thunder brand
Of fire immortal. On Jove's "sceptred hand"
The Monarch Eagle sleeps, o'erpower'd by thee,
And the sweet impulse of thy melody.
His beaked head a dusky slumber shrouds
Like a soft curtain o'er his sunlit eye;
And each strong pinion, wont to cleave the clouds,
Close by his side, hangs loose and lazily;
A languid grace his lithèr back assumes,
And wavy curls play o'er his ruffled plumes,
Yea, the rough soldier God, the lusty Mars,
Forgets the rugged vigor of his might,
The hurtling lances, and mad-whirring cars,
And calms his heart with drowsy, dull delight.

For thy enchantment, finely wrought,
Controls the Gods, and charms eternal thought;
By the sage art, Latona's son infuses,
By the wise skill of those deep-bosom'd Muses.
But dark, and evil, and unholy things,
Whom God not loves, they shudder at the strain;
The blessed strain the blessed Goddess sings
On earth, and all throughout the vast, unconquerable main.

What do you think of that, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. That's as gude poetry's ever I heard in a' my born days. O, sir, you're a master-mason in buildin' up the lofty rhyme. Gie us a' Pindar in English.

North. Perhaps. The marvels of song and melody were not confined to Greece. We have unerring testimony that in a holier land, a really inspired minstrel could restore a distracted soul to reason, and assuage the agony of judicial madness.

Shepherd. David harping before Saul!

North. The truth is, James, that antiquity possessed a livelier sense of harmonious combinations than the moderns, with all their refinement, can easily conceive. The very habit of judging, disputing, and comparing the merit of various composers, materially weakens, if it does not utterly destroy, the influence of the composition. A critic may, indeed, be delighted with the science of the work, and the skill of the performer, but has little perception of the simple self-oblivious rapture, the entranced faith of childhood and unsophisticated nature. He cannot be pleased, "he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." His satisfaction is, perhaps, more intellectual and permanent, but it is far less intense.

Shepherd. The raptures o' a musical cognocenti never seem to me to be sincere—the cretur's aye proof o' himsell, and cries, "Whist!" to the like o' us for ruffin', with an intolerable insolence, for which he would be cheap o' gettin' himsell knocked doon, or kicked out o' St. Cecilia's Ha'.

North. Of the Greeks, it may be held, that they retained, amid the highest cultivation, that intelligent susceptibility to numerous sound, which deified the Muses, and ascribed to the same young and beautiful power, the origin and dominion of Light and Harmony.

Shepherd. Mournfu' music's unco like moonlicht.

North. More than one philosopher has deemed music a fit subject of legislation, and innovators were doomed to exile and dishonor.

Shepherd. That was carryin' the matter rather ower far.

North. Something, perhaps a great deal, James, is to be allowed for the superior delicacy of southern organization; much is to be set down to the close, and almost inseparable union of music with sublime and impassioned words.

Shepherd. O' a' the senses, hearing seems to be maist at the mercy o' memory. How often have a few bars o' some weel-kent air, though aiblins "whistled for want o' thought," charmed back the feelings o' departed years, makin' us smile or weep, we know not why? Mony a time hae I dighted my een, when a' at ance the sang o' some lanely lassie liltin' by hersell, has brought the spirit o' auld times ower the dowie holmes o' Yarrow, and filled the haill Forest wi' a lament mair ruefu' than belanged or could belang to the scenes or sufferins o' this waukin' world!

North. Beautiful, James. Then the Greeks, a *hearing*, not a *reading* people, cultivated their native sensibility of ear till it became as feelingly discriminative of audible, as their eyes of visible beauties. Their language, so picturesque and imitative, had doubtless a strong reaction on that frame of intellect, that constitution of society out of which it grew. As they seldom studied foreign tongues, their own appeared rather as the living body of thought than its conventional sign, and was polished to a degree of refinement which its natural vigor preserved from effeminacy, and the logical shrewdness of the speaker from florid emptiness.

Shepherd. Do you think, sir, its ower late for me to begin learning Greek?

North. Rather. Need we then wonder, Theocritus, at the achievements of Grecian eloquence and Grecian song, or rashly discredit the recorded effects of glorious imaginations expressed in a language of all others the most eloquent and poetical, wafted on "sweet air," to the souls of a people, who craved for beauty and melody with a lover's longings?

Shepherd. What was their music like?

North. That it was simpler than ours, more confined in compass, less rich in combination, might not render it less popularly effective. It was not for chromatic ears; it was probably, in its rudiments, a measured imitation of the tones and inflexions of the human voice, under the modulation of strong feelings. By seeming to follow the movements of passion, it guided and fashioned them. It was a continuous variety, a multitudinous unity—for ever new, and still the same. It was Novelty wooing Memory.

Shepherd. It was Novelty wooin' Memory! That's verra distink.

North. A profound thinker has said, that the man of genius is he who retains, with the perfect faculties of manhood, the undoubting faith and vivid impressions of the child. If the same characteristic may apply to a nation, as to an individual, then were the Greeks a nation of geniuses.

Shepherd. Just as the Scotch are a nation o' gentlemen.*

* It is reported [by the Scotch] that, when George IV. visited Edinburgh, in 1822, and saw

North. In their most advanced civilization, in the strongest maturity of their national life, they retained much that makes childhood amiable, and much which only childhood can excuse.

Shepherd. I like to hear about the Greeks and Romans at a' times.

North. The keen relish, the delightful feeling of freshness connected with the most familiar things, which is the joy and privilege of children, preserved the simplicity of their taste when their manners were become corrupt—like children, they looked on the visible with a satisfaction,

That had no need of a remoter charm
Unborrowed from the eye.

And if they dreamed of unseen lands, their dream was but the reflection of their daily experience.

Shepherd. Were they, on the whole, what you could ca' real gude chiefs?

North. With a fine perception of the loveliness of virtue, James, and little sense of the imperative obligation of duty, they were continually striving to realize their fancies, and mistook vivid conceptions for rational convictions.

Shepherd. A dangerous delusion.

North. They had all the docility which results from a susceptible, sympathizing nature, and all the obstinacy which denotes an unsubdued will. They were alike impatient of external control, and incapable of controlling themselves; therefore easy to persuade, and difficult to govern.

Shepherd. You seem to be hand in glove with——

North. Credulous, imitative, volatile, fickle, and restless—often cruel from mere restlessness, and the childish desire of seeing the effect of their own superfluous activity, yet as readily swayed to mercy as to cruelty—selfish from the want of fixed principle, and generous from the intermitting fever of sympathy—of all mankind the most ingenious, and perhaps of cultivated nations, the least wise—they exhibit a glowing picture of the world's minority, of that period which enjoys the perfection of all faculties, but has not learned to use them.

Shepherd. I canna understand the youth o' a nation at a', sir.

North. While speaking of the youth of nations, James, let us protest against an error on which much false and some impious speculation is grounded. Be it not supposed, in the teeth of reason, revelation, and all recorded experience, that primeval man was a savage, with all his energies subservient to the wants and appetites of the hour.

how decorously the people conducted themselves as his retinue slowly passed through the crowded streets, he exclaimed, "The Scotch are a nation of gentlemen."—M.

Shepherd. It's an ugly creed, hoosomever, and I canna swallow it for scunnerin'.

North. Savage life is always improgressive, scarce capable of receiving, far less of originating, improvement. Every country affords but too many proofs, that Man, even in the midst of polite and learned cities, may sink to a mere unclean, ferocious animal. But where is there a single instance, James, of the being, thus degraded, resuming his proper nature without extraneous aid? Savages must needs be degenerate men, withered branches torn from the trunk of society, and cast by wind and waves upon incommunicable shores.

Shepherd. 'Faith, you've read your Bible to some purpose. The erudite's aye orthodox.

North. It is not among such, though even they have their ferocious war-whoops, their lascivious dances, their fierce howls, haply remnants of some abortive and forgotten civilization,—it is not with these that we would look upon poetry in its cradle; but with man as he issued from Eden, fallen indeed, unaccommodated, unlearned, but endued with adult faculties, quick perceptions, and noble aspirations, eager to learn, and apt to imitate, finding in all things an image of himself, feeling reciprocal sympathy between his own heart and universal nature, and, whether from reminiscence, or from hope, or both, as beseems “a creature of such large discourse looking before and after,” still yearning after something more true, more good, more beautiful than himself, or aught that sense subjected to himself, which yet was dimly reflected in himself, and, “was the master light of all his seeing.” Thus knowing his nobleness by his infirmity, and exalted by his profoundest abasement, man erected the fabric of immortal song.

Shepherd. There's no anither man leevin' capable o' sayin' sic fine things sae finely, sir; and I do indeed verily believe—never having heard Mr. Coleridge—that you are the maist eloquent discourser, especially if naeboddy interrupts you wi' questions, noo extant.* You are indeed, sir. Let me hear *you* define poetry, sir?

North. Perhaps I cannot. There have been many definitions of Poetry, most of them containing part of the truth, some perhaps implying the whole truth, but almost all either partial and imperfect in themselves, or imperfectly developed.

Shepherd. I used ever before last Tuesday, when a schoolmaster tauld me better, to think that Poetry was synonymous wi' Verse.

North. Strange as it might sound to critical ears to call *As in presenti* a poem, still it may not irreverently be asked, what besides

* This was precisely Coleridge's mode of *conversation*. You were at full liberty to listen, but it was high treason to utter a word, to the interruption of his monologues. However, dreamy and mystical as they were, it must be confessed they were wonderful in language and suggestive of thought, if not always logically thoughtful in themselves.—M.

verse divides Poetry from Prose, from Eloquence, from the ordinary converse of life ?

Shepherd. The Dominie did not tell me that, though.

North. Certainly not the subject-matter ; for, unlike the works of philosophy and science, a poem is generally composed of the same matters which make up the sum of our daily, unlearned talk—the appearances of nature, the acts and accidents of human existence, the affections that are native to all bosoms. If the poet sometimes introduces supernatural agents, fabulous deities, ghosts, witches, fairies, and genii, for many ages the homeliest firesides, in fearful earnest, told of the same ; and the imagined influences of such beings form a considerable part of the prose history of the planet.

Shepherd. Why, sir, the Brownie o' Bodsbeck* —

North. In the plain matter-of-fact conceptions of many generations, James, Minerva was as real a personage as Ulysses, and the Weird Sisters no less historical than Macbeth.

Shepherd. Perhaps, sir, the diction o' poets, apart from metre, will supply the essential character required.

North. No, my dear James. Those critics who have pretended to give recipes for the compounding of poems, are very diffuse on this head of diction, and availing themselves of the peculiar facility afforded by the Greek language to word-coiners, have given names to almost every form into which words can be fashioned or distorted,—

For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But among all these tropes, figures, skemata, or whatever else they may be called, there is not one to which the poet can lay an exclusive claim.

Shepherd. The distinction's no in the diction then, sir ?

North. Certainly not, James. Most of them are mere arbitrary departures from common sense, grammar, and logic, extremely rife in the mouths of persons, who, from passion, ignorance, or confused intellects, forget one half of their sentence, before they have uttered the other—figures which poets have imitated with more or less propriety, but of which they are neither inventors nor patentees.

Shepherd. What say you, sir, to Metaphors ?

North. The Metaphor, the only figure which adds to the wealth of speech (most others indeed are the shifts of poverty) and to which all others that have any real beauty or fitness may be reduced, constitutes a large portion of every spoken language, as must be obvious to any one who will analyze a few of the simplest sentences he may hear from the dullest person he knows.

* One of Hogg's prose romances.—M.

Shepherd. That's the way wi' Jock Linton—an idiot—

North. The fact is, we use figures so frequently that they cease to affect us as such. The language of the rudest nations and of the most uneducated individuals, is always most palpably figurative, because their vocabulary is too narrow to furnish a sufficiency of proper terms,—and because they are unacquainted with that artificial dialect, which philosophers have invented, in the bootless endeavor to avoid figures. Bootless indeed! for after all, the language of Chemistry, of Metaphysics, even of Mathematics, is even more figurative than that of Oratory or Poetry.

Shepherd. Is that possible?

North. There are more tropes in a page of Euclid or Aristotle than in a whole book of Homer.

Shepherd. Surely, sir, Philosophy has a dialect different frae the common vernacular idiom?

North. James, the common vernacular idiom is so essentially tropical, that, if we except the names of sensuous objects, there is not a single term or phrase that was not originally metaphoric; unless we exclude a few abstractions strayed from the schools, such as Quantity, Quality, Relation, Predicament, &c., which, though now familiar as If and But, were of scholastic mintage, and probably, when first issued, sounded as strange and pedantic as Idiosyncrasy, Ideality, or any modern compound of the Transcendentalists and Phrenologists. The truth of the position, though evident enough, is yet more striking in primitive unmixed languages, such as the Greek and Hebrew, than in our own, which, being derivative and heterogeneous, often borrows a word in the secondary sense only. Thus, we pronounce the word Virtue without being conscious that it is related to Force or Manhood; and talk of a Jejune Style without thinking of Physical Inanition.

Shepherd. Na—there I am thrown out entirely, and can follow you no langer.

North. The diction, then, of Poetry, in all its component parts, is, and must be, the same as that of Prose—not always of book prose, which is often abstract and technical, but of the plain unmeditated prose of actual life and business.

Shepherd. I'm weel disposed to believe that, if I could.

North. You do believe it, James, and act upon it, both in oral and written discourse. You speak poetry, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. I'm glad ye think sae, sir. Sae do ye.

North. Nor does it at all invalidate my argument that certain expressions or particular words, in process of time, become peculiar to metrical composition, or that many words and phrases have been invented by poets which never obtained general currency. Every form of speech, every noun, verb, and particle must have been first

uttered, at some time, by somebody—just as all the fashions of dress, which the many assume to avoid singularity, must once have been singular. The question is not, whether poets do not introduce more new fashions into language than other men, but whether any particular fashion is the constant and distinctive uniform of Poetry.

Shepherd. That's the pint.

North. Some composers in metre have essayed an ornate or exotic style, and some, like Henry Moore, the Platonist, have inserted in couplets and stanzas the contents of the Scientific Glossary; but these are only to be regarded as experimenters on established diction; nor could their innovations strike root in poetry, though they long kept possession of book prose.

Shepherd. What say you, sir, to poetical leeshanses?

North. As to what are called poetical licenses, they are either acknowledged transgressions, or remnants of old liberty, protected by the precedents of such great models as were produced before language was reduced to rule. Such licenses may be convenient—they may be agreeable, because they have agreeable associations; but they no more constitute a poetic dialect, than the mole, "cinque-spotted" on the bosom of a beautiful woman, constitutes an order of beauty.

Shepherd. Say that simile ower again—it's maist beautifu'.

North. Since, then, neither the matter nor the expression of Poetry specifically differs from that of Prose, where shall we find the distinctive character?

Shepherd. Heaven knows.

North. It has been said, Poetry is passion. Is there, then, no passion in Prose? None in ordinary conversation? Are Poets the only men who feel and express Love, Admiration, Pity, Hate, Scorn? Or is every man, when he feels, expresses, and imparts these emotions, *pro tempore* a poet?

Shepherd. That's a *reductio ad absurdum*.

North. Passion may indeed divide Poetry from abstract science, but surely not from Oratory, hardly from History, which can neither be written nor read without some interest in the recorded acts, some sympathy with the agents, some feeling of apprehension that what has been may be again.

Shepherd. It seems to me, sir, to be ae thing to say there is nae Poetry without Passion, and anither thing to say that Passion makes Poetry.

North. You have hit the nail on the head, my dear James. Matters in which the vital sentient nature of man is uninterested, propositions to the truth or falsehood of which the heart is indifferent, belong as little to the poet as to the moralist. There may be necessary parts of a poem in which there appears to be no passion, but

these are no more Poetry, than the hair, nails, or other insensate furniture of the body, are partakers of animal life. Passion, then, is an essential element of Poetry, but not its determining or exclusive property.

Shepherd. I wonder where this philosophical inquiry o' ours is to end.

North. Many poets, and more critics, have taken for granted that the Passions which the poet feels and communicates are the same as the Passions he describes, or different only in degree and duration—that the affections excited by Poetry are the same as those excited by real events in real life—and that the intensity of these emotions is the criterion of poetic excellence.

Shepherd. And are they not, sir? Are you gaun to deny that?

North. The generality of prose tragedies, such as George Barnwell and the Gamester, and almost the whole class of sentimental novels and crying comedies, are constructed upon this principle—productions always pernicious, so far as they are effective, and not least pernicious when they appeal most powerfully to those sensibilities, which, in their natural healthful exercise, are the best prompters of virtue.

Shepherd. I think but little o' sic plays as them—

North. The same assumption has induced some writers to discard the use of metre, and whatever else, in matter or expression, might remove Poetry from the sphere of daily doings and sufferings. Hence, too, the enemies of the Muse have taken occasion to censure poets as evil citizens, corrupters of youth, allies of sin, nourishers of those rebellious frailties which it is the office of reason to condemn, and of religion to subdue. Would that no poets really deserved the imputation! But all the greatest human poets must deserve it, if it be true that poetry excites the common passions, or is itself the growth of such passions; for the new didactic and descriptive authors who might escape, possess the very name of poets by a very dubious tenure. Then must it follow that the worst regulated minds are the most poetical.

Shepherd. That's powerfu' reasonin', and anither *reductio ad absurdô*.

North. "The vision and the faculty divine" would then have to be wooed, not in silence and seclusion, in the calm of nature, or amid the sweet amenities of social life, but in the sunless skulking-holes of high-iced cities—in the carnage of the lost battle—at the sack of long-besieged towns—in the selfish turmoil of revolution—among smugglers, conspirators and banditti—at the mad gaming-table—in lunatic asylums, and wherever else man grows worse than beast.

Shepherd. Gurney—Gurney—be sure you tak that doon correck.

North. This strange error, James, seems to arise from two sources:—First, from ignorance or forgetfulness, that there is a specific poetic passion, pervading every faculty of the true poet while in the exercise of his function, and communicated to his “fit audience”—which is neither irascible nor concupiscible, neither earthly love, nor joy, nor mere human pity, far less anger, fear, hate, pain, remorse, or any other infirmity that “flesh is heir to.” This is the muse of ancient bards—the poetic madness——

Shepherd. It is—it is—I’ve felt it a thousan’ times.

North. This passion is no more confined to any separable portion or portions of a poem, than the soul of man to any particular member of his body. It is all in every part, but cannot be detected in any. It cannot be exhibited in an abstract form, nor can it manifest itself at all, except by animating and informing the imagination—or by assuming the shape of human passion, in which it becomes, as it were, incarnate, and confers beauty, power, glory, and joy, on its earthly vehicle.

Shepherd. Glorious—perfectly glorious! (*Aside*)—Wull he never be dune?

North. As the pure elemental fire of Heraclitus was supposed to be essentially impalpable and invisible, but to act on the senses through ordinary fire as its medium, or as light which contains all colors, is itself colorless, and indistinguishable from clear vacancy.

Shepherd. Beautiful—perfectly beautiful! (*Aside*)—What’n non-sense!

North. It may be objected, that the word *Passion* is unfitly applied to a purifying energy; but the poverty of language supplies no better term for those acts of the soul that are independent of volition; and whether to good or to evil, carry man beyond and out of himself. Perhaps, however, we may be permitted to use a term, without claiming for profane or modern poets, that divine afflatus which the prophetic bards enjoyed, and the earlier Heathen songsters declared, and probably believed, themselves to enjoy—a term which——

Shepherd. *Inspiration*—sir—that’s the term.

North. It is. Let the metaphysician determine, whether this passion, energy, or *Inspiration*, be a cause or an effect, whether it fecundizes the imagination with poetic forms, or results from the organization of the forms themselves. We know that the forms often remain in the charnel-house of passive memory when there is no spirit to animate them; but whether the spirit pre-exists or survives in a separate state, we have no means of ascertaining; nor is the question of more importance to poet or critic, than a somewhat similar and much-agitated problem, to the anatomist and physician. It is enough for us to know, by the evidence of our consciousness, by phenomena else contradictory and inexplicable, that the poetic spirit,

the *lux lucificus* of the imagination, *acts*, and therefore *is*. What it is, or how it came to be, we are as indifferent as we are ignorant. Our concern is with the laws by which it acts, and the forms through which it is revealed—and therefore I may now proceed James— (*The trumpet blows for supper.*)

Shepherd. Mercy on us—is that the sooper trumpet? I declare on my honor and on my science, that though you maun hae been speakin' for twa hours, the time did na seem aboon ten minutes at the langest.

North. We have had a most delightful twa-haundit crack, my dear James—but I fear I may have been occasionally rather tiresome.

Shepherd. Tiresome! you tiresome!—I never saw you brichter in a' my days—sae clear, sae conceese, and sae short! O, sir, you are indeed an oracle.

North. I hope that I have left no part of the subject involved in the slightest obscurity?

Shepherd. As you kept speakin', sir, the subject grew distinker and distinker—till it was overflowed or rather drowned in licht; just like a mountainous kintra that has been lang lyin' in Scotch mist, till the sun, impatient o' his cloudy tabernacle, after some glorious glimmerin' amang the glooms, comes walking out o' the front door o' his sky-palace—and glens, rivers, lakes and seas, a' at ance revealed, sing and shine homage to the Meridian Apollo.

North. The subject, James, is one which I have studied deeply, for half a century—and I hope you will not make any use of my ideas.

Shepherd. Use o' your ideas, sir! no me. I ken the value o' your ideas, sir, ower weel, ever to mak use o' ony o' them.

North. A work in Four Quartos, James, on the Principles of Poetry, would —

Shepherd. Hae a great sale—there can be no doot o' that. You shouldna let Mr. Blackwood hae the copyright under fower thousan' guineas at the verra least —

North. Will you, my dear James, have the goodness to look over a thousand or fifteen hundred pages —

Shepherd. O' the MSS.?

North. And give your candid opinion —

Shepherd. I shall be maist prood and happy to do sae, sir. (*Aside.*)—Tibby 'll sing fools wi' them.

(*The supper-trumpet sounds.*)

North, (springing to his feet.) That trumpet stirs my soul like the old ballad of Chevy Chace.

Shepherd. “His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take!”

Oh, but these twa lines are in themsel's a poem. What'n a boun-din' o' deer and glancing o' arrows, and soundin' o' horns, and ——

North. Take my crutch, James—I can walk without it to the supper-room. Follow me, my dear James.

Shepherd. Go on—I'll follow thee.—(*Aside*)—What unconceivable, uncomprehensible, and unexpressible nonsense has he been toomin' out, about poetry and a' the rest o't!—and that he ca's playin' the first fiddle! Poor, silly auld man! What a smell o' roastin'! Take care, my honored sir—take care—father—take care. Dinna slip on the ile-claeth. (*Exeunt Ambo.*)

SCENE II.—*The Octagon.*

Enter MR. AMBROSE, with a roasted hare; KING PEPIN, with a brace of grouse; SIR DAVID GAM, with a hen-pheasant; TAPITOURY, with the cold round, and boys with supplementary dishes. Then enter NORTH, with a very slight limp, and back gently curved, with the BOTTLE under one arm, and the Dutch Dram-case under the other; followed by the SHEPHERD, apparently very lame, hobbling along on the Crutch, and imitating the Old Nonpareil, like a Mathews.

North. Stand out of the way, Ambrose.

Shepherd. Staun out o' the way, Ambrose—or, “with my staff I'll make thee skip.”

North. Where's Crutch?

Shepherd. Here. Wou'd you like, sir, to see me gang through the manual and platoon exercise?

North. Shoulder The *Crutch*, and show how fields are won!

Shepherd. That way o' giein' the word would never do on paraud. Shooother hoof!

(*The crutch flies out of the SHEPHERD'S hand, and hits TAPITOURY on the sconce, and KING PEPIN on the shins, MR. AMBROSE himself making a narrow escape.*)

Confoun' me, gin the Timmer did na loup out o' my haun o' its ain accord, instinck wi' speerit, like ——

North. Aaron's rod. Why, James, let Mr. John Lockhart, and Mr. Francis Jeffrey, and Mr. Thomas Campbell, and Mr. Charles Knight,* and other editors of credit and renown, lay down their walking-sticks on this floor, during a Noctes, and Crutch will swallow them all up, to the discomfiture of their astonished owners, the magicians.

Shepherd. Be seated, sir, be seated—what a savory smellin' sooper ggemm maks! What can be the reason that there's nae tholin'

* At this time, Lockhart edited the *Quarterly Review*, Jeffrey the *Edinburgh*, Campbell the *New Monthly Magazine*, and Charles Knight the *London*.—M.

pootry, gin they be stinkin' ever sae little, while ggemm on the ither haun 's no eatable, unless they're gaen strang?

North. Say grace, James.

Shepherd. I've said it already.

North. I never heard it, James.

Shepherd. Aiblins no—but I said it though—"God bless us in these mercies"—only when the ee's greedy the lug's deaf.

North. James, within these few weeks, how many boxes of game, think ye, have been sent, directed to Christopher North, Esq., care of—Ambrose, Esq., Picardy Place, Edinburgh?

Shepherd. Some dizzens, I dinna doubt.

North. Mr. Ambrose?

Ambrose. Eight boxes of grouse, four of black game, two of ptarmigan, twelve of partridges, three of pheasants, and one-and-twenty hares. Yesterday, arrived from Killarney, the first leash of woodcocks; and really, sir, I have kept no account of the snipes.

Shepherd. That's fearsome.

North. At least three times that amount of fur and feathers has found its way to the Lodge. I gave John a list of the names of some hundred or so of my particular friends, alphabetically arranged, with orders to distribute all over the Old and New Town, setting aside every sixth box for my own private eating, and it was with difficulty we got rid of the incumbrance, at the allowance of three brace of birds and a hare to each family of man and wife with four children and upwards; two brace of birds and one maukin to each family with three mouths; one brace or a hare to every barren couple; and a single bird to almost every maiden lady of my acquaintance.

Shepherd. It's the like o' you, sir, that deserves presents.

Ambrose. Then, sir, the red deer, and the two roes.

Shepherd. Hoo did you get through the red deer, sir?

North. I sent it, James, hide and horns, to that ancient and illustrious body, the Caledonian Hunt.

Shepherd. An' the Raes?

North. One of them I eat myself—and the other, which had got maggots, I buried in the garden beneath my bank of heaths, which I expect next year to glow like the western heavens at sunset.

Shepherd. You maun leev at sma' expense—

North. A mere trifle; and then, you know,

I do not eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good.

Shepherd.

But you can drink with any be,
That ever wore a hood.

North. Glenlivet comes pouring in upon me at a rate never to be overtaken. The last anker, per Cromarty packet, from my most excellent friend Millbank, I tasted this morning before breakfast, and it excels any thing of the kind I can ever hope to enjoy on this side of the grave —

Shepherd. Is't the same way with wines, ales, and porter?

North. Almost. Whitbread, though a Whig, is a fine fellow, like his father before him,* and his annual butt is true as the swallow to the spring. What with my Edinburgh and Leith friends, Messrs. Berwick and Giles, the Secretary of the Shakspeare Club at Alloa, and the Town Council of Peebles, my ale cellar is a reservoir that is never dry—and as for wines, it is pleasant to be reminded by pipe or hogshead, that the visit of Christopher North is not forgotten on the Tagus or the Rhine —

Shepherd. Are you no tellin' me a pack o' lees?

North. Why, James, it is the first time I ever heard my veracity called in question.

Shepherd. Folk never ken what's their character in the world. Thousans maintain that you never spak ae word o' truth at the Noctes a' the days o' your life.

North. Poo! Nor are the largesses of my dear Public confined to vivres alone—but include all articles of wearing apparel—cloth shoes for my gouty foot—quarter, Wellington, and top-boots, James—lambswool stockings—comforters—wrist-ruffs—flannel for drawers—and you would stare to see the inside of my closet of Kilmarnock nightcaps. My leading article for September brought me from Manchester, one piece of fustian for jackets, and another for breeches, measuring each—I speak chiefly from conjecture—from fifty to a hundred yards—for after unrolling from the pin for a good quarter of an hour, I was called down stairs by Helen, and fustian and velvet remain unmeted to this day. Some hare, James?

Shepherd. I'll just tak the ither groose.

North. Then as for razors—I have specimens of all the cutlery in the kingdom—a blade for every day in the year.

Shepherd. Three hunder and sixty-five razors!

North. Upon the supposition that you may shave twenty times with one razor, without sending it to be set, I shall not need to trouble that matchless artist, Mr. Macleod in College-street, for twenty years.

* Samuel Whitbread, son and successor of an extensive brewer in London, sat in parliament for the borough of Bedford, for many years, and was one of the most vigorous opponents of Mr. Pitt. He was one of the leaders of the Whig party, and conducted the impeachment of Lord Melville, in 1805. He was married to Lord Grey's sister. He was an active member of the Committee under whose superintendence Drury Lane Theatre was rebuilt, after its destruction by fire. In 1815 he died by his own hand. Mr. Whitbread's son (here mentioned by North) was M. P. for Middlesex from 1820 to 1830, and his grandson has sat for Bedford since 1852.—M.

Shepherd. Your baird 'ill be mingled wi' the mools long afore that, I fear, sir.

North. No tears, James—no tears.

Shepherd. Nae tears! Hoo can I help the water frae staunin' in my ee, when the back of the groose is sae hell-het wi' kyeane pepper? It's waur than an Indian curry. Oh! man, but a hare makes a curious skeleton!

North. You are satirical on my appetite, James—but remember I am dining now.

Shepherd. You seem to me, sir, to be breakfastin', lunchin', dinin', takin' your four-hours, and sooper a' in ane and the same meal—and oh! but you're a Rabiawtor.

North. Sir David, bring me a stewed snipe or two.

Shepherd. Do the moths, sir, ever get in amang your claes?

North. Do they not? It was only last Saturday night, that I had rung the bell for Shoosy, that we might wind up the clock—*

Shepherd. The clock in the trans. Oh! man! but she's a gran' ticker—and has a powerfu' pendulum.

North. To my amazement Shoosy was in tears—absolutely sobbing—and covering her white face with her apron.

“Then cheered I my fair spouse, and she was cheered.”

Shepherd. What! Hae you married your housekeeper? Is Shoosy your spouse?

North. A mere quotation, James—and Tickler, you know, insists on every quotation being *verbatim et literatim*—correct—

Shepherd. That's unco silly in him—and he must ken better what's the privileged practice in that respect o' wuts and orators—but the question is, hae your claes suffered frae moths?

North. Shoosy, James, had that afternoon been overhauling one of the chests of drawers, in which—my clothes-closets being all full—we are necessitated to stow away some of our apparel—and, on coming to the bottom drawer, which she opened on her knees, by all that is transitory, the moths had drilled their way clean down through a devil's dozen pair of breeches, including one of doe, and two of buckskin!

Shepherd. That must hae been a tryin' discovery to the faithfu' cretur! I see her on her knees—wi' clasped hauns—as if sayin' her prayers.

North. The claret-colored breeches, in which Christopher North was so much admired by the King—God bless him—when he kept court in Holyrood—“were,” said Shoosy, “when I held them up

* For an explanation of the phrase “winding up the clock,” vide *Tristram Shandy*.—M.

between me and the light, oh, master, master—in the bottom part like a very sieve!”

Shepherd. Maist distressin’! for mendin’ moth-eaten claes is perfectly impossible. But may I mak so free, sir, as to ask, hoo mony pair o’ breeks you think you may chance to hae?

North. I have every one single pair of breeches, James, that have been made for me since I came of age. They may amount—but, to use the language of the trade, I have not taken stock for some years—to some four or five hundred pair.

Shepherd. Do you mean pairs or cooples? For five hunder coople’s double five hunder pair—a pair o’ breeks bein’ singular, and a coople of coorse bein’ plural.

North. Pardon me, James, but I cannot agree with you in thinking a pair of breeks singular, except indeed, in the Highlands, where the genius of the language —

Shepherd. Bring me some stewed snipes, too, Tapitoury.

Tapitoury. Oh yes! (*Absconds.*)

Shepherd. Gin I thocht that imp was mockin’ me, I wad pu’ his lugs for him—

North. What is your opinion now, James, of Irish affairs?

Shepherd. What the deevil hae I to do wi’ Eerish affairs? You’re gettin’ crazy about Eerish affairs a’thegither —

North. Not quite. But, all that is necessary, I verily believe, to get stark staring mad about them, is to pay a short visit to Ireland, and gulp a few gallons—not of her whisky, James, but merely of her atmosphere.

Shepherd. It’ll be a kind o’ gas that maks folk daft —

North. Look with a discerning spirit over the seven millions, and you will find that the more capacious the lungs, the madder the man. There are Dan O’Connell, and Eneas MacDonnell, and Purcell O’Gorman,* and sundry other tremendous Os and Macs, each of whom has capacity for at least a hogshead of atmosphere between back and breast-bone, which they spout forth in speech, as madly as the whales do the water, when they leap and play in the Arctic seas.

Shepherd. But is na’ Sheil a sma’ imp?

North. True. But Dicky, being a man of diminutive proportions, has just enough of madness to make him mischievous, and no more. He can point it, as you would the index of a weather-glass, to the precise circumstances of the time. He weighs his periods in his study, with the nicety of an apothecary in his shop, and models his madness into not unskilful tropes, which even please the fancy, when one can forget the mischief of the intention.†

* O’Connell and O’Gorman were large-framed men. The former remarkably so. Eneas MacDonnell is tall, but by no means deep-chested.—M.

† In the British Islands if it be thought that an orator commits his speeches to memory, a

Shepherd. Let us howp that it is upon natives alone that the influence of the Irish atmosphere has this strange effect.

North. Nay, James, send over the soberest Englishman or Scotchman to Ireland, and unless from great care and a diligent use of counteracting medicines, in the course of no long time he gets as wild as the rest; and in just proportion to the capacity of his lungs, and the number of hours which he passes in the clear open air.

Shepherd. Is that what they ca' a yippidemic?

North. It is. Look at Lord Anglesey, what a changed man, since he has been given to riding about amongst the mountains and the Milesians of Munster!* Mr. Peel was very little touched while in Ireland, because he took care to come over frequently and take large draughts of English atmosphere; but even he wanted to have a pistol-shot at Dan O'Connell, in which desire the said Daniel not appearing very warmly to participate, the Right Honorable Secretary was suffered to exhale his fit of Irishism, without risk of homicide, upon the flats about Calais.† Mr. Goulburn, again, escaped without the least touch of Irishism; but the reason was, that he was always at work in his office—he did not go abroad, and he brought over a quantity of official atmosphere from England, in which he lived, and moved, and had his being, during his residence in the sainted isle.

Shepherd. We never heard o' Mr. Goolburn in the Forest—but he may be a very clever man for a' that.‡

North. It follows from all this, James, that as the Irish in Ireland are all mad, and as the English sent over there are so very likely to become so, it would be very proper that the English government should take the affairs of Ireland more immediately into their own hands, and if the Roman Catholics must have an Association, they should be made to hold their club in London, where the change of air, and experienced keepers, would, no doubt, have the most beneficial effects.

Shepherd. There's plenty o' Eerishmen in this kintra already, without bringing ower the Association. But let ony sane man (some one who has arrived from Holyhead the same morning) walk

contemptuous opinion of him is usually entertained. Extempore speaking is, indeed, the rule, and prepared speeches the exception, not only at the bar, on the hustings, and at public meetings, but also in Parliament. Brilliant as Sheil's speeches were, they had little effect upon his auditors, because they were prepared.—M.

* The Marquis of Anglesey, (who died April 29, 1854,) was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during the year 1828, and again from November, 1830, to September, 1833.—M.

† Peel was Secretary for Ireland from 1812 to 1818, and, taking offence at some personality spoken by O'Connell, sent him a challenge to fight a duel, which was accepted. Peel went over to Calais, beyond the jurisdiction of England, but O'Connell was arrested in London, on his way to France, and bound over to keep the peace, whereby the duel was prevented.—M.

‡ Henry Goulburn, Secretary for Ireland, from 1821 to 1828, has also been Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary, under Wellington and Peel. He is a laborious but by no means a clever man.—M.

into sic a place as an Eerishman's Association maun be on the day of a debate, and he'll no need to wonder that the wild yet imposin' orgies are productive o' political madness, independent o' the atmosphere, which nae doubt helps. Grupp either me or you even, and lock us up in a madhouse wi' raving maniacs, and it'll soon need a stout chain and a stiff strait-waistcoat to keep us down to the floor o' our cell.

North. This process goes on in Ireland every day in the year. Suppose you walk into the Association while the dry reports about rent and so forth are being read, there is an air of importance and legislative authority about the assembly which carries you away from the reality of things before you. Men speak of "the other House," meaning thereby the Imperial House of Lords, and no one laughs, or seems to think it an absurdity or a blunder.

Shepherd. And yet, sir, it is 'maist as absurd as if a set o' noisy neer-do-weels sittin' in the Royal Hotel, after the races, were to liken themsells to us o' the Noctes, sittin' here in "the ither house."

North. But what is all this to the 'speech-making? The other day an Englishman of the name of Williams got up and talked a considerable portion of good sense—not fearing to say even there that the Duke of Wellington was "neither a fool nor a coward"—and, according to the rational course pursued by people brought up where the air does not make them mad, he recommended temper and moderation. Up started a young Irish maniac, or barrister, for in the Association these terms are synonymous, and he launched into a harangue about the provocations of Irish Roman Catholics, in a voice of agony, as if all the while some one had been tearing the flesh off his body with red-hot pincers. He described the murderings, the floggings, the torturings, the shedding of blood, which were suffered by the Roman Catholics in the last rebellion—

Shepherd. He wud dwell particularly on the bluid.

North. Until it must have appeared to his excited auditory, that they saw the miserable bauds of fugitive Papists struggling and plashing through the rivers of gore, which flowed from their slaughtered—

Shepherd. What a difference atween a pautriot and a demagogue!

North. We read these speeches at our breakfast-table, and we laugh at their absurdity, and so we ought, for they are absurd; but if we heard them as they are delivered before a great multitude, the illusion might be too strong for any man who has not some fifty years' experience of the emptiness and falsehood of the world, to steel his heart against all enthusiasm.

Shepherd. You've forgotten your theory o' the atmosphere, sir.

But even such a man as you suppose, might be carried away, when the description was one o' misery. Were it of happiness, he might laugh in all the scorn o' unbelief; but guilt and misery, sir, seem true to the old, as well as to the young.

North. Why indeed, James, the account of all these horrors, so extravagantly painted by the young Counsellor, are true in part; for in all rebellions there must be hanging, and shooting, and cutting of throats with swords, and much burning and outrage. But all those terrible things happen on both sides; and the Papists did not suffer more than did the Protestants in the rebellion of ninety-eight;* but there is no one to tell them all this in the Catholic Association, and they go forth maddened with recollections so vividly and partially called up before them.

Shepherd. It canna be difficult to foresee the effect o' a' this on the opposite party, the Protestants.

North. The effect produced in the Protestant Clubs is of the same kind, but less in its degree, in proportion to the comparative smallness of each separate assembly, and the absence of that great and widely-spread authority which attaches itself to the insanities of the Association. Besides, they have not had the practice in this kind of infuriating oratory which the Papists possess, nor have they had, until very lately, much provocation to its exercise.

Shepherd. There's been nae want o' provocation lately.

North. While they were the dominant party, they sunk into culpable slothfulness, and neglected the prudent means of preserving their power, and the stability of the constitution, such as it was given us by our fathers.

Shepherd. Nae uncommon case, either wi' individuals or nations.

North. Above all, they committed the grand error of suffering the power of the parliamentary representation to pass, in a great measure, into the hands of a Roman Catholic tenantry, and now this error recoils upon them with a force which is almost irresistible.

Shepherd. I'm only surprised, sir, that the Roman Catholic party should hae delayed sae lang to make use o' it.

North. But now, James, the Protestants see the danger which threatens the ascendancy of their church and party in Ireland. Now *their* orators start forth, and it will go hard with them if they do not soon equal the Papists in vehemence and passion, as they already surpass them in everything else (save multitude) which makes a party strong.

Shepherd. Don't you approve of the Brunswick Clubs?

North. I do. But the Brunswick Clubs are set up as measures of defence against the Catholic Association: let the latter be put down by solemn and stern interposition of the law, and the Bruns-

* Very few Irishmen will believe this.—M.

wick Clubs will immediately, not dissolve of themselves, but subside into quiescence,—and, to use a favorite expression of the Irish orators, men will no longer “halloo” each other on, to glut the savage passion of political revenge.*

Shepherd. What a rickle o’ banes on the trenchers, on the table and the sideboard! Hare, pheasant, grouse, snipes, sweet-breads, palates! no to mention a’ the puir bits o’ tarts, custards, and jellies—melted awa’ like snaw aff a dyke! But is na’t a great—a noble—a shublime sicht—the Cauld Roun’, towerin’ by himsel’ in the middle o’ the board—his sides clothed wi’ deep fat, like a mountain wi’ snaw-drifts!—and weel does he deserve the name o’ mountain—Ben-Buttock—see—see—furrows, as if left by the plough-share, high up his sides!

North. What it is to have the eye and soul of a poet! The mere marks of the twine that kept him together in the briny pickle-tub.

(*Enter AMBROSE and others with the materiel.*)

Shepherd. Fair fa’ your honest face, Mr. Awmrose. Oh! but you’re a bonny man—and I’m no surprised that Mrs. Awm —

North. Spare Mr. Ambrose’s blushes, James, —

Shepherd. What a posse comitatus o’ them they look, as they’re a’ leevin’ the room, ilka chiel, big and sma’, gien a glower outoure his shooother, first at me and then at Mr. North! I’ll tell you the thing that maist o’ a’ marks men o’ genius like me and you, sir—we never lose our novelty. Ken us for fifty years, and see us every ither week, and still a’ folk, o’ ony gumption at least, are perfectly delichted—nor can they help wunnerin’—wi’ the novelty—as I was sayin’—o’ our faces—and the novelty o’ our feegars—and the novelty o’ our mainners—and the novelty o’ everything we say—or do—just as bricht or brichter than the first time they ever saw us atween the een?

North. A shallow fellow runs out in a single forendon call of clishmaclaver—and next time you meet him, the Bohemian chatterer is like a turkey without a tongue.

Shepherd. The reason is, that his mind’s like a boyne that somebody else has filled half-fu’ o’ dirty water—say a washerwoman wi’ suds—and whenever it’s cowped, the suds o’ course fa’ out first wi’ ae great blash, and then sune dreep through the wee worm-holes o’ the yearth, and in a few minutes disappearin’ dry and durty.

North. While with us, James, the stream of thought is like a river flowing from a lake —

Shepherd. And only lost in the sea.

North. Fructifying, as it flows, a hundred realms —

* The Brunswick Clubs were wholly Anti-Catholic, and were very short-lived.—M.

Shepherd. Why even a shallow mind—that's to say, sir, a mind no very deep, if it hae but a natural spring o' its ain, never runs dry, but murmurs, alang a bit wee water-coorse o' its ain seleckin amang the broomy and brackeny banks and braes, weel contented at last to lose its name, but no its nature, in anither mair capacious intellect, sic as mine or yours—like the Eddlestane, or the Quair, or the Leithen, singin' wi' a swirl into the sawmon-haunted Tweed.

North. Exquisite, my dear James—exquisite. Give me a companion with a mind of his own—something peculiar at least—if not absolutely original——

Shepherd. And I'm sure, sir, you would let a dull dungeon o' mere learnin'—

North. Go hang. What's the matter, James? What's the matter?

Shepherd. I really canna help wishin', sir, that there was a mark on the thermometer, aboon that o' bilin' water, just for the sake o' whusky toddy.

North. Is the jug a failure, James?

Shepherd. It would be sacrilege to whusky like that, to gi'et mair than ae water—but then ae water, especially gin it be the least aff the bile, deadens the jug below the proper pitch o' hotness, nor in a' the realms o' nature, art, and science, is there ony remeed.

North. There are many evils and imperfections in our present state of existence, James, to which we must unrepiningly submit.

Shepherd. Repinin'? Whaever heard me repinin', sir? But surely you're no sae stupit as no to ken the difference atween yawmerin'* and moraleezin'!

North. They are often not easily to be distinguished, in the writings of those persons who have been pleased to devote their time and talents to the promotion of the temporal and eternal interests of the human race, James.

Shepherd. What skrows o' sermons are written by sumphs!†

North. It requires that a man should have a strong mind, James, to get into a pulpit every seventh day, and keep prosing and preaching away either at people in particular, who are his parishioners, or at mankind at large, who are merely inhabitants of the globe, without contracting a confirmed habit of general insolence, most unbecoming the character of a gentleman and a Christian.

Shepherd. Especially ministers that are mere callants, little mair than students o' divinity—fresh frae the Ha'—and wha, even if they are rather clever, canna but be verra ignorant o' human natur, at least o' its worst vices, it is to be houp'd; yet how crouse the creters are in the poopit! How the bits o' bantams do crawl!

* *Yammering*,—making a loud outcry.—M. † *Sumph*,—a soft, muddy-headed fellow.—M.

North. The spectacle is more than disgusting.

Shepherd. No, sir; it's neither less nor mair than disgustin'! Disgustin's the verra word. Nae doubt a weak mind, ower sensitive, nicht ca' the creter's impidence profanation; but it's no in the power of a bit shallow, silly, upsettin' creter, wi' an ee-glass dangling at the breast o' him, though he's na mair blin' than I am, except, indeed, to his ain insignificance and presumption, and to his character and reputation, baith wholesale and retail—wi' his starched neck-cloth proppin' up the chouks o' him, as stiff as a black stock—and the hair o' his head manifestly a' nicht in papers—sae that when you first see him stannin' up in the poopit, you can scarcely help lauchin' at the thought o' a contrived eemage risin' up out o' a band-box; it's nae sae easy, I say, sir, for a creter o' that kind to profane a kirk.

North. How so, James, I scarcely fathom you.

Shepherd. The sanctity o' a sma' kirk is strang—strang, sir, whether it be on a dark day, when a sort o' gloamin' hangs aboon and below the laigh* galleries, soberin' and tamin' the various colors o' the congregation's sabbath-claes, and gi'en a solemn expression to a' faces, whether pale and wrinkled, or smooth, saft, and shinin' as the moss-roses when bloomin' unseen, a' left alane to their bonny sells, in the gardens o' the breathless houses sprinkled in the wilderness, and a' staunin' idle during the hours o' divine worship.

North. God bless you, James. I feel the Sabbath silence of a thousand hills descending upon my soul and senses. Never is your genius more delightful, my dear Shepherd, than when —

Shepherd. You're a real gude, pious auld man, Mr. North, wi' a' the unaccountable perversities o' your natur. Or, haply, when after a wee bit cheerfu' and awaukening patter o' a hasty simmer shower on the windows lookin' to the stormy airt, the sun bursts out in sudden glory, and fills the humble tabernacle wi' a licht, that is felt to be gracious as the smile o' the all-seeing God!

North. Happy Scotland—thrice happy in thy most simple Sabbath-service, long ago purchased and secured by blood—now held by the tenure of now and then a few contrite tears!

Shepherd. The bonnie lassies—a' dressed like verra leddies, and yet, at the same time, for a' that, likewise just like themsells; and wha wadna wish to see them arrayed on the Sabbath like the lilies o' the field? Their sweethearts, perhaps, or them no quite their sweethearts yet, helpin' them to turn ower the leaves o' their Bibles at every reference to scripture till the hail kirk rustles wi' religion.

North. Even like the very sycamore shading the porch, when the only breeze in all the air visits for a minute its sacred umbrage!

Shepherd. Just sae, sir; gie me your haun'. Let me fill your

* *Laigh*.—low.—M.

glass. This jug's sweeter nor usual—and what's strong should aye be sweet. Every here and there an auld gray head o' grandfather or great-grandfather, wi' an aspect amaisht stern in its thochtfulness, fixed wi' dim yet searchin' een on the expounder o' the Word—and matrons, wi' sweet serious faces, fair still, though time has touched them, in the beauty o' holiness—and young wives sae douce, but no sae douncast, wha in early spring, and yet 'tis simmer, were maidens, and as they walk'd amang the braes pu'd the primroses for their snooded hair*—and, sprinkled up and down the pews, gowden-headed weans, that at school are yet in the Larger or Shorter Catechism, some o' them listenin' to the discourse like auld people, some of them doin' a' they can to listen; some o' them, aiblins, when their pawrents are no lookin', lauchin' to ane anither wi' silent jokes o' their ain, scarcely understood by themselfs, and passin' awa aff their faces in transitory smiles, like dewy sunbeams glintin' frae the harebells—or wearied wi' their walk, and overpowered by the slumberous hush o' the place o' worship, leanin' their heads on the shoulder of an elder sister, wha stirs not lest she disturb them—heaven forgive and bless the innocents—fast, fast, and sound, sound asleep!

North. The “contrived eemage,” James, as you called him, with his eye-glass, stiff-starched stock, and poll of ringlets, has disappeared into his handbox—on with the lid upon him—and let him rest within the pasteboard.

Shepherd. When you and me begins a twa-handed crack, there's nae kennin' whare the association o' ideas—there's a pheelosophic word for you—will carry us—and oh, sir! it's pleasant to embark in our fairy pinnace, me at the oars, and you at the helm, and wi' wind and tide, to drap awa down the banks, sometimes laigh without being flat, sometimes just tremblin' into knowes, and sometimes heavin' into hills—noo a bit solitary birk-tree dancin' to the din o' waterfa—noo a coppice, a' that remains o' an auld decayed forest—noo a wood, a hundred years o' age, in the prime o' life—noo a tower, a castle, an abbey—to say naething o' the glintin' steeples o' kirks and the lumms o' dwallin' houses smokin' in the clear air, or, in the heat o' simmer, lookin' as if they were only ornaments to the thatch-roofs variegated by time wi' a' the colors o' the rainbow.

North. I feel now, James, in my heart's core, the difference between “yawmerin' and moraleezin'.”

Shepherd. A man may let his sowl sink down to the verra bottom o' the black pit o' mental despair, sir, and yet no deserve the name o' a yawmerer.

North. Ay, James, it was in no playful mood, but in an agony, that some haunted spirit first strove to laugh the phantoms to scorn, by naming them blue devils.

* *Snead*,—a young woman's maiden-fillet for tying round her head.—M.

Shepherd. Mercy on us ! when a man thinks wha made him, and for what end, and then thinks what his life at the verra best has been, the only wonder is that he does na gang mad. Wha that breathes the breath o' life, when standin' a' by himsell in the desert, has na reason to ca' upon the rocks to cover him, to hide him in the bowels o' the earth frae the beautiful, benign, and gracious blue sky ? Every day is a day o' judgment. I feel that, sir, every nicht I kneel down to say my prayers, and hear wee Jamie breathin' in the bed at the foot o' our ain ; but then again, bairns and ither blessings are gien us to hinder our souls frae swarfin' within us at the thocht o' our ain wickedness—and since He who made us and provides for us, hung our planet by the golden chain o' beauty round the sun, and gied us senses mirroring creation, and spirits to rejoice in the mysterious reflection, surely, surely, silly and sinfu' though we all are, we may venture at times to lift up a humble but happy ee to the "glorious firmament on high," being, fallen as we are from our high estate, but a little lower—so we are truly tauld—than the angels.

North. We are getting perhaps somewhat more serious, James, than is altogether suitable to —

Shepherd. Na, sir. This is Saturday nicht—and cheerfu' as Saturday nicht ever is to every son o' dear auld Scotland,—mair especially since sweet Robin hallowed it by that deathless strain—it aye, somehow or ither, seems wi' me to partake o' the character o' the comin' Sabbath.

North. I have felt that sentiment, my dear James, through all the chances and changes of my chequered life ever since boyhood. Even then, when night came unawares upon us at our play, with her one large clear moon and her thousand twinkling stars, at the quick close of the happiest of all holidays—the Saturday—a sudden hush used to still the beatings of my wild heart—and whether with my playmates, or slipping away by myself, I used to return from the brae or the glen to the Manse, with a divine melancholy in my mind, ever and anon eyeing with a delight allied to awe and wonder, the heavenly host marshalling themselves, every minute, in vaster multitudes all over the glorious firmament.

Shepherd. Do you ken, Mr. North, that every thocht, every feeling, every image, every description, that it is possible for a poet to pour out frae within the sanctuary o' his spirit, seems to be brought frae a hidden store, that was gathered, and girnell'd, and heaped up by himsell unconsciously during the heavenly era o' early life ?

North. True, James, true. O call not the little laddie idle that is strolling by some trotting burn's meander, all in aimless joy by his happy self—or angling, perhaps, as if angling were the sole end of life, and all the world a world of clear running waters—or bird-nesting by bank and brae, and hedgerow, and forest-side, with more

imaginative passion than ever impelled men of old to voyage to golden lands—or stringing blaeberries on a thread, far in the bosom of woods, where sometimes to his quaking heart, and his startled eyes, the stems of the aged mossy trees seemed to glimmer like ghosts, and then in a sudden gust of the young emotion of beauty, that small wild fruitage blushed with deeper and deeper purple, as if indeed and verily gathered in Paradise—or pulling up by the roots,—that the sky-blue flowers might not droop their dewy clusters, when gently the stalk should be replanted in the rich mould of the nook of the garden, beside the murmuring hives,—the lovely Harebells, the Blue Bells of Scotland —

Shepherd. Hourra—hourra—hourra!—Scotland for ever!—damn a' the niggers that daur to hint the tenth pairt o' the sma'est monosyllable against Scotland. Say on, sir, say on—but acknowledge at the same time, that you are catchin' your inspiration frae him you love to ca' the Shepherd—and wha, were he to be ane o' the crooned heads o' Europe, would glory in the name!—

North. Or tearing a rainbow branch of broom from the Hesperides —

Shepherd. That's a real bonny use o' a classical fable—

North. Or purer, softer, brighter far than any pearls ever dived for in Indian seas, with fingers trembling in eagerest passion, yet half-restrained in reverential wonder at their surpassing loveliness, plucking from the mossy stones primroses and violets! And almost sick with the scent of their blended balm, faint, faint, faint as an odor in a dream—and with the sight of their blended beauty, the bright burnished yellow,—yes, at once both bright and pale,—and the dim celestial blue,—yes, at once both celestial and sullen,—unable to determine in the rapt spirit within him, whether primrose or violet be the most heavenly flower of the wilderness! All blent, mingled, transfused, incorporated: spiritualized, the one with the other into one glowing, gorgeous, meek, mild, magnificent whole, into one large Luminous Flower, worthy, nor more than worthy, to be placed by his own happiest hands on the bosom of his own first-love, then seen sitting, far off though she be, by the knee of her old grandame, reading the Bible aloud with her silver voice—an orphan, even more blessed than she knows herself to be, in the well-pleased eye of Heaven.

Shepherd. Gin Mr. Gurney spiles *that*, either in the contraction or the extension, he deserves to gang without his sooper—that's a'—and yet, perhaps, it'll no read so weel in prent as to hear it spoken—for oh, sir, but you hae a fine modulated vice when you speak rather laigh—and then when a body looks at your dim een and your white face—though they're no that unco dim nor white neither—and your figure mair bent o' late than we a' could wish—the effect's no

to be resisted. But the jug's noddin' at you, sir; touch noses wi' him, as freens, they say, do in Turkey—and then shove him ower to me, and I'll replenish—for, by this time, pur fallow, he maun be sair exhausted.

North. All fictitious composition—however pathetic—ought to leave the mind of the reader in a happy state, James. Is not the soul of every man worthy of immortality left in a happy state, at the conclusion of Lear, knowing that Cordelia's now gone to heaven?

Shepherd. 'Twas an inevitable consummation!

North. But inferior writers—

Shepherd. The verra instant an author begins darkenin' heaven's gracious daylight, except it be for the sake o' a' burst o' sunshine that has been dammed up as it were among the black clouds, and is a' at ance let out in a spate o' licht breakin' intil a thousand streams through the sky,—I say, the verra instant I see the idiwit, and the waur than idiwit, doin' what he can to “put out the licht, and then—put out the licht”—I order awa the book, just as I would do an empty bottle wi' some dregs o' soor yill in't that never at its best was worth the corkin', and tell the mistress that she maunna alloo that volumn to get into the leebrary again on penalty o' its being burnt.

North. What! You are your own incremator?

Shepherd. It was only the last week that we had an *Auto da Fe* o' yawmerers on the knowe—the pamphlets burned sweetly—but ae blockhead in boards died verra hard, and as for the coofs in cawf, some o' them—would you believe it—were positively alive next mornin', and I lichted my pipe at the finis o' a volumn on Corruption, afore I went to the hill with the grews.

North. But how do you reconcile, James, this cheerful creed of yours with the general melancholy of the Noctes?

Shepherd. There is nae creed, either philosophical or theological, with which the melancholy o' the Noctes may not be reconciled, as easily as twa friends that hae never quarrelled. My remark amounted to this, that there never was, never will be, never can be, in this sublunary scene, a perfect jug o' het toddy.

North. I have the beau ideal of one, James, in my mind.

Shepherd. Na—na—dinna think o' bamboozlin' me wi' your bo-adeals. Imperfect as I alloo this jug to be, it is nevertheless better, when you put it to your mouth, than any bo-adeal o' a jug that ever you had in your mind. For what can any bo-adeal o' a jug, by any possibility, be but a conception, or in ither words, a remembrance? And will you pretend to tell me that there ever was, either o' eatables or drinkables, a conception or a remembrance half as vivid as the liquid or solid reality its ain sell?

North. But then, James, by abstracting, and adding, and modifying, and —

Shepherd. O, sir, sir! O my dear sir, ye maunna, ye really maunna begin sae soon as the verra first second jug to dreevil metaphysics —

North. Even thus, James, the loveliest of the loveliest of the creation, as she breathes and blooms in bright and balmy flesh and blood, what is she to the vision, the idea, in the poet's brain?

Shepherd. I'll tell you what she is—her wee finger, aye, her wee tae's worth a' the air-woven limmers —

North. O, Medicean Venus!

Shepherd. I never saw, ye ken that weel aneuch, the marble statue; but I hae seen a plaister cast o' the Heathen creter—and I dinna deny that's she's a gae tosh body, rather o' an under size, and that the chiel who originally cut her out, could hae been nae journeyman. But may this be the last jug o' toddy that ever you and I drink thegither, if I havena seen a dizzen, a score, a hunder, a thousan' times, lassie upon lassie, nane o' them reckoned very extraorniar in the way of beauty, far, far, far bonnier, baith in face and figure, than the Greek image, dookin' in secret pools o' the burnies among the braes—noo splashin' ane anither, like sae mony wild swans a' at once seized wi' a mirthfu' madness, and far out in the very heart o' St. Mary's Loch, garrin' the spray spin into rainbows aneath the beating beauty o' their snow-white wings,—noo meltin' like foam-bells, or say rather, sinkin' like water-lilies, veeisible through the element as if it were but a pearly veil—Oh! sir—ower ower veeisible,—noo chasin' ane anither, in ee-dazzlin', soul-sickenin' succession, Naiad after Naiad, this ane croo'd, say rather apparelled, in a shower o' sunbeams, and that ane wi' a trail o' clouds—brichtenin' or blackenin' their fair bodies like day or like nicht, such was the dreepin' length o' yellow or sable hair, that hung, in their stooping flight, frae forehead unto feet—chasin' ane anither, I say, sir, through alang the pillared and fretted gallery that runs alang the rock ahint the water-fa', cool, caller, cauld in July's dog-star drought, and yet sae cheerfu' and halesome too within the misty den, that there the wren doth hang her large green nest in a nook, and at any time you throw in a stane, lo! the white-breasted water-pyot flits forth, and skimmin' the surface, dips and disappears sae suddenly that you know not whether it was a bird or a thocht!

North. My dear James—you have peopled the pool with poetry, even as the heaven with stars.

Shepherd. That's as true a word as ever you spake; and ane o' the maist glorious gifts of poetry, sir, is the power o' bringin' upon the imagination woman—virgin woman—for a glimpse—a glimpse and nae mair—veiled but in her ain native—her ain sacred inno-

cence—and secure from all profanation of unhallowed thoughts, as the nun kneeling in her cell before the crucifix.

North. So have all great poets and painters felt, my dear James; nor have they ever feared for nature and her sanctities. To the pure all things are pure; but there are poor, feeble, fastidious fribbles, James, who would have turned aside their faces, clapped a handkerchief to their eyes, and deviated down a lane, had they suddenly met Eve in Paradise.

Shepherd. Hoo the mother of mankind would hae despised the Atheists! For what better than Atheists are they who blush for the handiwork of their Maker?

North. Their tailor stands between them and God.

Shepherd. That's a daurin' expression—but noo that I've taen a minute to think on't, I see it's a profoond apophthegm. Fause delicacy's mair excusable in a woman than a man—for it ower aften forms pairt o' her edication—and some young leddies live in a perpetual horror o' lookin', or sayin', or doin' something improper; whereas if the bit harmless creeters would but chatter away on, they would be as safe no to talk out o' tune as the lintie on the broom, or the laverock in the cloud.

North. What think you of a hook-nosed old maiden lady, with a yellow shrivelled neck, James, attempting to blush behind her fan——

Shepherd. When reading a Noctes! Huts! the auld idiwit—you micht imagine her, in like manner, comin' suddenly upon Adam, with a wooden spade over his shoulder, and shriekin' loud enough, at the sight of our worthy first male parent, to alarm the fairest of her daughters, Eve, employed in training the pretty parasites of Paradise to cluster more thickly round the porch of her nuptial bower.

North. Yes; I have been credibly informed, James, that there are absolutely creatures permitted to inhale the vital air, under the external appearance of human beings, male and female, who won't read the Noctes, because, forsooth, they are indelicate——

Shepherd. I wudna advise the pawrents o' ony female under forty, that pretends no to read the Noctes for that reason, to alloo Miss Madam to ride out on horseback for an airing, wi' an unmarried groom-lad, or it'll no be her fawt if them twa's no ae flesh, and her, before lang, the landlady o' a tavern in Bow-street, wi' livery stables with back premises, wi' horses staunin' in them at a guinea a-week.

North. Might this tongue—and this hand—be benumbed by palsy, if ever one word dropt from either that modest maiden might not read, with no other blush but that of mantling mirth on the cheek of Innocence, who, herself knowing no ill, suspecteth it not

in others, and least of all in the harmless merriment of an old man, fain, now and then, my gentle Shepherd, as you know, to kindle up a light beneath the sparks of such a genius as thine, James, in the dry and withered sticks, as it were, of his imagination—coruscating fitfully, alas! and feebly, but innocently too, as the flakes of wild-fire through the fast-descending, and deepening, and thickening mists of age——

Shepherd. Mists! A mind like yours, sir, wad be naething without mists. Your gran' towerin' sky-seekin' thochts are aften dimly seen through mists, just like the mountains o' Swisserland, or our ain Highlands—while through the heart o' the dead or drivin' cloud-gloom is heard the roarin' o' mony streams a' in unison wi' the voice of some Great Waterfa', the Leader o' the Band,—when they are silent, singin' a gran' solo by himsell, and ha'en nae objections to takin' either the first or the second in a duet with the Thunder. Or haply, sir,—and there the simile hauds gude too, when you're in a cheerfu' mood, sir, and weel-timed daffin's* the order o' the nicht,—haply, sir, through the disparting mist is heard the laughter o' lads and lasses tedding the rushy meadow hay in the moist hollows among the heather, or the litling o' some auld traditionary lay; or what say you to the bagpipe, to a gatherin' or a coronach,† saft and faint as subterranean music, frae ahint a knowe a' covered wi' rocks, and owershadowed wi' pine-trees like oaks, so majestic is the far-sweepin' o' their arm-boughs, and so high their green-diadem'd heads in heaven?

North. Hollo! Fancy! Whither art thou flying?

Shepherd. Indelicate indeed! at that rate wha's delicate in the haill range o' English leeteratur? Is Addison delicate, wha left “no line which dying he would wish to blot?” Let your prim, leerin', city madams read his Spectawtors—beautiful, pure, simple, graceful, elegant, and perfectly innocent as they are, and then daur to blame the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

North. Let Pope's Works, truly moral as he is, Poems, Letters, and all, go into the fire.

Shepherd. Let the Castle o' Indolence be inserted in the Index Expurgatorius, on account o' that stanza about the silly maiden “waxing very weakly as she warms” in the arms of the loser——

North. Whisht, James, whisht—the very allusion to the most perfect poem in the English language is indelicate.

Shepherd. What say they to the description o' Adam and Eve in the garden o' Eden—to Dido and Æneas in the cave—to Tasso and Ariosto, and——

North. Shakspeare in every other page—to Ophelia and Cymbeline, and Desdemona.

* *Daffin*,—thoughtless gaiety.—M.

† *Coronach*,—a dirge.—M.

Shepherd. O the cutties !*

North. Why, James, the galleries of the Festal Hall might be crowded with the charest virgins of the land to listen to our colloquies during our wildest orgies; nor would the most shame-faced of them all ever need once to veil her eyes beneath the white wavings of her ostrich plumes.

Shepherd. There canna, sir, be a mair fatal symptom o' the decline and corruption o' national morals than what's ca'd *squeamishness*. Human natur, I fancy, is the same in essentials in high and low degree—and I ken ae thing for a dead certainty, that there never was a lass yet in a' the Forest that was misfortunate, who had nae aye lookit as if butter would nae hae melted in her mouth; and what was the upshot? A skirlin' babbie† at the dead hour o' night, to the astonishment o' her mither and a' her sisters—and you'll fin' the same thing noted in auld ballants by thae great masters o' natur and teachers o' virtue, the poets.

North. Ay, James—the old minstrels saw far, and deep, and clear into all heart-mysteries—and, low-born humble men as they were, their tragic or comic strains strike like electricity.

Shepherd. Shame came into the world wi' Sin; and whether by the lowin' ingle-nook, or among the bonnie bloomin' heather, aneath the moon and stars, she bides na lang wi' Innocence, sittin' or lyin' in the arms of Love—for Love, though a gentle, is a bold-eyed spirit; and wi' ae smile, that fortifies the tremblin' virgin's heart, scaurs awa' Shame and Fear to the haunts o' the guilty; and if there be a blush on her brow or her bosom, Love kens weel whence came the dear suffusion; and, in a sweet lown voice, asks his ain lassie to lift up her head and look him in the face, that he may kiss the tears frae her cheek, and what seems to be tears—but is only a mist—far within her thoughtful and affectionate een, through which is seen swimmin' the very essence o' her soul!

North. Once adopt the false delicate, and Poetry and Painting are no more. Jephtha's daughter must not bewail her virginity on the mountains—and her breast must not be bared to the sacrificial knife of her father. Iphigenia in Tauris —

Shepherd. If three bonny maidens, sisters perhaps, had been a' droon' in ane anither's arms, in some shelvin' plum—not only betrothed, but the verra day fixed for their marriages—and were a' there laid out, stiff and stark, on the sunny bank, like three wee bit naked babbies, what wad you thiuk o' that man or that woman, wha in the middle of that mortal meesery, when the souls o' a' present were prostrated by the sight o' sudden and saddest death, should, *out o' delicacy*, order awa' the weepin', and sobbin', and shriekin' haymakers, that had a' run down dimented to the pool; and some

* *Cuttie*,—a slut: a worthless girl; a loose woman.—M.

† *Skirling*,—screaming.—M.

o' them, at the risk o' their ain lives, louped into the deeps, and were now wringin' their hauns, because there was nae hope for either Mary, or Margaret, or Helen Morrison—useless a' their bridal garments—and for their bonny breasts nae linen wanted noo—but sufficient for a shroud!

North. That self-same sight I saw, James, in a pool on a bank of the Tweed—fifty years ago —

Shepherd. I ken you did—and though I've heard you describe't fifty times, I wad rather no hear ony thing mair about it the noo—for I hate to greet—and whatever else you may be deficient in, the greatest coof in Scotland canna deny that you're a matchless master o' the pathetic.

North. Yes, James, and of the humorous, too —

Shepherd. You micht have left anither to say that for you, sir—but o' a' the vain, proud, self-conceited creturs that ever took pen in haun', you are at the head—and if ever you chance to be confined in a lunatic madhouse, nae dout you'll continue to believe that you're still the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and 'll no alloo naebody but yourself to write the leading article.

North. And of the sublime.

Shepherd. What! you conceit yourself to be a prose Milton? I think naething o' your grand style. Saw ye ever an auld man totterin' wi' stilts ower a ford that a shepherd micht skip amaisht without being wat-shod?

North. And the beautiful —

Shepherd. And the mean, low, base, coorse, clatty —

North. Come, James, keep a good tongue in your head. See, here are Retzsch's Illustrations of Hamlet.

Shepherd. Stop till I dicht the table wi' the rubber. Noo unfauld, and let's hear till another lectur. Play awa' the first fiddle. You like to shine, even afore the Shepherd alane—an oh! but auld age is garrulous, garrulous, and loes dearly the soun' o' his ain tremblin' vice!

North. Here is the apotheosis of Shakspeare.

Shepherd. I hate apotheoses's, for they're no in natur, or hardly sae—but is there a pictur o' the murder?

North. Here it is. The adulterous brother is pouring the "leperous distilment" into the ear of the sleeping monarch. What a model of a coward assassin! He seems as if he trod on a viper. He must needs have recourse to poison, for he dare not touch a dagger. Every nerve of his body is on the rack of fear, and yet no quiver of remorse can reach his dastard soul. The passage from sleep to death—how finely marked on the features of his victim! Life has departed without taking leave, and death has not stamped him with its loathsome impress. But the deed is done, and the "extravagant and erring

spirit," with all its imperfections on its head, is already in Purgatory. What a placid beauty in the reclining attitude of the corpse! A graceful ease, which finely contrasts with the crouching curve of the villain. It is a posture which a lady on a sofa might study with advantage—yet manly, royal—in sleep, in death, he is "every inch a king."

Shepherd. And the artist o' that is a German? I can hardly credit it.

North. The antique garniture of the Arbor—the Gothic fretwork—the grotesque imagery—the grim figure of Justice with her sword and scale—all seem to sympathize with the horrid act—and bear a charmed life, a reflection of sad mortality.

Shepherd. Oh! sir! but Claudius is an ugly heathen.

Tickler. Is he not, James—not indeed too bad a villain—but too low a scoundrel? He could not be the brother of a king—he could seduce no woman who was not degraded below all degradation—and the mother of Hamlet is still a queen. He is downright physically disgusting. Retzsch has embodied the grossest issues of Hamlet's hatred. He has combined in a human form the various deformities of a satyr, a drunkard, a paddock, a bat, a gib, a slave—and, altogether, has produced a true semblance of one of those hoary miscreants who are brought up to Bow-street or Marlborough Office for assaults upon female infants. His vile low forehead, whalley eyes, pendulous cheeks, and filthy he-goatish beard—fok—the nobles of Denmark would never have compounded felony with such "a cut-purse of the empire."

Shepherd. But you'll find, sir, that Shakspeare's Claudius is really such a monster.

North. No, James—no.

Shepherd. But Hamlet says sae —

North. No matter what Hamlet says. Hamlet utters his own sentiments, not Shakspeare's—and hatred is twentyfold blinder than love. Now, I really think, that sensualist, adulterer, fratricide, and usurper as he is, Claudius has royal blood in his veins, and, for an usurper, plays the King's part rarely. Even the Ghost ascribes to him "witchcraft of wit;" and accordingly he is a fine talker, a florid rhetorical speaker, not unfurnished with common-places of morality, and thoroughly capable of sustaining his assumed dignity. His reproof of Hamlet's perseverant woe would have done credit to a better man.

———— to persevere

In obinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart *unfortified*, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd;

For what we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar things to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is—Death of Fathers!

Shepherd. That's orthodox divinity, sure aneuch!

North. Nay, when his conscience will let him, he lacks not courage—when assailed by Laertes, he behaves like a prince, and speaks like a Tory.

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person,
 There's such Divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep at what it would,
 Acts little of his will.

Shepherd. He may speak like a Tory, but he acts like a Whig.

North. Forget party for a night, James. Shakspeare, in short, was aware, and here Retzsch seems to have forgotten, that great moral guilt may coexist with much personal or official dignity, and even with acute intellectual perceptions of right and wrong.

Shepherd. Turn ower to the Ghost, sir—gin ye please.

“By Heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me.”

North. Lo! Young Hamlet beckoned away by the Ghost, who stands in the distance, dim and shadowy, ghostly indeed and kinglike, is bursting from his friends, whose admonitory, dissuasive countenances interpret their fears. There is nothing of rage or violence, you see, James, in his deportment—nothing but the self-transcending energy of one, whose fate cries out. Never did art produce a finer sample of manly beauty in its vernal summer. We can see that his downy cheek is smooth and blooming as a virgin's; and yet he is the man complete—the soldier, scholar, courtier—the beloved of Ophelia—“the beautiful, the brave.” Perhaps he is even too beautiful—not that he is effeminate—but the moody, moon-struck Hamlet must needs have had a darker and a heavier brow.

Shepherd. Which is Horatio?

North. That. Horatio, here and throughout, is a sensible, gentlemanlike young man, and Marcellus a fair militia officer.

Shepherd. Eh! here's the soliloquy!

North. To say that it is a picture of Hamlet uttering that soliloquy, would be to attribute to the pencil a skill which it does not possess. But it is evidently the picture of a man speaking—reasoning to himself—a rare advantage over the generality of theatrical portraits, which generally stare out of the canvas or paper, just as if they were spouting to the pit, or familiarly eyeing the gallery.

Hamlet stands in the centre—his body firm and erect, his head downcast, hands slightly raised. He is manifestly in a state of inward conflict, and strong mental exertion—not in a passive day-dream, or brown study. On the one side, Ophelia sits sewing—her hands suspended, her countenance marked with affectionate anxiety. On the other, the King and Polonius, watching, the one with malicious, the other with curious intentness. Retzsch has admirably represented the popular idea of Polonius; but when he visits England, he may perhaps find, among our venerable Nobles, a more adequate representative of the Polonius of Shakspeare.

Shepherd. Was ye speakin' the noo, sir, for I didna hear your vice?

North. Beauty, Innocence, and Sorrow, each in their loveliest dress, unite in the simple figure. Most wonderful and excellent is the art, that with a few strokes of the pencil can produce a being whom at once we know, and love, and pity. Hamlet, seated at her feet, his eye fixed like a Basilisk on the King, with uplifted finger, expounds "the Mouse Trap." "He poisons him in the garden for his estate. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife." The King, with averted face, draws back his chair, as in the act of rising. The Queen, a royal matron, still noble and beautiful—though guilt, and care, and years have set their several marks upon her—holds up her hands in astonishment, but shows no fear. She evidently was not privy to the murder. The rest of the audience are merely amazed, or it may be, chagrined at the interruption of their entertainment. Ophelia, pensive and heart-broken, yet thinking no evil, scarce perceives what is passing.

Shepherd. Puir creter!

North. But, look here, my dear Shepherd—look here. The King is praying—no, pray he cannot—the picture tells it. We compassionate, even this miscreant, under the severest of all Heaven's judgments. Not so does Hamlet. "Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent," is clearly blazoned in his own act and visage. That was one of the speeches which Shakspeare, had he lived in these days, would not have written—nor would he, in the golden days of Queen Bess, or King Jamie, have put it into the mouth of Hamlet, had he meant to represent him as a sane and exemplary youth. Yet I know not whether the notion of retributive vengeance as a propitiation to the departed, will not justify even this horrid scruple. The speech, whatever it were meant for, certainly is a tremendous satire on revenge.

Shepherd. It gars me grue and greet.*

North. After the last confirmation of the king's guilt, Hamlet, fooled to the top of his bent by successive intruders, and screwing

* *Grue and greet*,—shudder and weep.—M.

up his spirits for the interview with his mother, not only is, but confesses himself maddened.

Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.

He even contemplates, while he deprecates, the possibility of his "heart losing its nature." Just then, "at the very witching time of night," "when hell itself breathes out contagion to this world," he crosses the chamber where the king is kneeling. The opportunity strikes him, but his natural disinclination to action intervenes, with somewhat of a secret consciousness, that the moment of repentance is not the time of vengeance. Still, so utterly are his feelings envenomed against the poor culprit, and so strangely his moral sense perplexed by "supernatural soliciting," that even remorse itself is turned to cruelty, and he vindicates the adjournment of the blow by arguments, which certainly "have no relish of salvation in them," but which, perhaps, sounded less impious in an age, when every staunch Protestant, no less than his Catholic cousin, thought himself bound to believe in the eternal perdition of their dissentient neighbors.

Shepherd. I can look at it nae langer; turn ower, sir; turn ower to Ophelia!

North. Here it is,—the madness of Ophelia! She is still lovely—still the same Ophelia—but how changed! Her aspect tells of fierce conflicting woes—but they are past. Surely that bereavement of reason, which to man appears so cruel, is a dispensation of mercy! She scatters her flowers—rue, for remembrance, and pansies for thoughts—and warbles snatches of old songs—such as she may have overheard in her childhood, without knowing what the words imply, only that they tell of love and death—of faithless love and death untimely!

Shepherd. Can yon be the cauld roun' that I see on the side-board through a sort o' mist afore my een? If sae, let us baith hae a shave, wi' moostard and vinegar—for it's a gae while syne sooper, and you look yawp, sir.

(The SHEPHERD cuts dexterously a plateful of beef, with much taste interlarding the lean with the fat.)

North. After a hot and heavy supper, James, it is dangerous to go to bed, without a trifle of something light and cold—and no well-regulated private or public house should ever be without a Round. Thank you, James, thank you.

Shepherd. Saw ever ony body the likes o' that? The trencher was meant for us baith to fill our ain plates aff't, and instead o' that, there hae you ta'en the trencher to yoursell, and are absolutely

eatin' awa fra' it, first a link o' lean and then a dab o' fat, as if you hadna seen butcher-ment for a towmont, and I'm obleeged to hae the trouble o' gangin' again to the sideboard.

North. Have you seen any of the *Annua*ls, James?

Shepherd. No ane. But I've contributed to several o' them.

North. I see you have, my dear Shepherd, and that most potently and effectively to the *Anniversary** and the *Forget-me-Not*. I could, would, and should have had an admirable article on all the *Annua*ls this month, had the editors or publishers had the sense to send me their *Flowers*; but they have not, with the exception of Allan Cunningham, Mr. Ackermann, Mr. Crofton Croker, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

Shepherd. First come first served. What for no hae a review o' them by themselfs?

North. Because I hate any thing that can possibly be mistaken by the weakest mind for the appearance of partiality.

Shepherd. Whoo! That's hae'in ower thin-skinned a conscience. Is the *Anniversary* gude.

North. If any of the others be better, their Editors must have made a wonderful improvement on them since the last show of Christmas roses. Allan Cunningham, as Sir Walter has said, is an honor to Scotland; and Scotland alone ought to take a large edition of the *Anniversary*. That is the best patronage can be shown to a man of genius. Allan has a proud and independent spirit, and appeals to his country. She knows his worth—and each son and daughter of hers knows how to reward it. His own poetry is perhaps the best in the volume—though it contains poems of considerable length—by yourself, James, Mr. Southey, and Professor Wilson. Your *Carle of Invertime*, is one of your most beautiful effusions, and its spirit reminds one of the *Kilmeny* and *Mary Lee*. But your prose tale of *Death and Judgment* is one of the most powerful things you ever did, James—and I will back it against all the other prose compositions in all the other *Annua*ls—Cameronian against the field.

Shepherd. Ony gude poetry by ony ither contributors?

North. One of the best *Dramatic Scenes* ever Barry Cornwall wrote—and a singularly beautiful poem, full of feeling and fancy, entitled, "*Sorrows of Hope*," by George Darley,† the ingenious author of a dramatic poem of a fairy nature, which I remember reading with pleasure a year ago, *Cynthia's Revels*—some fine vigor—

* *The Anniversary* was an Annual, published in 1828, and edited by Allan Cunningham. Ackermann, who was the founder of *Annua*ls in England, published the *Forget-Me-Not*; Crofton Croker edited *The Christmas-Box*; Mrs. S. C. Hall, *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*; and Mr. Hall, *The Amulet*.—M.

† George Darley, who is dead, was also author of the critical remarks signed D. — M., with which each number of Cumberland's *British Drama* is prefaced.—M.

ous verses by Lockhart; and two scenes, strange and spirited, by Lord Leveson Gower, from Schiller's Camp of Wallenstein, hitherto supposed untranslatable.*

Shepherd. What poems has Cunningham wrote himsell?

North. The chief is the Magic Bridle—quite in the style and spirit o' Tam o' Shanter.

Shepherd. What else?

North. Don't make so much munchin wi' your mouth, and I will repeat you —

Shepherd. I dinna mak nae mair munchin wi' my mouth nor you do yoursell—no, nor half sae muckle—and naebody can say they ever heard my jaws or cheek banes playin' clunk, clunk, like yours when you're eatin'—a soun' for which I could aften amaist murder you by stickin' the carvin' knife into your verra heart.

North. Hush! I got by heart Allan's verses, entitled, "The Mother Praying," on two readings, and that's a strong proof of their power! for my memory is weak. They are indeed, my dear James, the passionate breathings of a true poet and a true man. Allan was one of the best of sons—and is one of the best of husbands and fathers.

Shepherd. And I hope sits wi' his family in his frien' Irving's kirk—and no in an Episcopawlian chapel.

North. Why, James, one of the curiosities of the Anniversary is a tale—for, as Wordsworth says, if you be wise, you "may find a tale in every thing"—by Edward Irving.† There is an earnestness, a sincerity, and a solemnity about it, which is affecting and impressive, in the almost total want of incident; and often as religious old women have been described, sitting with their dim spectacled eyes, and withered hand on the Bible, and discoursing on the suffering saints of old, Mr. Irving's old woman is brought before our mind's eye, so as to touch our hearts with reverence for her and her faith.

Shepherd. Is't a bonny book?

North. Most beautifully embellished, and most exquisitely printed. The engravings are all from paintings by the first masters, and the subjects are well chosen—probably by the publisher, Mr. Sharpe, who has long been distinguished by taste and judgment in the fine arts. In short, the Anniversary is sure of splendid success. Mine is but a rough copy.

* Lord Francis Leveson Gower was second son of the late Duke of Sutherland, and assumed the name of Egerton on the death of the Earl of Bridgewater, who bequeathed him estates worth £100,000 a-year. He has been Secretary for Ireland and Secretary at War, and was sent to New York, in 1853, as Queen Victoria's principal Commissioner to the Crystal Palace. In politics he has been a liberal Conservative. He has considerable literary taste, and (besides translations from Goethe, Schiller, and Körner, and other German writers,) published a volume called *Mediterranean Sketches*. In 1846, he was created Earl of Ellesmere. He was born in 1800.—M.

† The Rev. Edward Irving, the eloquent and popular minister of the Scotch Church, in London.—M.

Shepherd. And sae is Mr. Ackermann's *Forget-me-Not* sure o' success too—the auldest Annual o' them a'.

North. And one of the fairest and freshest too, James. Its embellishments are beautiful. Martin's *Curtius* leaping into the Gulf is most magnificent—most glorious. Lo! borne along in a clear space, surrounded by a mighty multitude, and overshadowed by palaces and temples, the Capitol shrouded in a stormy sky all tormented with lightning, on a snow-white horse, with a far-streaming tail, and neck clothed with thunder—with his shield aloft on his arm, and his helmeted head with plumes all elate, even as if flying, in front of both armies, against some champion about to advance from the barbaric host, that the dread issue may be decided by single combat—"The Devoted" is already on—over—the very edge of the abyss, and in another moment her savior will sink from the sight of shuddering and shrieking Rome. That is indeed a triumph! No wonder, James, that the Seven-hilled City was the Mistress of the World.*

Shepherd. Your words gie me the guseskin a' ower my body,—and what o' the letter-press?

North. Your Eastern Apologue is admirable—and I hope you were well paid for it, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. There's no a mair just, nay, generous man, in his dealings wi' his authors, in a' the tredd, than Mr. Ackermann.

North. He has got that charming painter of rural life, Miss Mitford, to brandish her *Bramah* for —

Shepherd. Oh, sir, but that leddy has in truth a fine and a bauld haun', either at a sketch or a finished picture.

North. Miss Mitford† seems to have a strong passion for cricket —

Shepherd. Crickets are cheerfu' creatures —

* A very small engraving, from a design by John Martin, whose *Destruction of Hercules*, *Belshazzar's Feast*, *Destruction of Babylon*, *The Deluge*, *Joshua*, and other works, have shown him to be one of the greatest of modern painters—unapproached, it may even be declared, in his representations of Vastness. "That," said Bulwer, "is his sphere—yet he has not lost or circumsused his genius in its sphere; he has chained, and wielded, and measured it at his will; he has transfused its character into narrow limits: he has compassed the infinite itself with mathematical precision." Martin died early in 1854, aged sixty-five.—M.

† Of all modern English female writers, Mary Russell Mitford is the most natural, pleasing, and unaffected. She was born in 1780, was educated in London, and removed, with her father, to the vicinity of Reading, at the age of fifteen, where she published several volumes of young-lady poetry between 1810 and 1813. Her father, who was extravagant as well as careless in money-matters, ran through a large inherited fortune (increased by a £20,000 prize in the lottery,) and had to break up their expensive establishment and retire to a small cottage in the village of Three Mile Cross, near Reading. Here she wrote some of the prose sketches which afterwards appeared in "*Our Village*," but, Campbell and others rejecting them, had to put them into the *Lady's Magazine*. When collected, in 1823, their success was immediate and great. A second series appeared in 1826; a third in 1828; a fourth in 1830; and a fifth in 1832. She published a work called *Bedford Regia*, in 1835; *Country Stories* in 1837; *Recollections of a Literary Life* in 1850; and *Atherton* and other stories in 1854. She also wrote several dramatic pieces, of which the following have been successful in representation:—*The tragedy of Rienzi*, at Drury Lane, and the opera of *Sadak* and *Kalesrode*, at the English Opera House. Her father died in 1842. She now resides at Swallowfield, in Berkshire.—M.

North. For the game called cricket, James. Yet I trust I shall be forgiven for whispering into a fair ear, that ladies never can make themselves mistresses of the rules, technicalities, and character of male games. Who but Miss Mitford ever heard of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards? One hundred, it is well known to all cricketers, is about the "top of their bent;" and De Foe the pugilist, who has beaten all England at that feat, has thrown it a very few yards farther—five or six at the utmost. Were you or I, James, to commit a mistake equivalent to this, when writing about any female avocation or pastime, how would this lady's intelligent countenance be lighted up with the sweet sarcasm of a smile!

Shepherd. It's a maitter o' nae earthly consequence. She's a jewel o' a writer—and though, like a' ither folk that's voluminous, unequal,—yet dull or stoopit she never is, and that gangs a lang way towards makin' either man or woman popular.

North. The "Amulet" has always been an especial favorite of mine, and it works more charms and wonders this year than ever. Its embellishments are all good—some exquisite. Nothing can surpass the Spanish Flower Girl, by R. Graves from Murillo—the Rose of Castle Howard, by Portbury, from Jackson—or the Mountain Daisy, by Armstrong, from Sir Thomas Lawrence.* The literary contributions to the Amulet have always been selected with much taste and judgment, and no less distinguished by talent, than by a pure moral and sound religious feeling; which latter merit has, I understand, secured for it a very wide circulation among those who are not satisfied with works even of light amusement, unless they contribute, at the same time, to expand or enlighten the mind to the feeling and perception of higher truths. The editor is, manifestly, an able and amiable man, and the Amulet is now one of the most firmly established of all the Annuals.

Shepherd. Does that dear, delightfu' creter, Mrs. Hemans, continue to contribute to ilka Annual, ane or twa o' her maist beautifu' poems?

North. She does so.

Shepherd. It's no in that woman's power, sir, to write ill; for, when a feeling heart and a fine genius forgather in the bosom o' a young matron, every line o' poetry is like a sad or cheerfu' smile frae her een, and every poem, whatever be the subject, in ae sense

* Murillo's Spanish Flower Girl is in the Dulwich Gallery, near London.—John Jackson, the portrait-painter, who died in 1831, aged fifty-three, was one of the most natural of the English artists.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, and, for nearly forty years, the most fashionable portrait-painter in London, died in 1830, aged sixty-one. His female likenesses, though brilliant in tone and faithful in resemblance, had such a meretricious air, that a nobleman who took much interest in the fine arts, and knew how to value the natural in portraiture, said, "I would employ Jackson to paint my wife and Lawrence my mistress."—M.

a picture o' hersel'—sae that a' she writes has an affectin' and an endearin' mainnerism and moralism about it, that inspires the thochtful reader to say in to himsel'—that's Mrs. Hemans.

North. From very infancy Felicia Dorothea was beloved by the Muses.* I remember patting her fair head when she was a child of nine years—and versified even then with a touching sweetness about sylphs and fairies.

Shepherd. Early female geniuses, I observe, for the maist pairt turn out brichtier in after life than male anes. Male anes generally turn stoopiter and stoopiter—till by thirty they're sumphs.

North. I fear it is too true. Miss Bowles is equal to Mrs. Hemans.† Aye, that Andrew Cleaves in the Magazine was a subduing tale.

Shepherd. Wha are thae three brothers and sisters, the Howitts, sir, whose names I see in the advertesements?

North. I do not know, James. It runs in my head that they are Quakers. Richard and William—they will not be angry if I mistake their names—seem amiable and ingenious men—and sister Mary writes beautifully—

Shepherd. What do you mean by beautifully? That's vague.

North. Her language is chaste and simple—her feelings tender and pure—and her observation of nature accurate and intense. Her “Studies from Natural History” in the CHRISTMAS BOX—the Squirrel, Dormouse, and King Fisher, have much of the moral—say rather the religious spirit that permeates all Wordsworth's smallest poems, however seemingly light and slight the subject—and show that Mary Howitt‡ is not only well read in the book of Bewick, but in the book from which Bewick has borrowed all—glorious plagiarist—and every other inspired Zoologist—

Shepherd. The Book o' Natur ——

North. The same, James; and few—none have read that volume to greater purpose than yourself. You have not seen the Christmas Box?

Shepherd. Me? I see naething.

North. This year it is edited by one of the most agreeable and ingenious gentlemen in all England, James—Mr. Crofton Croker.¶

* Mrs. Hemans had actually published a volume of poems when she was only twelve years old, and had commenced verse-writing at the age of nine!

† Caroline Bowles, author of some good lyrics, and the Chapters on Churchyards which appeared in Blackwood. She is now the widow of Dr. Southey, late Poet-Laureate of England, and has been placed on the pension-list.—M.

‡ William and Mary Howitt have together pursued literature with a success which has been great indeed. The wife is one of the best lyrists of the day, excelling in ballad poetry; the husband, a bold and vigorous writer also. To both, the English and American public are indebted for translations of the works of Miss Bremer, Miss Carlin, and other foreign writers of fiction. Mrs. Howitt has herself written several novels.—M.

¶ Thomas Crofton Croker, born in Cork, in January, 1793, and before he had ended his seventeenth year, had walked over the greater part of his native county, gathering a vast number of anecdotes, legends, accounts of ancient customs, &c. In 1818 he quitted Ireland,

Shepherd. What! him that put out the Fairy Legends o' Eerland? Yon's twa delichtfu' volumes. Is't true that the fairies ran awa wi' Mr. Crofton when he was a wean?

North. Perfectly true. He possesses in perfection the indescribable wit of his country.

Shepherd. You may weel ca' it that; but the Box is really fu' o' gude things, is't, sir?

North. Garry Owen, or the Snow-Woman, a tale, by Miss Edgeworth,* one of her happiest productions, would of itself float a heavy volume, but the volume is as light as a many-winged butterfly, waving, like an animated flower, in the sunshine.

Shepherd. Wha else writes for it?

North. Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, as I have heard, of the very interesting Diary of an Ennuyé, has contributed a dramatic proverb, called "The more Coin the more Care," full of naïveté and nature, a homely humor and a homely pathos, which make the reader pleased with himself, with the fair writer, with the Christmas Box, with the public, with the world, with human life, and with things in general.†

Shepherd. A weel conceived and original trifle is apter to do a' that than a mair elaborate wark.

North. There is also a capital thing by our friend, Major Beamish, a who, like a hundred other British officers, handles the pen as well as the sword.

Shepherd. What o' the embellishments?

North. The less that's said about them the better, James.

Shepherd. Toot, toot—that's a pity—I'm sorry for that—

North. Because no words of mine could do justice to the fertile fancy, the magical imagination of Mr. Brooke. With a few touches he peoples the page with phantoms of grace, pensive, or fantastic, and by means of them brings into contact, or rather blends together, the waking world and the world of sleep.

and received an appointment in the Admiralty from Secretary Croker. In January, 1824, appeared his *Researches in the South of Ireland*, a quarto volume, which met with some success. In 1825, his *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland* appeared anonymously, was extremely popular, was printed in the *Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews*, and elicited a high complimentary letter from Sir Walter Scott, who met him in 1826, and has described him as being "little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy, prepossessing manners—something like Tom Moore." A second series of the *Fairy Legends* was as successful as the first, and was illustrated with etchings after drawings by MacIise. Two more volumes appeared in 1827, in which as well as in the following year he edited an annual called the *Christmas Box*. In 1829, *Legends of the Lakes* [of Killarney]; in 1832, his *Adventures of Barney Mahoney and My Village against Our Village*; in 1841, a *History of the ancient Irish city of Kilmallock*, of which only one copy was printed, and that was given to Moore; in 1839, *The Popular Songs of Ireland*; and, during the last five-and-twenty years he has edited a variety of antiquarian and literary works. He is a good artist. Mr. Croker's latest publication may be said to be *American*—inasmuch as it is a long, searching, and not very complimentary notice of the *Letters of Moore* to his music-publisher Power, which were suppressed in London, at the instance of Moore's editor, Lord John Russell, and have been published in New York, with an Introductory Letter by Mr. Croker.—M.

* It occupied over fifty pages in the *Annual*, and was afterwards reprinted separately.—M.

† Mrs. Jameson has since distinguished herself by researches into, and criticisms upon, *Ancient Art*.—M.

Shepherd. Ho! ho! I perceive mony a young heart will beat wi' pleasure on receivin' the CHRISTMAS BOX.*

North. I must positively write one of my delightful articles on *Annals for Childhood and Youth*. There's the *Juvenile Keepsake*, edited by a Roscoe—a pledge of all that is good; the *Juvenile Forget-me-Not*, by Mrs. Hall, which I have read, and it is excellent; and another, which must be good, by Mrs. A. A. Watts, the sister of that good scholar, pleasing poet, and most worthy Quaker, Wiffen of Woburn.†

Shepherd. And her husband's *Souvenir* will no easily be surpassed —

North. Nor equalled. The *Souvenir* set them all a-going, but it will never be driven off the road. The vehicle is not only lightly and elegantly, but strongly built; the patent springs will never snap, it is well horsed, carries good company, both inside and out, the driver is cautious and skilful, and the guard has a good tongue on the bugle. I love the *Souvenir*.

Shepherd. Preserve us, how many are there o' them altogether?

North. Heaven knows. There is a critique in that *Literary Gazette*, James, on the *Gem*, edited by that original and inimitable genius in his way, and his way is wider and more various than most people think—Thomas Hood—and the verses by the editor himself, therein quoted, "Eugene Aram's Dream," are among the best things I have seen for some years.‡

Shepherd. What say you to your auld frien' Pringle, the editor o' the *Friendship's Offering*, sir?

North. I say, James, that Mr. Pringle is himself a pleasing poet and amiable man, that he possesses peculiar qualifications for being the Editor of an Annual, and I have no doubt that his will be one of the best of the whole set.¶ Then there's the *Bijou*, which last year was exquisite—and the *Keepsake*—Heaven preserve us—with all the rank, fashion, and genius of the age. It will prove the GRAND CONTUNDER.

Shepherd. The GRAND CONTUNDER—what's that?

North. Masonic.—Here, James, is one of the best, because most

* The principal contributors to the Christmas Box, besides those already named, were Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Charles Lamb, Harrison Ainsworth, Croker, and Doctor Maginn.—M.

† Thomas Roscoe, son of William Roscoe, of Liverpool, and Editor of the *Landscape Annual* and *Juvenile Keepsake*.—Mrs. S. C. Hall, the well-known Irish story-writer.—Mrs. Watts, wife of Alaric A. Watts, the poet, and sister of Jeremiah Holme Wiffen, (who died 1836), translator of Tasso into Spencerian verse.—M.

‡ Thomas Hood's noble ballad, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, appeared in the *Gem* for 1829, (published in October, 1828,) which he edited. The prose sketch, called the *Widow*, in the same volume, professing to be by Elia, was an imitation of Charles Lamb, by Hood. In his later years there was more humanity than fun in Hood's writings. His *Song of the Shirt* (the autograph of which I possess) has done much to remedy the sufferings of one class of ill-paid working women. Hood was born in 1798, and died in May, 1845.—M.

¶ Thomas Pringle was one of the parties attacked in the *Chaldee Manuscript*, and conducted *Blackwood* for a few months on its establishment in 1817. He published several volumes of poetry and prose, and died in 1834.—M.

business-like prospectuses I ever read—of a new weekly periodical, about to be published in Edinburgh, in the middle of November—THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL. From what I know of the editor, a gentleman of talent, spirit, and perseverance, I foretell the book will prosper.*

Shepherd. I shall be glad o' that, for ane gets tired o' that eternal soun'—Blackwood's Magazeen—Blackwood's Magazeen—dinnin' in ane's lugs day and nicht a' lifeloug.

North. One does indeed.

Enter MR. AMBROSE.

Ambrose. Agreeably to your orders, sir, I intrude to tell you that it is but a few minutes from twelve, and your coach is at the door.

North. My dear Shepherd, we always keep good hours on a Saturday night. Come and take a bed at the Lodge.

Shepherd. Wi' pleasure; and I'll stay ower the Sabbath, without gaun to the kirk, for I like to hear you read ane o' Blair's Sermons—who may hae been nae great theologian; but the cretur had an unaccountable insicht into human natur. (*Exeunt.*)

* Henry Glascoe Bell, now deputy sheriff of Lanarkshire, under Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, projected the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, a weekly publication, half magazine and half review, the best of its class that ever appeared in Scotland. It lived through three years. It had, among other features, a series of conversation papers, called "The Editor in his Slippers"—the only readable imitation of the *Noctes*, (except some lively dialogues in Knight's Quarterly Magazine.) I have yet had the good fortune to encounter. Wilson, Morehead, Hogg, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, De Quincey, and other leading writers contributed to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.—M.

No. XL.—DECEMBER, 1828.

SCENE I.—*The Octagon—Time—Ten.*

NORTH—SHEPHERD—TICKLER.

North. Thank heaven, my dear Shepherd, Winter is come again, and Edinburgh is beginning once more to look like herself, like her name and her nature, with rain, mist, sleet, harr, hail, snow I hope, wind, storm—would that we could but add a little thunder and lightning. The Queen of the North.

Shepherd. Hoo could you, sir, wi' a' your time at your ain command, keep in and about Embro' frae May to December? The city, for three months in the dead o' simmer, is like a tomb.

Tickler, (in a whisper to the SHEPHERD.) The widow—James—the widow.

Shepherd, (aloud.) The weedow—sir—the weedow! Couldna he hae brocht her out wi' him to the Forest? At their time o' life, surely scandal wud hae held her tongue.

Tickler. Scandal never holds her tongue, James. She drops her poison upon the dew on the virgin's untimely grave—her breath will not let the gray hairs rest in the mould —

Shepherd. Then, Mr. North, marry her at ance, and bring her out in Spring, that you may pass the hinneymoon on the sunny braes o' Mount Benger.

North. Why, James, the moment I begin to press matters, she takes out her pocket-handkerchief—and, through sighs and sobs, recurs to the old topic—that twenty thousand times told tale—the dear old General.

Shepherd. Deevil keep the dear old General! Hasna the man been dead these twunt' years? And if he had been leevin', wouldna he been aulder than yourself, and far mair infirm! You're no in the least infirm, sir.

North. Ah, James! that's all you know. My infirmities are increasing with years —

Shepherd. Wad you be sae unreasonable as to expect them to decrease with years? And her infirmities —

North. Hush—she has no infirmities.

Shepherd. Nae infirmities ! Then she's no worth a brass button. But let me ask you æ interrogatory. Hae ye ever put the question ? Answer me that, sir.

North. Why, James, I cannot say that I ever have —

Shepherd. What ! and you expeck that *she* wull put the question to *you* ? That would indeed be puttin' the cart before the horse. If the women were to ask the men, there wad be nae leevin' in this world. Yet, let me tell you, Mr. North, that it's a shamefu' thing to keep playin' in the way you hae been doin' for these ten years past on a young woman's feelings —

Tickler. Ha—ha—ha—James !—A young woman ! Why, she's sixty, if she's an hour.

North. You lie.

Shepherd. That's a douss on the chops, Mr. Tickler. That's made you as red in the face as a Bubbly-Jock,* sir. O the power o' æ wee bit single monosyllabic syllable o' a word to awaken a' the safter and a' the fiercer passions ! Dinna keep bittin' your thoomb, Mr. Tickler, like an Itawlian. Make an apology to Mr. North —

North. I will accept of no apology. The man who calls a woman old deserves death.

Shepherd. Did you call her auld, Mr. Tickler ?

Tickler. To you, sir, I will condescend to reply. I did not. I merely said she was sixty if she was an hour.

Shepherd. In the first place, dinna "Sir" me, for it's not only ill-bred, but it's stoopit. In the second place, dinna tawk o' "condescendin'" to reply to me, for that's language I'll no thole even frae the King on the throne, and I'm sure the King on the throne wadna mak use o't. In the third place, to ca' a woman saxty, and then manteen that ye didna ca' her auld, is naething short o' a sophism. And, in the fourth place, you shouldna hae accompanied your remark wi' a loud haw—haw—haw—for on a tender topic a guffaw's an aggravation—and marryin' a widow, let her age be what it wull, is a tender topic, depend on't—sae that on a calm and dispassionate view o' a' the circumstances o' the case, there can be nae doot that you maun mak an apology ; or, if you do not, I leave the room, and there is an end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

North. An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ !

Tickler. An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ !

Shepherd. An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ !

Omnes. An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ !!

North. Rather than that should happen I will make a thousand apologies —

Tickler. And I ten thousand —

* *Bubbly-Jock*,—a turkey-cock.—M.

Shepherd. That's behavin' like men and Christians. Embrace—
embrace. (NORTH and TICKLER embrace.)

North. Where were we, James?

Shepherd. I was abusin' Embro' in simmer.

North. Why?

Shepherd. Whey! a' the lumms smiokeless! No ae jack turnin' a piece o' roastin' beef afore a fire in ony ae kitchen in a' the New Toon! Streets and squares a' grass-grown, sae that they micht be mawn! Shops like beehives that hae de'ed in wunter! Coaches settin' aff for Stirlin', and Perth, and Glasgow, and no ae passenger either inside or out—only the driver keepin' up his heart wi' flourishin' his whup, and the guard, sittin' in perfect solitude, playin' an eerie spring on his bugle-horn! The shut-up play-house a' covered over wi' bills that seem to speak o' plays acted in an antediluvian world! Here, perhaps, a leevin' creter, like an emage, staunin' at the mouth o' a close,* or hirplin' along like the last relic o' the plague. And oh! but the stane-statue o' the late Lord Melville, staunin' a' by himsell up in the silent air, a hunder-and-fifty feet high, has then a ghastly seeming in the sky, like some giant condemned to perpetual imprisonment on his pedestal, and mournin' ower the desolation of the city that in life he loved so well, unheeded and unhonored for a season in the great metropolitan heart o' the country which he ance rejoiced to enrich and beautify, telling and teaching her how to hold up her head bauldly among the nations, and like a true patriot as he was, home and abroad caring for the greatest—and the least of all her sons!

North. He was the greatest statesman ever Scotland produced, James; nor is she ungrateful, for the mutterings of Whig malice have died away like so much croaking in the pouchy throats of drought-dried toads, and the cheerful singing and whistling of industry all over the beautifully cultivated Land, are the hymns perpetually exhaled to Heaven along with the morning dews, in praise and commemoration of the Patriots who loved the sacred soil in which their bones lie buried.

Shepherd. That's weel said, sir. Let there be but a body o' Truth, and nae fear but imagery will crood around it, just like shadows and sunbeams cast frae the blue sky, the white clouds, and the green trees round about the body o' some fair maid,—that is, some bonnie Scotch lassie, bathin' in a stream as pure as her ain thochts.

North. There again, James!

Shepherd. But to return to the near approach o' wunter. Mankind hae again putten on worsted stockings and flannen drawers—white jeans and yellow nankeen troosers hae disappeared—dooble soles hae gotten a secure footen ower pumps—big coats wi' fur, and man-

* *Close*,—a narrow lane or passage.—M.

tles wi' miniver, give an agreeable roughness to the picturesque stream o' life eddyin' along the channel o' the streets—gloves and mittens are sae general that a red hairy haun' looks rather singular—every third body ye meet, for fear o' a sudden blash, carries an umbrella—a' folks shave noo wi' het water—coal-carts are emptyin' theirsells into ilka area—caddies at the corners o' streets and drivers on coach-boxes are seen warmin' theirsells by blawin' on their fingers, or whuskin' themselves wi' their open nieves across the shoothers—skates glitter at the shop-wundows prophetic o' frost—Mr. Phin may tak' in his rod noo, for nae mair thocht o' anglin' till spring,—and wi' spring hersell, as wi' ither o' our best and bonniest friens, it may be said, out o' sicht out o' mind,—you see heaps o' bears hung out for sale—horses are a' hairer o' the hide—the bit toon-bantam craws nane, and at breakfast ye maun tak tent no to pree an egg afore smellin' at it—you meet hares carryin' about in a' quarters—and ggem-keepers proceedin' out into the kintra wi' strings o' grews—sparrows sit silent and smoky wi' ruffled feathers waitin' for crumbs on the ballustrawds—loud is the cacklin' in the fowl-market o' Christmas geese that come a month at least afore the day, just like thae Annuals, the Forget-me-Nots, Amulets, Keepsakes, Beejoos, Gems, Anniversaries, Souvenirs, Friendship's Offerings, and Wunter-Wreaths —

Tickler. Stop, James—stop. Such an accumulation of imagery absolutely confounds—perplexes —

Shepherd. Folk o' nae fancy. Then for womankind —

Tickler. Oh! James! James! I knew you would not long keep off that theme —

Shepherd. Oh! ye pawkie auld carle! What ither theme in a' this wide weary warld is worth ae single thocht or feelin' in the poet's heart—ae single line frae the poet's pen—ae single—

North. Song from the Shepherd's lyre—of which, as of the Teian Bard's of old, it may be said—

‘Α βαρβιτος δε χορδαις
Ερωτα μουνον ηξει.

Do, my dear James, give us John Nicholson's daughter.

Shepherd. Wait a wee. The womankind, I say, sirs, never looks sae bonnie as in wunter, accept indeed it be in spring —

Tickler. Or summer, or autumn, James, —

Shepherd. Haud your tongue. You auld bachelors ken naething o' womankind—and hoo should ye, when they treat you wi' but ae feelin', that o' derision? Oh, sirs! but the dear creters do look weel in muffs—whether they haud them, wi' their invisible hauns clasped thegither in their beauty within the cozy silk linin' close preest to their innocent waists, just aneath the glad beatins o' their first-love-touched hearts —

Tickler. There again, James!

Shepherd. Or haud them hingin' frae their extended richt arms, leevin' a' the feegur visible, that seems taller and slimmer as the removed muff reveals the clasps o' the pelisse a' the way doon frae neck till feet!

North. Look at Tickler—James—how he moves about in his chair. His restlessness—

Shepherd. Is no unnatural. Then, sir, is there, in a' the beautifu' and silent unfoldin's o' natur amang plants and flowers, ony thing sae beautifu' as the white, smooth, saft chafts o' a bit smilin' maiden o' saxteen, aughteen, or twunty, blossomin' out, like some bonnie bud o' snaw-white satin frae a coverin' o' rough leaves,—blossomin' out, sirs, frae the edge o' the fur tippet; that haply a lover's happy haun had delicately hung ower her gracefu' shooters—oh the dear delightfu' little Laplander!

Tickler. For a married man, James, you really describe ——

North. Whisht!

Shepherd. I wush you only heard the way the bonnie croo-dindoes keep murmurin' their jeists to ane anither, as soon as a nest o' them gets rid o' an auld bache'or on Princes-Street.

Tickler. Gets rid o' an auld bachelor!

Shepherd. Booin' and scrapin' to them after the formal and stately fashion o' the old school o' politeness, and thinking himsell the very pink o' coortesy, wi' a gold-headed cane aiblins, nae less, in his haun', and buckles on's shoon—for buckles are no quite out yet a'thegither—a frill like a fan at the shirt neck o' him—and, wad the world beleeve't, knee-breeks!—then they titter—and then they lauch—and then, as musical as if they were singin' in pairts, the bonnie, bloomin', innicent wicked creeters break out into—I maunna say, o' sic rosy lips, and sic snawy breasts, a guffaw—but a guffay, sirs, a guffay—for that's the feminine o' guffaw——

North. Tickler, we really must not allow ourselves to be insulted in this style any longer——

Shepherd. And then away they trip, sirs, flingin' an antelope's or gazelle's ee ower their shouther, diverted beyond measure to see their antique beau continuing at a distance to cut capers in his pride—till a' at ance they see a comet in the sky—a young offisher o' dragoons, wi' his helmet a' in a low wi' a flicker o' red feathers—and as he “turns and winds his fiery Pegasus,” they are a' mute as death—yet every face at the same time eloquent wi' mantling smiles, and wi' blushes that break through and around the blue heavens of their een, like crimson clouds to sudden sunlight burning beautiful for a moment, and then melting away like a thocht or a dream!

North. Why, my dear James, it does one's heart good even to be ridiculed in the language of Poetry. Does it not, Tickler?

Tickler. James, your health, my dear fellow.

Shepherd. I never ridicule ony body, sirs, that's no fit to bear it. But there's some sense and some satisfaction in makin' a fule o' them, that, when the fiend's in them, can make fules o' a body, like North and Tickler.

North. You would cackle, my dear James, were I to tell you how the laugh went against me, t'other day on the Calton Hill.

Shepherd. The laugh went against you, sir? That forebodes some evil to the State o' Denmark.

North. I had chanced to take a stroll, James, round the Calton Hill, and feeling my toe rather twitchy, I sat down on a bench immediately under Nelson's Monument, and having that clever paper the *Observer* of the day in my pocket, I began to glance over its columns, when my attention was suddenly attracted to a confused noise of footsteps, whisperings, titterings, and absolutely guffaws, James, circling round the base of that ingenious model of a somewhat clumsy churn, Nelson's Monument. Looking through my specs—lo! a multitude of all sexes—more especially the female, kept congregating round me, some with a stare, others with a simper, some with a full open-mouthed laugh, and others with a half-shut-eye leer, which latter mode of expressing her feelings, is, in a woman, to me peculiarly loathsome,—while ever and anon I heard one voice saying, "He is really a decent man;" another, "He has been a fine fellow in his day, I warrant;" a third, "Come awa', Meg, he's ower auld for my money," and a fourth, "He has cruel gray green een, and looks like a man that would murder his wife."

Shepherd. That was gutting fish afore you catch them. But what was the meanin' o' a' this, sir?

North. Why, James, some infernal ninny, it seems, had advertised in the Edinburgh newspapers for a wife with a hundred a-year, and informed the female public that he would be seen sitting for inspection —

Tickler. In the character of opening article in the Edinburgh Review —

North. From the hours of one and two in the afternoon, on the identical bench, James, on which, under the influence of a malignant star, I had brought myself to anchor.

Shepherd. Haw! haw! haw! That beats cock-fechtin'. So then Christopher North sat publicly on a bench commandin' a view o' the haill city o' Embro, as an adverteeser for a wife wi' a moderate income—and you canna ca a' hunder a-year immoderate, though it's comfortable—and was unconsciously undergoin' an inspection as scrutineezin' to the ee o' fancy and imagination as a recruit by the

surgeon afore he's aloo'd to join the regiment. Haw—haw—haw!

North. I knew nothing at the time, James, of the infernal ninny and his advertisement——

Shepherd. Sae you continued sittin' and glowerin' at the crood through your specs?

North. I did, James. What else could I do? The semicircle "sharpening its mooned horns," closed in upon me, hemming and hemming me quite up to the precipice in my rear—the front rank of the allied powers being composed, as you may suppose, of women——

Shepherd. And a pretty pack they wad be—fish-wives, female cawdies, blue-stockin's, toon's offisher's widows, washerwomen, she-waiters, girrzies, auld maids wi' bairds, and young limmers wi' green parasols and five floonces to their forenoon gowns——

North. I so lost my head, James, and all power of discrimination, that the whole assemblage seemed to me like a great daub of a picture looked at by a connoisseur with a sick stomach, and suddenly about to faint in an exhibition.

Shepherd. You hae reason to be thankfu' that they didna tear you into pieces.

North. At last up I got, and attempted to make a speech, but I felt as if I had no tongue.

Shepherd. That was a judgment on you, sir, for bein' sae fond o' taukin'——

North. Instinctively brandishing my crutch, I attacked the centre of the circle, which immediately gave way, falling into two segments—the one sliding with great loss down the slope, and stopt only by the iron paling in front of the New Jail—the other wheeling tumultuously in a *saue qui peut* movement up towards the Observatory—the plateau in front being thus left open to my retreat, or rather advance.

Shepherd. Oh, sir! but you should hae been a sodger! Wellington or Napoleon wad hae been naething to you—you wad soon hae been a field-marshal—a generalissimo.

North. The left wing had rallied in the hollow—and, having formed themselves into a solid square, came up the hill at the *pas de charge*, with a cloud of skirmishers thrown out in front—and, unless my eye deceived me, which is not improbable, supported and covered on each flank by cavalry.

Shepherd. That was fearsome.

North. I was now placed between two fires, in imminent danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner, when, with one of those sudden *coup d'œil*s, which, more than anything else, distinguish the military genius from the mere martinet, I spied an opening to my

right, through, or rather over the crags, and using the butt-end of my crutch, I overthrew in an instant the few companies, vainly endeavoring to form into echelon in that part of the position, and, with little or no loss, effected a bold and skilful retrograde movement down the steepest part of the hill, over whose rugged declivities, it is recorded, that Darnley, centuries before, had won the heart of Queen Mary, by galloping his war-horse, in full armor, on the evening after a tournament at Holyrood. Not a regiment had the courage to follow me; and, on reaching the head of Leith Walk, I halted on the very spot where my excellent friend the then Lord Provost presented the keys of the city to his most gracious majesty, on his entrance into the metropolis of the most ancient of his dominions, and gave three times three in token of triumph and derision, which were faintly and feebly returned from the pillars of the Parthenon; but I know not till this hour, whether by the discomfited host, or only by the echoes.

Shepherd. Fortunate Senex! Wonderfu' auld man!

North. There was I, James, within fifty yards of Ambrose's; so, like a fine, old, bold buck of a red deer, who, after slaughtering or scattering with hoof and horn the pack that had dared to obstruct his noonday flights, from his high haunts at the head of green Glen-Aven to his low lair in the heart of the black forest of Abernethy, at last unpursued *takes to soil*, that is, buries himself, back and belly, in a limpid pool of the running waters;—so did I, Christopher North, after giving that total overthrow, *take to soil* in the Sanctum Sanctorum of Picardy; and, issuing from the cold-bath, vigorous—to use another image—as a great, old cod in the deep sea,—as round in the shoulders, and as red about the gills too,—astonished the household by the airy and majestic movement with which, like an eagle, I floated into the Festal Hall,—sung a solo, like a spring nightingale,—then danced a *lavorla*, to the terror of the chandelier, like a chamois making love on Mont Blanc,—then subsiding out of Dance, which is the Poetry of Motion, into Attitude, which is the Poetry of Rest, finally sunk away into voluptuous diffusion of lith and limb on that celestial sofa, like an impersonation of Alexander the Great, Mark Antony, and Sardanapalus.

Shepherd. Did naebody in the crood ken Christopher North?

North. Their senses, James, were deluded by their imagination. They had set me down as the Edinburgh Advertiser—and the Edinburgh Advertiser I appeared to be,—instead of the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. The senses are the slaves of the soul, James. "How easily's a bush supposed a bear!" Yet a few voices did exclaim, "Christopher North! Christopher North!" and that magical name did not for a moment calm the tumult. But forthwith arose the cry of "Impostor! Impostor!"—"Kit has no need

to advertise for a wife!"—"Hang his impudence, for dauring to sham Christopher!"—"He's no far aneuch North for that!"—and in vain, during one pause of my combat and career, did I make an appeal to the Public in favor of my personal identity. It would not do, James. I appeared to be a Perkin Warbeck detected; and had nearly paid the penalty of death, or, in other words, forfeited my existence, for merely personating myself! Mr. Ambrose, with his usual ingenuity, immediately on hearing the recital of our adventure, and just as he was pouring us out a caulker consummative of our restoration to our wonted placidity and repose, sphinx-like, solved the riddle, and devoutly congratulated us on our escape from a Public justly infuriated by the idea, that a counterfeit of Us had thrown himself for a wife upon their curiosity; sagaciously observing, at the same time, that it would be a salve to the sore of her signal defeat on the Calton to know, that, after all, it was the veritable Christopher North who had scattered her like sawdust, without distinction of age or sex.

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, do you recollect what Mr. North said to you, a wee while sin'-syne, that made ye sae angry? I think you might pay him back noo in his ain coin. Few owtobeograffers are verawicious historians.

Tickler. Without meaning offence to any individual in particular, they all—lie.

North. They do, like troopers. And did they not, they would not be fit to live.

Shepherd. Nor dee.

Tickler. The man does not live who dares to outrage humanity by a full, true, and particular account, of every thing he has said, done, and *thought*, during even the least guilty year of his youth, manhood, or old age.

Shepherd. Especially auld age. Oh! never—never—never—but at the great day o' judgment, will there be a revelation o' an auld sinner's heart! I appeal to you, Mr. North, for the awfu' truth o' that apothegm. Are nae ye an auld sinner, sir?

North. I do not know, my dear James, that *to you or any other man* I am bound to confess *that*; sufficient surely, if I do not deny it. I am not a Roman Catholic layman; nor are you, James, so far as I understand, a Roman Catholic priest; nor is the Octagon a Roman Catholic confessional; nor are the Noctes Ambrosianæ Roman Catholic nights of penance and mortification for our manifold sins and iniquities. Yet, my dear James, if, as I believe you do, you mean nothing personal in your question,—and you know I hate all personality either in my own case, or that of others,—but interrogate me as a representative of human nature,—then do I most—cheerfully, I

was going to say—but I correct myself—most sorrowfully confess, that I am indeed—an old sinner.

Tickler. So am I.

Shepherd. And sae I howp to be—meaning thereby, merely that I may live till I'm as auld as you, Mr. Tickler, sir, or you, sir, Mr. North. For the only twa perfect seenonims in the English language are, man and sinner.

North. In utter prostration, and sacred privacy of soul, I almost think now, and have often felt heretofore, man may make a confessional of the breast of his brother man. Once I had such a friend—and to me he was a priest. He has been so long dead that it seems to me now, that I have almost forgotten him—and that I remember only that he once lived, and that I once loved him with all my affections. One such friend alone can ever, from the very nature of things, belong to any one human being, however endowed by nature and beloved of heaven. He is felt to stand between us and our upbraiding conscience. In his life lies the strength—the power—the virtue of ours—in his death the better half of our whole being seems to expire. Such communion of spirit, perhaps, can only be in existences rising towards their meridian; as the hills of life cast longer shadows in the western hours, we grow—I should not say more suspicious, for that may be too strong a word—but more silent, more self-wrapt, more circumspect—less sympathetic even with kindred and congenial natures, who will sometimes, in our almost sullen moods or theirs, seem as if they were kindred and congenial no more—less devoted to spirituals, that is, to ideas, so tender, true, beautiful, and sublime, that they seem to be inhabitants of heaven though born of earth, and to float between the two regions angelical and divine—yet felt to be mortal, human still—the ideas of passions and desires, and affections, and “impulses that come to us in solitude,” to whom we breathe out our souls in silence or almost in silent speech, in utterly mute adoration, or in broken hymns of feeling, believing that the holy enthusiasm will go with us through life to the grave, or rather knowing not, or feeling not, that the grave is any thing more for us than a mere word with a somewhat mournful sound, and that life is changeless, cloudless, unfading as the heaven of heavens, that lies to the uplifted fancy in blue immortal calm, round the throne of the eternal Jehovah.

Shepherd. Wi' little trouble, sir, that micht be turned into blank verse, and then, without meanin' to flatter you, 'twould be a noble poem.

North. Now, James, “to descend from these imaginative heights,” what man, who has ever felt thus, would publish his inner spirit in a printed confession, on wire-wove, hot-pressed paper, in three volumes crown octavo, one guinea and a half in boards?

Shepherd. And wait anxiously for the beginning o' every month, to see himself reviewed in a pack o' paltry periodicals!

North. Much of himself is gone—gone for ever—not only from his present being, but even from his memory, even like a thousand long summer days, each so intensely beautiful that it seemed immortal, yet all the splendid series now closed for ever and aye. Much remains—with strange transformation—like clear running waters chained by dim fixed frost, or like soft, pure, almost aerial snow-flakes, heaped up into hard, polluted, smoky, sooty wreaths by the roadside; much is reversed into its opposite in nature, joy into grief, mirth into melancholy, hope into despair; and oh! still more mournful, more miserable far, virtue into vice, honor into shame, innocence into guilt; while Sin is felt to have leavened the whole mass of our being, and Religion herself, once a radiant angel, now moody as Superstition, now fantastic as Philosophy, or haply but the hem of her garment seen like a disappearing cloud, as an angel still, she evanishes from our short-sighted eyes in heaven!

Shepherd. I hae often wushed, my dear sir, that you would publish a few volumes o' Sermons. I dinna fear to say't, 'cause I believe't true, that in that department Christopher North would be noways inferior to Jeremy Taylor.

North. My dear James, Friendship is like Love—so far from being blind, each—I will not say what is not—but magnifies what is—and that, too, to such a degree, that Truth becomes Falsehood. Jeremy Taylor had a divine spirit. That divine spirit pervades, permeates all he ever embodied in words. Each sermon of his is like a star—a star that is not only framed of light, and self-burning unconsumed in its own celestial fires, but hung in light as in an atmosphere which it does not itself create, and thus blended and bound in links of light to all the rest of the radiant Host of Heaven. Thus it is that all his sermons are as a galaxy. Read one of them, and it is

“Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky—”

Read many, and you think of some beautiful and sublime night—a bright sky, with the full moon,

“When round her throne the radiant planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole.”

As the moon is among the stars—so seems the Holy Spirit to hang effulgent among the sacred sparkles of thought issuing out from the “blue serene,” the untroubled firmament of his Christian frame of being!

Shepherd. I believe I was wrangin' you in the comparison. He served in the sanctuary—the inner shrine. Others can only bow

down and adore at the threshold, and aneath the vestibule o' the temple.

North. In all those works of uninspired men, my dear James, whether in prose or verse, to which we may justifiably give the name of divine, such as Taylor's and Milton's, is there not a spirit invisible to the eyes, inaudible to the ears, of the mere understanding? And if so, who that is wise in humanity, can think that the cultivation of the mere understanding may ever give an insight, or an inhearing, into such truths of our being as such men as Taylor and Milton have communicated to the race in a kind of dimmer revelation?

Shepherd. Nae wise man 'ill believe't. Edicate a' men and women, too, say I, as much as possible—but dinna expeck impossible results. If edication be confined to the mere understandin', a man may gang out o' schools and institutions, and colleges, after seven years' study, far waur than a coof. For a coof generally kens, or at least suspects, that he is a coof; but an "Intellectual-all-in-all," as Wordsworth weel ca's him, thinks himsell the verra perfection o' God's creters. No ae single thing will he believe that he doesna understaun—sae that ye may ken how narrow is his creed—puir blinded moudiwar, that has deluded itself into a notion that it's a lynx! Noo, I ca' this impiety. What say ye, sir?

North. The highest philosophy, whether natural or mental philosophy, my dearest James, leads to Christianity—indeed, the highest mental philosophy is Christianity. But all beneath the highest is either dangerous or unsatisfactory, while the low and the lowest is nothing better than blind, base skepticism, alternating between superstition and atheism. An ill-instructed, or confusedly and imperfectly informed person, who prides himself upon, and trusts to his understanding —

Shepherd. Is at a' times walkin' on the edge o' the bottomless pit.

North. At least wandering in the ways that lead to it.

Shepherd. And that comes to the same thing, sir; for only gie him length o' time and tether, and in he'll play plump some day at last, just like a sand-blind man botaneezin' in a wood, and a' at ance tumblin', through briers and brambles, into the mouth o' an auld unsuspected coal-pit—whereas, a man that was quite blin' a'thegither would either hae had a guide wi' him, or, what is the still safer scheme for ane in his condition, wouldna hae ventured into the wood at a', but sat contented at his ain ingle amang his wife and bairns, and listened wi' decent humility to an orthodox sermon.

North. Without religion, the poor are poor indeed—with it, they may be the only rich.

Shepherd. O, sir! but you sometimes say things wi' a sweet sententiousness that sinks into the heart. I hauld it, sir, to be utterly

impossible that those men, who, as friends of the education of the people, avow that their character may be raised to the utmost pitch of which it is capable, by the distribution of ae Library o' Useful, and anither o' Enterteenan Knowledge,* can have any saving knowledge either o' their ain souls, or the souls o' ither folk, or the trials and temptations to which men are exposed, who work from sunrise to sunset, with their hands, and legs, and backs, for their daily bread, or o' the conditions on which alone they can howp to hauld in health and longevity their moral and their religious being. What's the matter wi' you, Mr. Tickler, that you dinna speak ony the nicht?

Tickler. In the company of the truly wise I love to listen. Besides, to tell you the truth, James, that fire has made me rather sleepy.

Shepherd. You're no the least sleepy, sir. Your een are like gimlets—augers.

Tickler. Why, my dear Shepherd, 'tis half an hour ago since you promised us a song.

North. Come, James, John Nicholson's daughter.

Tickler. And I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

Shepherd. I hae nae objections—for you've not only a sowl for music, sir, but a genius, too, and the twa dinna always gang thegither—mony a man haein' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal primroses, and yet no able to play on ony instrument—on even the flute—let abee the poker and the tangs.

North. A true and fine distinction.

Shepherd. Whereas, sir, a genius for music can bring music out o' amaist ony material substance—be it horn, timmer, or airn, sic are the hidden qualities o' natur that lie asleep, even as if they were dead or were not, till the equally mysterious power that God has given to man, wiles or rugs them out to the notice o' the senses—in this case the ear—and then, to be sure, melody or harmony chimes or tinkles accordant and congenial to ony strain o' feelin' or o' fancy that the poet sings to the musician, and the musician plays back again, or rather at ane and the same time to the poet—the twa thegither sae speeritualeezin' the verra air o' the room, that the fire seems to burn as purely as the star that may be blinkin' in through the half-uncurtained window, frae its ain hame in heaven!

Tickler. Come, then, James, let me accompany you on my favorite instrument; a finer-toned tongs I never took in hand than this of the octagon. The poker is a little out of tune, I fear—"but that not much." We have "counted the chimes at midnight" before now, my dear Shepherd—

Shepherd. I wish I mayna burst out a-lauchin' in the middle o' my

* Publications emanating from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—M.

sang, for siccan anither feegur I never saw, even in a dream, sir, as you, when you first rax yoursell up your hail hecht on the rug, and then loot doon awee ower the tangs, swingin' to find fro, wi' an expression o' face as serious as if it depended a'thegither at that moment on you, whether or no the earth was to continue to circumsolve on her ain axis.

North. Tickler puts all his soul, James, into whatever he happens to be doing at the time. Why, he brushes his hat, before turning out at two for a constitutional walk, with as much seeming, nay, real earnestness, as Barry Cornwall polishes a dramatic scene, before making an appeal to posterity.

Shepherd. And baith o' them rub aff the nap. Commend me to a rouch hat and a rouch poem—a smooth hat's shabby-genteel, and a smooth poem's no muckle better. I like the woo on the ane to show shadows to the breeze—and the lines o' the ither to wanton like waves on the sea, that, even at the verra cawmest, breaks out every noo and then into little foam-furrows, characteristic o' the essential and the eternal difference atween the waters o' an inland loch, and them o' the earth-girdlin ocean.

North. Come, my dear James, don't keep Tickler any longer in untinkling attitude.

Shepherd (sings to TICKLER'S tongs and poker accompaniment.).

*Song,—“John Nicholson's Daughter.”**

The daisy is fair, the day lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie—
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie.
O my Nannie,
My dear little Nannie,
My sweet little noddety-noddety Nannie,
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

Ae day she came out wi' a rosy blush,
To milk her twa kye, sae couthie an' carmie—
I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonnie Nannie.
O my Nannie, &c. &c.

Her looks so gay, o'er Nature away,
Frae bonnie blue een sae mild and mellow—
Saw naething sae sweet, in Nature's array,
Though clad in the morning's gouden yellow.
O my Nannie, &c. &c.

* By Hogg.—M.

My heart lay beating the flowery green,
 In quaking, quavering agitation—
 And the tears came trickling down frae my een,
 Wi' perfect love, an' wi' admiration.
 O my Nannie, &c. &c.

There's mony a joy in this world below,
 And sweet the hopes that to sing were uncannie—
 But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
 There's none like the love o' my dearest Nannie,
 O my Nannie,
 My dear little Nannie,
 My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nannie—
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

North. Bravo! You have sent that song to our friend Pringle's Friendship's Offering—haven't you, James?

Shepherd. I hae—and anither as gude, or better.

(Enter MR. AMBROSE with a hot roasted Round of Beef—KING PEPIN with a couple of boiled Ducks—SIR DAVID GAM with a trencher of Tripe, a la Meg Dods—and TAPITOURIE with a Haggis. Pickled Salmon, Welch Rabbits, &c. &c.—and, as usual, Oysters, raw, scolloped, roasted, and pickled, of course—Gizzards, Finzeans, Red Herrings.)

Shepherd. You've really served up a bonny wee neat bit sooper for three, Mr. Awmrose. I hate, for my ain pairt, to see a table overloaded. It's sae vulgar. I'll carve the haggis.

North. I beseech you, James, for the love of all that's dear to you, here and hereafter, to hold your hand. Stop—stop—stop!

(The SHEPHERD sticks the Haggis, and the Table is instantly overflowed.)

Shepherd. Heavens and earth! Is the Haggis mad? Tooels—Awmrose—tooels! Safe us—we'll a' be dooned!

(Picardy and his tail rush out for towels.)

North. Rash man! what ruin have you wrought! See how it has overflown the deck from stem to stern—we shall all be lost.

Shepherd. Sweepin' every thing afore it! Whare's the puir biled dyucks? Only the croon-head o' the roun' visible! Tooels—tooels—tooels! Send roun' the fire-drum through the city.

(Re-enter Picardy and "the rest" with napery.)

Ambrose. Mr. North, I look to you for orders in the midst of this alarming calamity. Shall I order in more strength?

Shepherd. See—see—sir! it's creepin' along the carpet! We're like men left on a sand-bank, when the tide's comin' in rampagin'.

Oh! that I had insured my life! Oh! that I had learned to soom!
What wull become o' my widow and my fatherless children!

North. Silence! Let us die like men.

Shepherd. O, Lord! it's ower our insteps already! Open a' the doors and wundows—and let it find its ain level. I'll up on a chair in the meantime.

(The SHEPHERD mounts the back of the chair, and draws MR. NORTH up after him.)

Sit on my shoothers, my dear—dear—dearest sir. I insist on't. Mr. Tickler, Mr. Awmrose, King Pepin, Sir David, and Tappitourie—you wee lazy deevil—help Mr. North up—help Mr. North up on my shoothers!

(MR. NORTH is elevated, Crutch and all, astride on the SHEPHERD's shoulders.)

North. Good God! Where is Mr. Tickler?

Shepherd. Look—look—look, sir,—yonner he's staunin' on the brace-piece—on the mantel! Noo, Awmrose, and a' ye waiters, make your escape, and leave us to our fate. Oh! Mr. North, gie us a prayer. What for do you look so meeserable, Mr. Tickler? Death is common—'tis but "passing through Natur' to Eternity!" And yet—to be drooned in haggis 'll be waur than Clarence's dream! Alack, and alas-a-day! it's up to the ring o' the bell-rope! Speak, Mr. Tickler—O speak, sir. Men in our dismal condition—are you sittin' easy, Mr. North?

North. Quite so, my dear James, I am perfectly resigned. Yet, what is to become of Maga.

Shepherd. O my wee Jamie!

North. I fear I am very heavy, James.

Shepherd. Dinna say't, sir—dinna say't. I'm like the pious Æneas bearin' his father Ancheeses through the flames o' Troy. The simile does na haud gude at a' points—I wish it did. Oh, haud fast, sir, wi' your arms roun' my neck, lest the cruel tyrant o' a haggis swoop ye clean awa under the sideboard to inevitable death!

North. Far as the eye can reach it is one wide wilderness of suet!

Tickler. Hurra! hurra! hurra!

Shepherd. Do you hear the puir gentleman, Christopher? It's affeckin' to men in our condition to see the pictur we hae baith read o' in accounts o' shipwrecks realeezed! Timothy's gane mad! Hear till him shoutin' wi' horrid glee on the brink o' eternity!

Tickler. Hurra! hurra! hurra!

North. Horrible! most horrible!

Tickler. The haggis is subsiding—the haggis is subsiding! It has fallen an inch by the sabbase since the Shepherd's last ejaculation.

Shepherd. If you're tellin' a lee, Timothy, I'll wade ower to you, and bring you doon aff the mantel wi' the crutch. Can I believe

my een? It is subseedin'. Hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Nine times nine, Mr.-North, to our deliverance—and the Protestant ascendancy!

Omnes. Hurra! hurraw! hurree!

Shepherd. Noo, sir, you may dismount.

(Re-enter the household, with the immediate neighborhood.)

Shepherd. High Jinks! High Jinks! High Jinks! The haggis has puttin' out the fire, and sealed up the boiler.

(The SHEPHERD descends upon all fours, and lets MR. NORTH off gently.)

North. Oh, James, I am a daft old man!

Shepherd. No sae silly as Solomon, sir, at your time o' life. Noo for sooper.

Tickler. How the devil am I to get down!

Shepherd. How the deevil did you get up? Oh, ho, by the gas ladder! And it's been removed in the confusion. Either jump down, or stay where you are, Mr. Tickler.

Tickler. Come now, James, shove over the ladder.

Shepherd. O that Mr. Chantrey was here to sculptur him in that attitude! Streitch out your right haun'! A wee grain heicher! Hoo gran' he looks in basso relievo!

Tickler. Shove over the ladder, you son of the mist, or I'll brain you with the crystal.

Shepherd. Sit doon, Mr. North, opposite to me—and, Mr. Awmrose, tak roun' my plate for a shave o' the beef. Is na he the perfeck pictur o' the late Right Honorable William Pitt? Shall I send you, sir, some o' the biled dyuck?

North. If you please, James. Rather "Like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief."

Shepherd. Gie us a sang, Mr. Tickler, and then you shall hae the ladder. I never preed a roasted roun' afore—it's real savory.

North. "Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The height where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

Shepherd. I'll let you down, Mr. Tickler, if you touch the ceilin' wi' your fingers. Itherwise, you maun sing a sang.

(TICKLER tries and fails.)

Tickler. Well, if I must sing, let me have a tumbler of toddy.

Shepherd. Ye shall hae that, sir.

(The SHEPHERD fills a tumbler from a jug, and, balancing it on the cross of the Crutch, reaches it up to MR. TICKLER.)

Tickler, (sings.)

Tickler, (sings.)

THE TWA MAGICIANS.

The lady stands in her bower door,
As straight as willow-wand;
The blacksmith stood a little forbye,
Wi' hammer in his hand.

Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,
Into your robes o' red,
Before the morn at this same time,
I'll loose your silken snood.

Awa', awa', ye coal-black smith,
Wou'd ye do me the wrang,
To think to gain my virgin love,
That I hae kept sae lang!

Then she has hadden up her hand,
And she sware by the mold,
I wu'dna be a blacksmith's wife
For a' the warld's gold.

O! rather I were dead and gone,
And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o' coal-black smith,
My virgin love shou'd hae.

But he has hadden up his hand,
And he sware by the mass,
I'll cause ye be my light leman,
For the hauf o' that and less.

Chorus.—O bide, lady, bide,
And aye he bade her bide;
The rusty smith your leman shall be,
For a' your meikle pride.

Then she became a turtle dow,
To fly up in the air;
And he became another dow,
And they flew pair and pair.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turn'd herself into an eel,
To swim into yon burn;

And he became a speckled trout,
To give the eel a turn.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a duck, a duck,
Upon a reedy lake;
And the smith, wi' her to soom or dive,
Became a rose-kamed drake.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turn'd herself into a hare,
To rin ower hill and hollow;
And he became a gude greyhound,
And boldly he did follow.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a gay gray mare,
And stood in yonder slack;
And he became a gilt saddle,
And sat upon her back.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a het girdle,
And he became a cake;
And a' the ways she turn'd hersell,
The blacksmith was her make.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turn'd hersell into a ship,
To sail out ower the flood;
He ca'd a nail intill her tail,
And syne the ship she stood.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a silken plaid,
And stretch'd upon a bed;
And he became a green covering,
And thus the twa were wed.
Chorus.—Was she wae, he held her sae,
And still he bade her bide;
The rusty smith her leman was,
For a' her meikle pride.

Shepherd. Noo—sir—here is the ladder to you—for which you're indebted to Mr. Peter Buchan, o' Peterhead, the ingenious collector o' the Ancient Ballads, frae which ye have chanted so speeritedly the speerited Twa Magicians. It's a capital collection—and should be added in a' libraries, to Percy, and Ritson, and Headley, and the Minstrelsy o' the Border, and John Finlay, and Robert Jamieson, and Gilchrist, and Kinloch, and the Quarto o' that clever chiel, Mother-

well o' Paisley, wha's no only a gude collector and commentator o' ballads, but a gude writer o' them too—as he has proved by that real poetical address o' Northman to his Sward in ane o' the Annals.* Come awa' doon, sir—come awa' doon. Tak tent, for the steps are gae sluggly. Noo—sir—fa' to the roun'.

Tickler. I have no appetite, James. I have been suffering all night under a complication of capital complaints—the toothache, which, like a fine attenuated red-hot steel-sting, keeps shooting through an old rugged stump, which to touch with my tongue is agony—the tongue-ache, from a blister on that weapon, that I begin to fear may prove cancerous—the lip-ache, from having accidentally given myself a labial wound in sucking out an oyster—the eye-ache, as if an absolute worm were laying eggs in the pupil—the ear-ache, tinglin' and stounin' to the very brain, till my drum seems beating for an evening parade—to which add a headache of the hammer and anvil kind—and a stomach-ache, that seems to intimate that dyspepsia is about to be converted into cholera morbus; and you have a partial enumeration of the causes that at present deaden my appetite—and that prevented me from chanting the ballad with my usual vivacity. However—I will trouble you for a duck.

Shepherd. You canna be in the least pain, wi' sae mony complaints as these—for they maun neutralleeze ane anither. But even if they dinna, I believe mysell, wi' the Stoics, that pain's nae evil. Dinna you, Mr. North?

North. Certainly. But, Tickler, you know, has many odd crotchets. Pray, James, have you read the last number of the Edinburgh Review?

Shepherd. Pray, Mr. North, have you lowpt ower the Castle o' Embro? I would as sune offer to walk through the interior o' Africa, frae Tripoli to Timbuctoo. Howsomever, I did read Mr. Jaffray's article on the Decline and Fa' o' Poetry.

North. I read with pleasure all that my ingenious brother writes; but he is often a little paradoxical or so—sometimes a little superficial, I fear, in his philosophy and criticism. However, he handles delicately and gracefully every subject he touches; and seldom fails to leave on it something of the brightness of his genius.

Shepherd. The article's doonricht intolerable and untenable nonsense frae beginnin' to end. Whether poetry's exhowsted or no, it's no for me to say; but Mr. Jaffray himsell, though that could scarcely hae been his end in writin't, has proved in his article, beyond a doubt, that Criticism is in the dead-thraws.

* William Motherwell, born at Glasgow in 1798: died in 1835. He was editor of the *Glasgow Courier*. In 1827 he published the collection above-mentioned,—called *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*. In 1823 appeared a volume of his own poems, some of them in the Scottish dialect, breathing pathos and intensity of feeling rarely surpassed.—M.

North. I was somewhat surprised certainly, James, to hear my brother absolutely asserting, that in our Poetry, since Cowper, there is "little invention, little direct or overwhelming passion, and little natural simplicity,"—"no sudden, unconscious bursts, either of nature or passion—no casual flashes of fancy—no slight passing intimations of deep but latent emotions—no rash darings of untutored genius soaring proudly up into the infinite unknown."

Shepherd. After havin' in every ither article, for the last twenty years labored wi' a' his power to prove the direck contrar'! Noo that the New Licht has brak in on him, he maun look back on the Francey Jaffray that keepit year after year oratorically—I mean oracularly—haranguin' on the terrible and awfu' bursts o' a' the dark and fierce passions in Byron's poetry, as a wee demented madman or lunatic.

North. But what say you, James, to "no rash darings of untutored genius"?

Shepherd. That it's either nonsensical or fawse. If he allude to the great leevin' poets wha have had college educations, then it's nonsensical; for hoo could they "shew rash dawrin's o' untutored genius," seein' that ane and a' o' them had tutors, public and preevat, for years? If he allude to me, and Allan Kinnigam, and Bloomfield, and Clare,* and ither, wha were left to edicate ourselfs, then it's fawse. "Nae rash dawrin's o' untutored genius," indeed! I'll thank him, or the likes o' him, wi' a' his tutored genius, to write Kilmeny, or Mary Lee the Female Pilgrim o' the Sun, or ae single prose tale o' honest Allan's, or ae single sang like mony o' his spirit-stirrin' strains baith about the land and the sea. "Nae rash dawrin's o' untutored genius" indeed! Impident body, I wush he may nae hae been fou—or rather, I wush he may—for afore I declair'd mysell a Tory, he himsell told the warld in sae mony words that my poetry was fu' o' "Dawrin' flichts o' untutored genius;" and sae it is, in spite o' the ignorant impertinence o' the like o' him, and ither envious elves, that out o' natural or political malice will anonymously slump half-a-dizzen o' men o' genius ower into ae clause of sentence, which, when you an-aleeze't is just naething mair nor less than a self-evident and contemptible lee.

North. How I admire the Doric dialect, my dear James! What a difference to the ear in the sound of lie and lee!

Shepherd. My ear detecks nane. But supposin' there to be a difference i' the soun', there's nane in the sense; and Mr. Jaffray, either in the ae creetique or the ither, maun hae said what is no true.

North. A mere matter of taste—of opinion, James; and will you not allow a man to change his mind?

* Allan Cunningham, the Scottish poet, already noticed. Robert Bloomfield, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, and other poems. John Clare, called the Northampton Peasant, many of whose lyrics possess much merit.—M.

Shepherd. No, I won't. At least no an auld man like Mr. Jaffray. It's just in mere matters o' taste and opinion that I'll no alloo him or any ither supperannated creetic to say that he has changed his mind—without at least tellin' him that he's a coof—and that what he may conceive to be a change o' opinion, is only a decay o' faculties—a dotage o' the mind.

North. My brother complains that we have no poetry now-a-days, containing "slight passing intimation of deep, but latent emotions," yet in three or four most elaborate disquisitions of his on the genius of Campbell, the power of thus, by slight passing intimations, raising "deep but latent emotions," is dwelt upon as the power characteristic of that delightful poet, beyond almost all other men that ever wrote!

Shepherd. Hoo can a man, after contradickin' himsel' in that silly and senseless manner, look himsel' in the face in the mornin', when he sits doon to shave?

North. My brother goes on to say of modern British Poets, that "their chief fault is the want of subject and matter, the absence of real persons, intelligible interests, and conceivable incidents——"

Shepherd. I really wush, sir, you would gie ower quotin' drivel, for it maks me sick. Ca' you that leavin', "on every subject he touches, something o' the brichtness o' his genius?"

North. Why, I confess, James, that here my respected brother is indeed a great goose.

Shepherd. Or rather a wee bit duck, cryin' quack, quack, quack, as it plouters amang the dubs; and then streekin' itsel' up, as if it were tryin' to staun on its tail, and flappin' the dirty pearls frae its wings, and lengthenin' out its neck like an eel, and lookin' roun' about it wi' a sort o' triumph, cries quack, quack, quack, again, and then dives down in the gulf profoond for anither mouthfu' o' somethin', leavin' naethin' veesible in the upper warld but its—doup!

North. The poetry of Crabbe and Scott is fuller of "real persons, intelligible interests, and conceivable incidents," than any other poetry, Shakspeare of course always excepted, perhaps yet in existence; and this, or nearly this, my brother has said at least a thousand times—showing, and well showing—for I repeat, James, "that on every subject he handles, he leaves something of the brightness of his genius"—that therein lies their power and glory.

Shepherd. And I hae only to repeat, sir, that I wonder hoo your brither can after a' that look himsel' in the face in the mornin' when he sits doon to shave.

North. My brother, James, says, that all the poems of Crabbe, Scott, Byron, Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, yourself, and all other poets now living or dead since Cowper and Burns, "are but shadows, we fear, that have no independent or sub-

stantial existence; and though reflected from grand and beautiful originals, have but little chance" of being remembered, and so forth. What say you to that, James?

Shepherd. I say that that's either no in the Edinburgh Review, or that the Editor ought to be in a strait-waistcoat. For the man that raves in that fashion's no safe, and some day 'll hite.

North. Scott's Poems, he says, are mere reflections of the Romances of Chivalry—which, I admit, he could not have said, had he ever read one single romance of chivalry, either in prose or verse—as you, James, know well, that in all points whatever they are the very antipodes.

Shepherd. I never read, nor even saw ane o' the Romances o' Chivalry in my life—except you ca' Blind Harry's Sir William Wallace ane—and it, to be sure, though a glorious auld thing, has about as little resemblance to Marmion, as a peat-car—nae contemptible vehicle for rattlin' either up or doon a hill wi' an active nag—to a war-chariot armed wi' scythes, and thunderin' ower the field wi' four white horses.

North. Then Wordsworth, it seems, went back to the early ballads for his Excursion, Sonnets to Liberty, &c. &c., and all others alike to Spenser and Shakspeare, and —

Shepherd. Oh, sir! tell me what I hae said or dune to deserve sic drivel as this bein' poured out upon me as a punishment; and I wull make ony apology you like to demand, doon even to axin' pardon at your feet on my bare knees!

North. My brother sums up by setting Mr. Atherstone, as a poet, by the side of Mr. Southey!

Shepherd. Mr. Atherstane, from what I have seen o' his verses, may just as weel be set at ance by the side o' Shakspeare. Mr. Southey is a poet o' the very highest order, sir—and Thalaba, Madoc, Roderic, Kehama—are gran'soun's, that at ance fill the mind with images o' high achievement. Has Mr. Atherstane really written poems like them? If sae, I wush I was introduced to him—and that he was sittin' here just noo at the Noctes.

North. I should have no objections, James—none in the world; but Mr. Atherstone (I say, it reluctantly) is not much of a poet.* Something of a painter he may be, though his conceptions, vivid enough in themselves, seem to arise in series, and often too in great confusion and disarray; nor has he been able to produce a single picture, having in it Unity, comprehending all the details, great and small, to which they are all made to conform, and which is felt to be the spirit of the whole. Till he does this, he is not even a pain-

* Edwin Atherstone, author of *A Midsummer Day's Dream*, and an epic in blank verse, called *The Fall of Nineveh*, of which Professor Wilson gave a very severe review in *Blackwood*—the result, perhaps, of Jeffrey's over-praising it.—M.

ter; and for the truth of what I say, I refer him to his friend Martin. In the same article, my brother laments the loss "in the morn and liquid dew of their youth" of Kirke White, Keats, and Pollok—and "that powerful, though more uncertain genius, less prematurely extinguished, Shelley." Now, why did he not encourage, animate, and spread the fame of these poets while they were alive, to reap profit and pleasure from his praise?

Shepherd. I fancy, because he cared little or naething about them, and either never knew, or forgot, that such poets were in existence.

North. Henry Kirke White, when chilled by the frost of criticism, would have had his blood warmed within the very core of his heart, by a panegyric on his genius in such a work, so powerful for good and evil, as the *Edinburgh Review* then was. But no—not a hint dropped of "the morn and liquid dew of his life," till many years after his pure spirit had soared to heaven!*

Shepherd. While Mr. Soothey cheered the life o' the young pensive bard, and after death, embalmed his name in one of the most beautiful pieces of biography in the language!

North. My brother praised Keats, it is true, but somewhat tardily, and with no discrimination; and, to this hour, he has taken no notice of his *Lamia* and *Isabella*, in which Keat's genius is seen to the best advantage; while, from the utter silence observed towards him in general, it is plain enough that he cares nothing for him, and that it is not unjust or unfair to suspect the insertion of the article on *Endymion* was brought about by a Cockney job of Hunt or Hazlitt's.

Shepherd. Is his review o' Pollok's *Course of Time* a fine one?

North. That noble poem has never been so much as mentioned,—though, no doubt, the mere introduction of Pollok's name is thought to be sufficient sacrifice to the genius of that singularly gifted young man.

Shepherd. And what said he o' Shelley?

North. Never, to the best of my remembrance, one single syllable. Now, my dear James, all this may be very consistent with the principles on which my brother conducts his review; but nobody can say that it is a high-minded, fine-souled, warm-hearted system. The voice of praise can be of no avail then,—

"Nor flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death."

Still, with all his deficiencies, inconsistencies, and contradictions, my brother is a charming critic.

Shepherd. O' a' the creetics o' this age, you alone, sir, have shown that you have a heart. You're the best creetic ever existed o' warks o' imagination.

* It is odd enough that Jeffrey, who lamented the death of such poets as Kirke White, Keats, Pollok, and Shelley, did not notice any of them in the *Edinburgh Review*, when they were living, and scarcely more afterwards.—M.

North. That seems to be the general opinion. Yet even I am not perfection.

Shepherd. Dinna allow yoursell to say sae, sir; you're far ower modest.

North. There's Mr. David Lester Richardson, or some other dissatisfied person, who says, in that entertaining work, the *London Weekly Review*, that the last degradation that can befall a writer, is to be praised in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Shepherd. Faith, he's maybe no far wrang there. Is that the Diamond Poet, who published three hunder and sixty-five panegyrics on his ain genius, by way o' Notes and Illustrations to his Sonnets—an for every day in the year?

North. The same.*

Shepherd. His modesty's amaist as great's your ain, sir; for he canna bring himsell to believe that ony body will credit his being a poet, without ha'en his judgment overpowered by the testimony o' a cloud o' witnesses.

North. Perhaps he was nettled, James, by my exposure of that puffery; but the truth is, I have a great kindness for David, and the very first volume, either of prose or verse, he publishes, I shall try him with praise in *Blackwood*; and he will be surprised to find that it is far more delightful, and not nearly so degrading, as he or his contributor, during a fit of the jaundice, imagined.

Shepherd. Tak care ye dinna turn his head—for I should be sorry o' that, as, if he's the editor o' the *Weekly Review*, he's a clever fellow.†

North. Hazlitt, too, has lately somewhere said—I think in that acute paper, the *Examiner*—that *Maga* is a work of which no man will mention the name, who has any regard to his own character. Now, Hazlitt has not written a paper of any kind whatever, these last ten years, without using the most unwarrantable, and unprovoked, and unnecessary liberties, with *Maga's* name. Therefore, Hazlitt is a man who has no regard to his own character.

Shepherd. You hae him on the hip, there, sir. It's a good syllogism.

North. Yet you see, James, the inutility of the syllogistic form of reasoning; for it ends with proving what has already been admitted by all the world.

* Mr. Richardson published his verses in what was called "The Diamond Poets"—because printed in diamond type—and part of the volume consisted of all the favorable notices which had appeared, "for love or money," in all sorts and conditions of newspapers. Professor Wilson wrote a very sharp critique, in *Blackwood*, on Richardson and his Sonnets.—M.

† The *London Weekly Review*, which combined the best features of the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenæum*, was in existence from 1827 to 1830. Its editors were Mr. St. John, author of a *Tour in Egypt*, (and one of the writers in the *Sunday Times* of London,) and Leitch Ritchie, now editor of *Chambers' Journal*, in Edinburgh. The money was found by Mr. Richardson, who had made it in India.—M.

Shepherd. I see your meanin', sir—Oh! but you're a desperate sateerical auld chiel, and plant your skein dhu —

North. The blundering blockhead, James, drove his own knife up to the hilt in his own side, beneath the fifth rib, in his rage to strike a harmless old man like me, who was not minding the maniac, and had not kicked him for years.

Shepherd. Oh! man, but there's a cawm, cauld, clear, glitterin' cruelty in the expression o' your een the noo, that's no canny, and you'll obleege me by takin' aff your glass; for the taste o' that Glenlivet's eneuch to saften the sowl towards the greatest reprobate. A caulker o't could make a man for a minute or twa amaist endure a Cockney.

North. Maga, James, is an engine.

Shepherd. An ingine!—Lord safe us!—She is that!—An Ingine o' five hunder elephant-power. Nae mortal man should be entrusted wi' sic an Ingine; it's aneuch to make ony man ~~as~~ prood as Nebuchadnezzar—and if you dinna tak tent, wha kens but you may share the fate o' that unfortunate monarch. You would be a curious creeter on a' fowres, munchin' gersie!

North. Maga is, you know, my dear James, an omnipresence. In hall and hut alike, her visits are hailed by the heart-acclamation of young and eld—her face beams in equal beauty by the fire-light reflected from brass mirrors bright as gold, within a chimney-piece of the dove-colored Italian marble—and by the peat-low frae the ingle o' the “auld clay biggin’—”

Shepherd. As noo and then the melted snaw-flakes drip down the open lumm, sir, and the reading lassie, while the flickering flame momentarily leaves a darker shade ower the gay or serious page, loots doon her silken snood nearer to the embers, that the circle mayna lose a word o' auld Christopher North, or the Shepherd, or Delta, whether Delta be singin' a sweet sang, aiblins about Mary Queen o' Scotland, or tellin' a comical story in a Chapter in the Life and Adventures o' that curious Dalkeith tailor body, now retired, as I hear, frae bizziness, hain' taen out his capital altogether, and become a Box-proprietor on the Esk—Mansie Wauch.

North. That, James, is true fame. The consciousness of a circulation confined to certain classes—an exclusive circulation, would be the death, or paralysis of my genius.

Shepherd. 'Cause in that case you would have to compose for an exclusive circulation—Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! perhaps a Cockney coterie,—and then to a' mankind you would become either unintelligible or disgustin'! Does your body, sir, ever get wearied wi' writin'? for as to your mind, ane micht as weel ask if the *vis generatrix Naturæ* ever got wearied.

North. I write, James, by *screeds*. Whenever I feel the fit

coming on, which it often does about ten in the morning—never sooner—I encourage it by a caulk^r—a mere nutshell, which my dear friend, the English Opium-Eater, would toss off in laudanum; as soon as I feel that there is no danger of a relapse—that my demon will be with me during the whole day—I order dinner at nine—shut myself up within triple doors—and as I look at the inner one in its green-baized brass-knobbedness, there comes upon me an inspiring sense of security from all interruption, nay, from all connection, or even remembrance of the outer world. The silver salver—you know it, James—with a few rusks, and half a pint of Madeira—a moderation which Sir Humphrey* must approve—stands within a few inches of my writing hand. No desk! an inclined plane—except in bed—is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat.

Shepherd. No if you use the slate.

North. At twb o'clock, from September to March—true to a minute—Robin Redbreast comes hopping in through one unglazed diamond of my low lattice—Mousey peers with his black eyes and whiskered nose out o' his hole, and the two contend in pretty gambols about the crumbs.

Shepherd. What a pictur' o' Innocence! Oh, my dear, dear Mr. North, I've aften thoct you were ower gude—ower tender o' natur—ower simple for this wicked, hard, cunnin' warld.

North. Mousey, after feeding and fun, glides into his hole behind the wainscot, and Robin flits, with a small sweet song, into the shrubbery—and then I at it again tooth and nail—

Shepherd. Sacrificeen', perhaps, the peace not only o' individuals but o' families—by making them, and a' that's connectet wi' them, meeserable in life, and sae odious and infamous after death, that the son gies up his father's name a'thegither; if the surname be ane o' ae syllable, the better to obliterate a remembrance o't even in his ain mind, adoptin' ane o' four or five—and changin' the Christian name, too, into something heathenish, as, for example, Tam into Heliogabawlus.

North. Just as the gloaming begins to deepen on the wire-wove paper, so that there is felt a slight strain on the optic nerve, and pots and hooks assume a hieroglyphical character—inadvisably doth door after door open like a dream—and Helen,† with a wax candle in either pretty small hand, between which are seen shining her large blue eyes, soft in their brightness, in a moment is at my side, and my manuscripts are at once illuminated.

* Sir Humphrey Davy, the great chemist, and President of the Royal Society, in London. An Italian, who had to write to him, addressing the letter by the sound of his name, directed it to "Somfredevi, London."—M.

† Helen Gentle,—an eidolon of the Noctes.—M.

Shepherd. She's a bonny lassie. I saw a pictur very like her the day in Mr. Galli's exhibition on the Mound—

North. An exhibition which all people should visit. It contains many excellent, and some splendid pictures.

Shepherd. Oh! but the Auld Masters, sir, had a deep sense o' the beautifu'—

North. No soup—but first a sole, then a beef-steak, and then a chicken—with a finish of a few tartlets, and a saucer of parmesan—judiciously interspersed with an occasional sip of old hock ending in a gulp—a caulker, of course—and then at the MSS. again, over a Scotch pint of claret. By midnight—

“Ae wee short hour ayont the twal;”

and lo! ready for the devil a sheet of Maga!

Shepherd. And whan do you rise?

North. Early. Precisely at nine (I speak of winter,) Helen is at my bedside—

“And, like the murmur of a dream,
I hear her breathe my name.”

Shepherd. That's scarcely safe, sir.

North. God bless the dear child!—she loves me with all the reverential affection of a grand-daughter. While I keep getting fairly awake, she stirs up the fire, that has been napping during the night, and, arranging with delicate dexterity my shirt, drawers, stockings, breeches, &c., on a neat mahogany screen, places it before the glow—and disappears. In about half an hour, I am apparelled—and just as I have given the last touch to the topmost curl of my wig—

Shepherd. I like ye best bald—

North. The clear tingle-ingle-ing of the small brass bell in the hand of my pretty maiden—

Shepherd. That's the thing—and no ane o' thae infernal bells that the man-servant in some houses keeps ringing for ten minutes, as if he meant to awawken a' the folk in the neist street—

North. Chimes me down to the parlor—

Shepherd. Nae mair about your domestic economy, sir. You're gettin' egoutistical.

North. I wrote “Christopher in his Sporting Jacket,” James—forty pages of Maga—at two such sittings.

Shepherd. I dinna believe you—though you should swear't on the Bible.

North. At five such sittings I have more than once written—with this hand—

Shepherd. And a lang-fingered, bony, ghaunt, formidable-lookin' haun it is, like the haun o' grim death—clutchin'—

North. Written the whole Magazine*—an entire Number, James—

Shepherd. And a desperate bad ane it must hae been—

North. No, James,—brilliant as the Aurora Borealis—musical as is Apollo's lute.

Shepherd. And that's the way ye servè your contributors! Flingin' their capital articles intil the Balaam-box that your ain trash may—

North. Trash! What the devil do you mean by trash, sir?

Shepherd. I just mean a hantle o' your ain articles—especially them that you're fondest and proodest o'—sic as "Streams"—"Cottages"—"Hints for Holidays"—

North. Oh! James—James—that genius should be thus debased by jealousy—

Shepherd. Me jealous o' you? That's a gude ane. But what for didna you send me out a' the Annwalls o' the year as you promised? I hate folk that promises and ne'er performs.

North. By the rule o' contraries, my character to a tittle. I promise nothing—and perform everything. But the reason, James, was, that I had not time to send. The Keepsake I have not got yet†—but I have Mr. Alaric Watts' Souvenir, in my pocket—there, well-caught, ye cricketer—aye, you may well turn up your eyes in admiration—for of all the embellishments—of all the engravings I ever beheld, these are the most exquisitely beautiful.

Shepherd. Sir Walter? Ma faith! The thing's dune at last. The verra man himsell, as if you were lookin' at him through the wrang end o' a telescope! Only see his hauns! The big, fat, roun', firm back o' his hauns! I shou'd hae said in an instant—that's Sir Walter—had I seen him nae mair than just by themselfs thae hauns! Hoo are ye, Sir Walter? Hoo are ye, sir? I'm glad to see you lookin' sae weel. Na—am na I a fule, Mr. North, to be speakin' till an eemage, as if it were—the Lord bless him—the verra leevin' glory o' Scotland?

North. I request posterity to be informed, that Leslie's is the best likeness of Sir Walter Scott ever achieved—face, figure, air, manner—all characteristically complete.‡ Leslie is a gentine genius—so is Stephanoff.

* Wilson used to boast that he *could* write an entire number of *Maga* between Monday and Saturday. Whether he ever *did* is not known to me.—M.

† The *Keepsake* was edited by Frederick Mansel Reynolds, son of Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist. He also wrote the novel called "Miserrimus."—M.

‡ This portrait of Scott, by C. R. Leslie, the American artist, was engraved for the *Literary Souvenir* for 1829, and was painted in 1824, for Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, in whose possession it now is. I think it the best likeness extant of Scott in his later years.—my own first view of the Great Unknown having been in 1825, when he was in Ireland.—M.

Shepherd. And is the writin' in the Souvenir gude, sir?

North. Excellent. Taken altogether, the volume is a formidable rival, competitor, or compeer, to the Anniversary —

Shepherd. In leeterture—my cry has ever been—Free Tredd, Free Tredd. If the Keepsake beats the beauty o' the Souvenir, she may change her name into the Phoenix or the Bird o' Paradise.

North. Pocket the affront, James.

Shepherd. Hae you made me a present o't, sir, outright? You hae?—then alloo me to treat you wi' the eisters at my ain expense.

North. To purchase the Souvenir in oysters! Oh! the horrid thought!

Shepherd. Rax me ower that newspaper, my dear sir, that I may wrap it —

North. Nay, we must not destroy Mr. Ambrose's Courier.

Shepherd. Is that the Courser? It's the best paper, the Coureer, o' the hail set.

North. There cannot be a better paper, James—but there may be as good—and the Standard is so—the two together, well studied, may set a young Member of Parliament up in politics.* Both true to the backbone. "Alike—yet oh, how different!" Mr. Street is a man of great talents—and Mr. Giffard an admirable writer. As for the Doctor —

Shepherd. He has na his match in a' England, I'm sure, for wut, satire, and fun, and deevil tak me if he's no also a maist poorfu' reasoner. Wut and Intellect are twun-brithers, and sae like that but for a sort o' smile native to the face o' the first, I'll defy you to tell the ane frae the ither.

North. These are my evening papers, James; and my morning ones are the Morning Post, always full of news of the fashionable world, and excellent and able in its politics; the Morning Journal, most spirited and vigorous; the Morning Herald, miscellaneous to a most amusing degree, and teeming with various matter; the Morning Chronicle—you know the worthy editor, Mr. Blackie†, James?

Shepherd. A fine fallow—'gin he were na a Whig—and a great freen' o' dear Gray's —

North. Of itself a good sign of his heart;—but though a Whig, not a bitter one, and, though rather lengthy—a writer of much talent and information.

* The Courier, owned by the late Mr. Daniel Stuart, was a Vicar of Bray among newspapers, and, whoever were ministers, made a point of supporting them. The Standard, a very young paper when thus praised by North, has been edited, from the first, by Dr. Lees Giffard, and has always been very Anti-Catholic and Conservative. Maginn wrote for it for years.—M.

† Commonly called "Doctor" Black, and an able, though heavy writer. His connection with the newspaper press ceased several years ago.—M.

Shepherd. Do you no read The Auld Times?

North. What! not read the leading journal of Europe? Daily. Inexplicable altogether in its political machinery, I admire the strength and audacity of the bold Old Times. I also see that moderate and very able paper, the Globe.*

Shepherd. Faith, there's the Embro' Saturday Evening Post turnin' out a maist capital paper. There's smeddum yonner, Mr. North.

North. There is smeddum yonder, James. The pen of one first-rate writer may be weekly traced in its leading articles, and occasionally elsewhere, and some of his coadjutors are apparently men of power and principle. It has, though young, a good circulation, and is sure to succeed. A true Tory.

Shepherd. What's the real bonny feedy state o' the case, sir, the noo, wi' what's ca'd the Question o' Catholic Emancipawtion?

Tickler, (yawning out of a profound sleep.) Hallo! where am I? Who are you, gentlemen, intruding on a sober citizen's privacy at this hour of the night? I say, who are you?

Shepherd. He thinks himsell at hame. I really had nae notion, sir, that Mr. Tickler was sae soon made fou!

Tickler. Made fou! Heavens, at Ambrose's!

Shepherd. At Awmrose's sure aneuch. You've been sleepin' this twa hours, wi' your mouth wide open, and it required great forbearance no to put a half-lemon into your mouth. I would hae dune't, had ye snored—but as ye did na snore nane——

Tickler. I have awoke to all my "aitches!"

Shepherd. When you gang hame, let me recommend you to get a flannen-petticoat frae ane o' the servant lasses, and wrap it roun' your chowks.

Tickler. Oh! I am in great pain, James! Let me lie down on the sofa.

Shepherd. Do sae, do sae, but dinna snore nane. Weel, Mr. North, what's the bonny feedy state o' the case, wi' what's ca'd the Question o' Catholic Emancipawtion? You dinna think it'll be carried or conciliated?

North. Unquestionably, James, there is a belief among certain circles, that think themselves well-informed, with respect to authentic rumors of intended measures of government, that something is to be done for the Catholics in next session of Parliament. One cannot dine out without having much sickening stuff of the sort dinned into his ears. But the nation has the Duke of Wellington's word for it, that nothing will be done for the Catholics in the next Session of Parliament.

* The Times was then edited by the late Thomas Barnes, and the Globe, (which Cobbett used to call "the ball of dung,") by Colonel Torrens, a noted writer on Political Economy, and a Member of Parliament.—M.

Shepherd. Has it?

North. Yes, the Duke of Wellington said, in his simple strong style, in the House, that "if they kept quiet, *perhaps* something might be done for them;" but they have not kept quiet; and, therefore, *certainly* nothing will be done for them next Parliament.*

Shepherd. Quiet, indeed! ay, ay, there's different kinds o' quiet, as the Duke, nae doot, kens as weel as either you or me, Mr. North.

North. True, James. The French marshals in Spain used to keep quiet, sometimes for weeks and months at a time, but the great Lord, for all that, lay asleep in his position like a lion with his eyes open, and on an alarm, in half an hour the whole British army had been in order of battle.

Shepherd. A toon coof, comin' intil the kintra, and kennin' o' coorse naething at a' about the symptoms o' the atmosphere, having contented himsell a' his life wi' noticin' the quicksilver in his glass, and in spite o' a' its daily deceits keepit still payin' the maist shameful deference to its authority,—a toon coof, I say, sir, comin' intil the Forest, cocks his ee up to the heavens, without attendin' to what airt the wind blows frae, and prophecying a fine, clear, dry, breezy day, whistles out Ponto, and awa to the hills after the grouse. The lift looked, he thoct, sae cawm, the weather sae settled! There was a cawm in heaven, nae doot—a dead cawm. But then far aff on the weather-gleam, there was a froonin', threatenin', sullen, sulky, dark, dismal, dour expression o' face in the sky—no the less fearsome 'cause o' the noo and then glimmerin' out o' something like a grim ghastly smile, as if it were stifled lichtnin'—abint the cloud that noo lies black and dense on the towerin' mountain, is heard first a sigh, then a groan, then a growl, then a clap, and then a rattle o' thunder, till earth shakes wi' a' her quiverin' woods, and the lochs are seen tumbling a foam on the levin!—a deluge droons the misty hills, and doon come the hay-rucks, or the corn-stooks, wi' aiblins a human dwelling or twa, sailing along the meadows, in which the main course o' the Tweed is lost as in a sea—sae sudden, sae red and sae roaring is the spate, that sweeps the vale o' half its harvest, and leaves farmer, hind, and shepherd, in ruin.

North. Strong as your imagery is, James, and vivid—most vivid your picture—it is neither over-charged, nor in one point inapplicable.

Shepherd. I'm sure it's no, sir. Then let nae man tell me that seven million o' Eerishmen,—for if there were sax million at the last Noctes, they'll be seven noo,—will ever keep a cawm sugh—unless when they're brooin' mischief. I would despise them if they did, frae the bottom o' my heart—and I'm far frae despisin' the

* They did not keep quiet,—therefore something had to be done for them.—M.

Eerish, wha, but for priests and priestcraft, would be, certes, a glorious people.

Tickler. Why, according to that rule of judgment, James, you suspect them alike, whether they are tame or tumultuous.

Shepherd. Ye maunna argue wi' me, Mr. Tickler; fa' asleep—for, wi' a' your poors o' reasonin', I'll set ye doon, and nail your coat-tails to the chair, so as you'll no be able to get up again, wi' the strong haun o' plain, gude, common sense. A' Eerland's under the thoombs o' the Agitawtors. Thoombs doon, and a's cawm; —thoombs up, and rebellion wud wade the bogs breast-deep in blood.

North. I repeat what I have said to you, James, a hundred times within these four years, that the government of this country has much to answer for to civil and religious liberty on account of its shameful supineness—must I say of a British government—its cowardice?

Tickler. Well, then, pray is this state of things to be eternal?

Shepherd. Let me answer that, Mr. North. It will last, Mr. Tickler, as lang as the Bible is a sealed book. Break the seal—let the leaves flutter free—and Superstition, blinded by the licht o' heaven, will dwine and die. She will dwine for many years afore she dies; but, during a' that time, knowledge will be gainin' head o' ignorance—Eerishmen will be becomin' mair and mair like Scotchmen and Englishmen in their character and condition—and when the similitude grows strong and secure,—for naebody wants perfect identity,—then, and not till then, “something perhaps may be done for the Catholics;”—and, feenally,—for you maunna talk nonsense about eternity,—the Roman religion will be undermined and fall, and then there will indeed be a glorious Emancipawtion.

North. Meanwhile, good heavens! what might not the Irish landlords—Protestant and Roman Catholic alike—do for their beautiful country! There are many difficulties to contend against; but I, for one, never could see any mystery in the evils that afflict Ireland. She wants an enlightened system of education;—she wants an enlightened system of employment;—she wants an enlightened system of poor-laws;—she wants an enlightened, generous, patriotic, fatherland-loving resident gentry—lords and commoners;—and with these, Erin would indeed be the Emerald Gem of the Sea!

Shepherd. What blesses ae kintra, blesses anither; and o' a' blessin's what's mair blessed than a resident gentry?—O that ugly sumph! that first daured to write doon in the English language that a kintra was the better o' Absenteeism!

North. A paltry paradox, that stunk in the nostrils before it was a day old.

Shepherd. O the ugly sumph! The doctrine was an outrage on human nature, and an insult to Divine Providence! Would a kintra be the better if a' its clergy were non-resident in it,—absentees abroad,—and their duties discharged universally by proxy curates? Likewise a' its Judges? Likewise if a' partners in mercantile concerns were to leave them to the foreman, and gang ower to Boulogne to play billiards? And, to crown a', would the sumph say, that it would be better for THE MAGAZINE, if its Editor,—even yourself, sir, Christopher North, God bless you!—were an absentee? Na, na! that you'll never be. Easier would it be to root up an auld oak tree.

North. A blind, base blunder it was, indeed, James; and how the owl did hoot in the sunshine, staring and winking most absurdly, with eyes made only for the twilight! What books could the sumph, as you call him, have read? With what manner of men held converse?—that his ear had not got accustomed, in some measure, to the expression of those natural feelings and affections, that bind the human heart to the *natale solum*,—feelings and affections so inevitable, that he is probably the first, and will be the last man, that ever avowed himself born without them,—insensible to their influence, or, rather, unaware of their existence!

Shepherd. Better for a kintra that a' the gentry should live abroad! O the sumph! But, eh, sir! is na't cheerin' to see and hear how suddenly a sumph's put down in Great Britain, when, wi' open jaws and lung-laboring sides, he sticks out his lang-lugged pericranium, and, reckless o' breakin' the wund o' the puir harmless echoes, brays out insupportable nonsense, a' the while never dootin' himsell to be ane o' the great prophets, lifting up a warning, as in an angelic voice, unto some foolish people determined to perish in their pride—were the ass to bray on till Domesday?

North. Yes, James, the British nation are not, in the long run, by any means easily humbugged. They have their temporary follies—why not? The proprietor of “the wonderful duck,” may make money for a month or so, asserting that she sings like a nightingale; but people will not pay sixpence twice to hear what, if their ears “are to be in aught believed,” is neither more nor less, in tone or articulation, than—quack—quack—quack! Then, what a disgrace, what a degradation to Ireland—the land of eloquence and Burke, to have produced, in these latter days, no better demagogues than Sheil and O'Connell! Scrape O'Connell's tongue of black-guardism, and Sheil's of blarney, and they will be as dry as that of an old parrot.

Shepherd. I'm sure that Sheil's nae orator. Puttin' politics, and peace o' Ireland, and the cause o' civil and religious liberty a' ower

the world, a'thegither aside—and ane can easily do that in the Noctes —

North. With all the ease in the world, James.

Shepherd. I mysell am an agitawtor! And not only can I mak a' allowance for them, but as ae human being wi' ither human beings, I can sympatheeze, sir, frae the very bottom o' my sowl, wi' agitawtors.

North. And so can I.

Tickler. (yawning.) And—I.

Shepherd. Dear me, Mr. Tickler! are you no asleep? But, pity me the day! when I tak up a speech o' Sheil's, houpin' to get my heart made to loup like a cod in a creel; to be stung by his sharp swarming syllables into rebellion against the state, like a colley attacked by bees, and in the madness o' pain bitin' his master; or rather, like a bull stung by a hornet in the flank, or a red-rag in the ee, plungin' after the herds and hinds, wha a' rin helter-skelter into the woods—or, like a teeger, or a lion, that has lain peaceably licking his paws, till a man in a hairy fur-cap, stirs him up with a long pole, and gars him roar as if about to carry aff in his mouth the son o' Sir George Monro across his shoother—or like an elephant that—

North. Stop, James—stop, for Heaven's sake, stop!

Shepherd. Or like a whale that —

North. Stop, James—stop, for Heaven's sake, stop!

Shepherd. Weel, then, I will stop. When, instead o' ony thing o' that sort, ae pert, pratin' fribble o' a coxcomb o' a Cockney o' a paragraph follows after anither, a' as like's they can smirk or stare, brither on brither o' the same conceited family, wi' faces and voices no to be distinguished, were it no that ane seems to be greetin' and ane to be lauchin', and ane to be troubled wi' a sair cough, and ane to hae the colic, and ane to be dressed as for a bridal, and ane for a funeral—an' wi' a sodger's green coat, and ane appparelled in brown like a Quaker—yet a' the hail set equally cauldride, formal, pedantical, and pragmatic,—and what's waurst than a', and damnation to the soul o' oratory, when I see hypocrisy, meanness, truckling insincerity, cruelty, and what's akin to cruelty, political cowardice, staining all the pairts o' speech—so that when a' the paragraphs have passed aff and awa, and the orawtion is closed, you know by a feeling no to be mistaken nor mistrusted, that Sheil is after a' only a playactor, sir, who has taken to the stage by chance, idleness, or impidence, but whom natur has barely fitted to perform even the maist inferior and subordinate characters, either in farce or tragedy; *

* Sheil was not an orator to rouse and agitate a nation; O'Connell was. Sheil, it was known, elaborately composed his speeches; O'Connell's were extemporaneous. I cannot adequately convey the contempt which, in Ireland, falls upon an oration that is cut-and-dry before-hand. No oratory is thought well in Ireland, which is not really and truly produced

although on the total eclipse of that sort of dramatic talent among the Roman Catholics o' Eerland, he plays Captain Rock himself, even as in the submarine world, in the dearth o' theatrical talent among the cetawceous tribe, ane might imagine a shrimp, to the astonishment of all other fishes, acting a whale, "wallowing unwieldy enormous in his gait," from a quarter to half an inch long.

North. Charles Phillips was worth a gross of Sheils. There were frequent flashes of fine imagination, and strains of genuine feeling in his speeches, that showed Nature intended him for an orator. In the midst of his most tedious and tasteless exaggerations, you still felt that Charles Phillips had a heart; that he was a fine, bold, open, generous Irishman, in whom, more especially in youth and early manhood, you are delighted with a strong dash of folly—and who is entitled, in seasons of real or pretended passion, to avail himself of the privilege of his birth, to the very verge of madness, without being thought in the least insane—while in his more felicitous efforts, he rose fairly into the regions of eloquence, and remained there on unwearied wing, either like a Glead on poise, or a Peregrine in pursuit, sufficiently long and light to prove the strength of his pinion, and the purity of his breed.

Shepherd. What's become o' Chairley Phullups?

North. In good practice at the English bar, James—and at the Old Bailey, making a fair strussle even with Adolphus*, who is one of the cleverest and acutest men I ever heard conduct a cross-examination, or address a jury.

Shepherd. I'm glad o' that, sir. The lad was rather flowery; but he pu'd the flowers for himsell, frae the spots where nature bade

by and to the occasion. To this hour, though five-and-twenty years absent from Ireland, I fully retain this feeling. There is one thing even more contemptible—namely, to be bored, by the orator, with snatches of his harangue, the delivery of which you had the good fortune to escape. A good speech should be remembered and quoted by all—save him who extemporaneously made it. By the way, a man with a prepared speech unfairly contends with him who speaks on the moment. For in one case there has been leisure for deliberate thought, while in the other there is none. But the effect is different. While one may please cultivated minds, and, when published, delight in the closet—as a composition; the other will probably stir the heart of a nation. Such was the difference between the oratory of Sheil and O'Connell.—M.

* Charles Phillips was called to the Irish bar in 1812, where his very flowery style of oratory, chiefly exercised in Crim-Con and breach-of-promise-of-marriage cases, gained him many admirers. In 1817 he collected his forensic and political speeches, and the *Quarterly Review*, (and, I think, the *Edinburgh*, also), so severely criticised his florid style, that he was nearly as much laughed at, at last, as he had formerly been admired. After he went to the English bar in 1819, he had to abandon his peculiar style, and speak the plain language of common sense. He obtained a good share of Old Bailey (or criminal) practice, and, in 1843 was made a Bankruptcy Judge. As a man of letters, he will be favorably recollected by his delightful and anecdotal work on Curran and his Contemporaries.—John Adolphus, with whom, in Old Bailey practice, Phillips had to contend, was author of a History of England, Memoir of John Bannister, and other works—popular in their day. He was little known at the bar, although always fully employed, until 1820, when he ably defended Arthur Thistlewood, and the rest of the Cato-street conspirators. He died in 1845, aged seventy-nine. His son, John Leicester Adolphus, who is also a barrister, wrote the Letters to Richard Heber on the Authorship of the Waverley Novels, which, by an accumulation of critical evidence such as no sophistry could evade, identified Scott as "The Great Unknown."—M.

them grow—and oh! but they tell me Earland's a flowery kintra—and didna buy them in shops like Sheil, out o' green wicker baskets set in the shade, or glass bottles wi' some water in them to enable the pinks and puppies for a few hours to struggle up their droopin' heads, while to the ee o' a florist they are visibly faded frae the very first—faded, sir, and fusionless, alike destitute o' bloom and bawm, and to a' intents and purposes, either o' utility or ornament, worthless as weeds.

North. When a sudden strong frost succeeds a week's wet, James, icicles make really a pretty show, as depending from slate or thatch eaves of cot or palace, they glitter in the sunlight, with something even of the lustre of the rainbow. The eye regards, with a sort of sensuous pleasure, the fantastic and fairy frostwork. But it soon is satisfied with the peg-like display of prisms—for even to the sense of sight they are cold, James—cold—we blow our fingers—on with our gloves—and leave the icicles to the admiration of schoolboys, who regard with open mouths and uplifted hands the raree-show—but who soon pass by unheeding when familiar with the dripping brotherhood, as they melt away beneath the meridian heat into the common mire of the street. Sheil's speeches are as formal and as cold as any long low level eaves of icicles—and can any other quality, James, supposing it to be there, compensate for frigidity?

Shepherd. Neither man nor woman can thole frigidity. It's the death o' every thing, either dangerous or delightfu—and then, because in his case it's sae totally unexpected—it strikes a chill into the marrow o' the back-bane—comin' either frae the haun' or the tongue o' an Eerishman.

North. Mr. Sheil is a man of education—and something, though not much, of a scholar. You have read his plays?

Shepherd. No me. Are they tragedies, comedies, or farces?

North. A sort of unintended mixture of the three, James. Occasionally rather elegant—

Shepherd. Rather elegant! Oh, sir, that's damnation to a drama! Pity me the day! An elegant tragedy! Yet aiblins no sae very elegant either, if we tak a critical look at it—

North. Perhaps not, James.

Shepherd. Just as my leddy's waitin' maid, or my leddy's milliner, whom you hae mista'en, at a hasty glance, for my leddy herself, is sune seen and heard thro', when you begin to flirt wi' her on the outside o' a cotch?

North. The outside of a coach, James.

Shepherd. Yes, the outside o' a cotch, Kit. For she's aye sae fashous in pu'in' her petticoats ower her coots, though you're no lookin' at them; and aye drawin' her shawl across her breist, or

rather wushin' you to do that for her, though there's neither could nor wund; and instead o' lookin' straight forrit, aye leerin' unaccountably frae aneath her curls to the tae side—and every noo and then pretendin' to be frightened when ane o' the blin' leaders gies a start or a stumble, that she may press her shooother at the least again' yours—and then when she does ventur to begin to speak, keepin' at it tongue and nail, up hill and doon hill, the hail fifteen-mile-stage, wi' an *h* afore every voel to help it out, and makin' use o' the maist comicallest words that are no even provincialisms, but peculiar to peculiar butlers in peculiar servants' ha's; sae that you're sair bamboozled to form a conjecture o' her meanin', and out o' pure gude breedin' are under the necessity, the first owershadowin' tree you come to on the road, to loot doon aneath her bannet and gie her a kiss.

North. And that somewhat amatory description of a would-be lady, you conceive, James, to answer, at the same time, for a critical dissertation on the dramatic genius of Mr. Sheil?

Shepherd. I leave you to judge o' that, sir. The pictur's drawn frae natur and experience—but it's for you and ithers to mak the application, for I ne'er read a verse o' Mr. Sheil's in my life—and after yon beastly abuse, in a speech o' his that has long been dead and stinkin', o' the late gude and gracious Duke of York,* whom all Britain loved—gude God! in the last stage o' a dropsy! and a' Eerland loved too, savin' and eccepin' the disgustin' imp himsell—coufoond me gin I ever wull, though it were to save his neck frae the gallows.

North. With that sentiment, my dear Shepherd, all mankind will sympathize. Yet it was no outrage on the dying Duke.

Shepherd. What?

North. Sheil, as he uttered those foul execrations, was simply in the condition of a drunken street-blackguard, who, in attempting to spit in the face of some sickly gentleman well stricken in years, grew so sick with blue ruin as to spew—while a sudden blast of wind from an opposite direction blew the filth back with a blush all over his own ferocious physiognomy, forcing the self-punished brute, amidst the hootings of the half-mirthful, half-aborring mob, to stoop staggering over the gutter, and, in strong convulsions, to empty his stomach into the common sewer.

Shepherd. Ma faith! you tawk o' my strang language? What's a' the coorse things I ever said at the Noctes Ambrosianæ puttin' thegither in comparison wi' that?

North. Far too mild, James. Let him or her who thinks other-

* The Duke of York, the publicly sworn foe of Catholic Emancipation, died early in 1827, and, during his last illness, Sheil had made a public speech, in which there was an expression of something not very unlike exultation at his anticipated exit. Nothing could have been in worse taste, and Sheil repented it ever after.—M.

wise fling Maga into the fire—from the arms of “the rude and boisterous North,” fly into those of the sweet and simpering Sheil—for “rude am I in speech, and little graced with the set phrase of peace,” iron would not melt in my mouth nor butter in his—yes, he is as mealy-mouthed on occasion as a flour sack in autumn—as honey-lipped as a bee-hive in spring. Yet hearken to me, James. His potato-trap—to borrow a good vulgarism of his own country, is liker the hole of a wasp’s nest, when in the heat of the dog-days all the angry insects are aswarm, all at work, heaven only knows exactly at what, but manifestly bent on mischief, and ready to bury themselves with a bizz in the hair of your head, or to sting out your eyes lost in a blue-swelling, if you so much as look at them as the yellow Shanavests are robbing the hives of the beautiful industrious Orangemen, the bees—aye, just as the Catholic crew would, if they dared, rob the domiciles of the Protestants, upset if they could, James, the great hives of national industry, and —

Shepherd. Murder a’ the Queen Bees. There’s a cleemax!

North. Do they, or do they not, seek the destruction of the Protestant Established Church in Ireland?

Shepherd. Leears, as most o’ the Roman leaders are, they sometimes speak the truth—and I believe them when they say, as they have said a thousand times *coram populo*, that that will be the most glorious, the most blessed day for Ireland, which sees that church razed to its foundation-stane, and hears the huzzas o’ the seven millions mixed wi’ the dusty thunder o’ its overthrow.

North. Let all Protestants, therefore, who hope to hear the echoes of that consummation, vote for Catholic emancipation. Let all Protestants who venerate the holy altar of the Living Temple resist Catholic emancipation, even to the death! though to avert that calamity, they once more must see the green shamrock—God bless it—blush red—and for a season trodden with pain under patriotic feet, torn from the foreheads of traitors and rebels.

Shepherd. What! mercy on us! ye’re for sechtin’—are ye, sir?

North. No, James, I am for peace; but though blustering and bullying may for a long time be despised, yet when ruffians shake their fists or flourish their shillelahs in your face, or begin sharpening their pikes, James—then it is time to point with your hand to your sword—so, James—so—to recité with the alteration of one word those lines of Milton—

“HE SPOKE—AND TO CONFIRM HIS WORDS, OUT FLEW
MILLIONS OF FLAMING SWORDS, DRAWN FROM THE THIGH
OF MIGHTY PROTESTANTS!”

Shepherd. Wha spak?

North. Wellington.*

* North’s expectation was defeated in two months after it was published. In February, 1829, Wellington and Peel announced Catholic Emancipation as a Government measure.—M.

Shepherd. Oh! do, my dear sir, I beseech you, tell me what can be the meanin', in a case like this, o'—securities.

North. A man of common prudence, James—a man who was not a downright absolute born idiot, would not lend five pounds on such securities as are talked of by some politicians as sufficient to lend upon them the dearest and most vital rights and privileges that belong to us as Protestants, to our avowed enemies the Catholics, whose religious duty it is—let frightened fools deny it, and get laughed at and murdered for their cowardly falsehoods—to overthrow Church and State. For we, James, the prime of the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland—that is, of the earth—are *Heretics*—that is, we love the Tree of Freedom that is planted on earth, because it is a scion from the Tree of Life that grows in heaven “fast by the Throne of God.” For centuries now have we flourished beneath its shade, and been refreshed with its fruitage. But had the Roman Catholics sway, the axe would be laid to its root—

Shepherd. Mony a thump it would thole afore the bark even was chipped through o' the gnarled aik; for, wi' your permission, I change the eemage frae a fruit intil a forest tree; but then, sir, as you weel ken, the bark's—

North. Not like “the unfeeling armor of old Time—”

Shepherd. Na, sir, but like the very hide o' a man, a horse, or an elephant, protectin' the beautifu' and fine vein-machinery through which the blood or the sap keeps ebbing and flowing, just as mysteriously as the tides o' the great sea. For my ain pairt, I hae nae fears that a' the axes o' our enemies, lang-armed and roun'-shootered though the race o' Eerishers be, could ever, were they to hack awa for ten thousan' years, penetrate through the outer ring o' the flint-hard wood, far less lab awa into the heart o' the mighty bole o' the tree—

North.— “Like a cedar on the top of Lebanon,
Darkening the sea.”

Shepherd. Na, na, na. For there's nae saft silly sap in the body o' the tremendous auld giant. He's a' heart, sir, and the edges o' their axes would be turned as if stricken against granite.

North. True, James—most beautifully, sublimely true!

Shepherd. Yet still an aik-tree (be thinkin' o' the British Constitution, sir,) though o' a' things that grow, wi' roots far down in earth, and branches high up in heaven, the maist storm-lovin' and thunder-proof, depends for its verra life amaisht as muckle on its outer rind as on its inner heart. Tear aff or cut through the rind, and the bole festers with fungus's, that, like verra cancers, keep eatin', and eatin', and eatin', day and nicht, summer and winter, into the mysterious principle o' leafy life.

North. You speak like a man inspired, James:

Shepherd. Hae na ye seen, sir, and amaisht grat in the solitude to see, some noble tree, it matters not whether elm, ash, or aik, staunin' sick sick-like in the forest—why or wherefore ye canna weel tell—for a' roun' the black deep soil is pervious to the rains and dews, and a great river gangs sweepin' by its roots, gently waterin' them when it rins laigh, and dashin' drumly yards up the banks when it's in spate, and yet the constitution o' the tree, sir, is gane—its big branches a' tattery wi' unhealthfu' moss, and its wee anes a' frush as saugh-wands, and tryin' in vain to shoot out their buds unto the spring—so the hawk or heron builds there nae mair—and you are willing, rather than the monarch o' the wood should thus dee o' consumption, that axes should be laid to his root, and pulleys fastened to his bole and branches, to rug him doon out o' that lang slaw linger o' dwining death, till at last, wi' ae crash no unworthy o' him, doon he comes, owerwhelming hunders o' sma' saplins, and inferior stan-nards, and alarmin' distant vales wi' the unaccountable thunder o' his fa', no the less awfu' because lang expecket, and leavin' a gap that'll no be filled up for centuries, perhaps never while the earth is the earth, and wi' a' its ither trees gangs circlin' round the sun, who misses, as niest morning he rises in the east, the lang-illumined Glory.

North. Better and better still, my dear James. The bold, bluff, sea-breeze-bronzed men of Kent,* James, how their strong lungs must have crowed within their broad bosoms, to see Sheil attempting to introduce on that stage the principal part in the farce of the Fantoccini!

Shepherd. Oh! the puppy!—Oh! the puppet!

North. A great soul in a small body—and I know some such—is a noble—yes, a noble spectacle! for there mind triumphs over matter, or, rather, dilates the diminutive form into kindred majesty; or, what is most likely, the shape is sunk, and we see, while we hear, only the soul.

Shepherd. That's as true a word's ever was spoken, sir. As rea-

* In October, 1823, a great Anti-Catholic meeting of the freeholders of Kent was held at Penenden Heath, in that county. A freehold was given to Mr. Sheil, to qualify him to take part in the proceedings. He composed a brilliant oration, which was put into type, before he left London, for appearance in *The Sun* newspaper of that evening. The meeting was stormy and boisterous—Cobbett and Hunt attending and speaking against the Protestant party—and Mr. Sheil, vainly attempting to be heard, actually spoke only one sentence of his speech. That, however, to the extent of several columns, was duly published in *The Sun*, and found numerous readers and admirers. That evening Mr. Sheil supped at the *Sun* office, with Mr. Murdo Young, the proprietor, (I was of the party,) and he gave us a most amusing description of the day's proceedings—turning every thing into ridicule—and charming us much. The account of the Penenden Heath Meeting, which he afterwards wrote for the *New Monthly Magazine*, (and which I have preserved in his Sketches of the Irish Bar,) was not half so graphic as his *vivâ voce* narrative over the supper-table. I recollect that he announced as a certainty, that Catholic Emancipation was on the eve of being granted. This was more than three months before the public received any intimation of Wellington's intentions on that score.—M.

sonably admire a great, big, hulkin' fallow wi' a wee sowl, as think o' undervaluin' a man wi' a wee, neat body—or even if it's no neat—wi' a sowl fit for a giant. Never mind the size o' a man. Let him, on risin' to speak, tak the advantage o' a stool sae that his head be on a level wi' the lave, and when the fire o' genius flashes frae his een, and the flood o' eloquence frae his lips, a' the waves o' that livin' sea will be charmed into a cawm; and when he ceases speakin', and jumpin' aff the stool, disappears, that livin' sea will hail him wi' its thunder, like fifty thousan' billows, at full tide, breakin' against the beach.

North. Admirable, my dear James, admirable! But here was a puppet indeed! jerking legs and arms, and contorting nose and mouth, as if to a string, managed by Punch, or Punch's wife, beneath the platform.

Shepherd. Sputterin' out amang shoots and shrieks o' involuntary lauchter—for man's by nature a lauchin' animal, and that distinguishes him frae a' the beasts, no ecceppin' the lauchin' hyena, who after a' only grunts—sentences o' a speech, written a fortnicht afore in Eerland!

North. Something inexpressibly ludicrous in the whole concern from beginning to end, James. The farewell to his native shores—the passage to Liverpool by steam—his approach in the mail towards London, of which that mighty metropolis lay, with all its millions, unconscious and unawate; and finally, the irresistible appearance of the ape in a cart on the Heath, with his mows and grins, and strangely accented chatter, so different from that of the same species in the Tower or Exeter 'Change;* the rage of the animal on being what is absurdly called insulted, that is, treated in one universal and varied roar, with the tribute felt by sixty—or say thirty thousand Englishmen—to be due to one small Paddy, self-elected representative of the seven millions, and whom any Jack Tibbutts of a Kent yeoman could have put into his breeches-pocket, where the little orator, like the caterwauling voice of a ventriloquist suddenly thrown into your apparel, would have delivered a speech just as like the one he did from the cart, as its report in the Sun newspaper.

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw! about midnight, sir, you begin to open out granly, and to wax wondrous comical. But what say ye to O'Connell?

North. Dan, again, James —

Ambrose, (entering with his suavest physiognomy.) Beg pardon, Mr. North, for venturing in unrunng, but there's a young lady wishing to speak with you —

* The collection of wild beasts once kept and exhibited in the Tower of London, has long since been broken up. Mr. Cross had a menagerie in Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, which was removed when that building was taken down for re-construction.—M.

Shepherd. A young lady! show her ben.

North. An anonymous article?

Ambrose. No, sir,—Miss Helen Sandford, from the Lodge.

North. Helen! what does she want!

Ambrose. Miss Sandford had got alarmed, sir——

Shepherd. Safe us! only look at the time-piece! Four o'clock in the mornin'!

Ambrose. And has walked up from the Lodge——

North. What? Alone!

Ambrose. No, sir. Her father is with her—and she bids me say now that she knows her master is well—that here is your Kilmar-nock nightcap.

(*MR. NORTH submits his head to Picardy, who adjusts the nightcap.*)

Shepherd. What a cowl!

North. A capote, James. Mr. Ambrose, we three must sleep here all night.

Shepherd. A' mornin', ye mean. Tak' care o' Tickler amang ye—but recollect it's no safe to wauken sleepin' dowgs. 'Oh, man! Mr. North! sir! but that was touchin' attention in puir Eelen. She's like a dochter, indeed. Come awa', you auld vagabon', to your bed. I'll kick open the door o' your dormitory wi' my fit, as I pass along the trans in the mornin'. The mornin'! Faith I'm beginnin' already to get hungry for breakfast! Come awa, you auld vagabon'—come awa.

(*Ezeunt NORTH and SHEPHERD, followed by the Height of TICKLER, to roost.*)

North, (singing as they go.)

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise!”

Da Capo.

No. XLI.—MARCH, 1829.

SCENE I.—*The Snuggery.* NORTH—TICKLER. *Time—Nine in the Evening.*

Tickler. I paid a visit to-day, North, to a family which has something extraordinary in its constitution.

North. Ay?

Tickler. The lady of the house has been married four times, and the gentleman of the house four times; and, as all the seven marriages have been productive, you may conjecture the general character of the interior.

North. What may be the population?

Tickler. Not so immense as various. I should not think it exceeds a score, from what I saw and heard, but it is most diversified.

North. Patchwork.

Tickler. The lady's first husband was a Cockney, and there are twins as like as peas, which is indeed the only description of which they are susceptible. Her second, of course, was an Irishman, to whom she bore a couple of semi-Catholic cubs—both boys—bullet-headed, and with faces like—you have seen him, I believe—that of Burke, the murderer, with grim, but not ferocious expression, decisive mouth, and determined eyes and brows, which, though rather agreeable over a glass, yet, when frowning in an angry parle, or a throttling match, must have been far from pleasant. These promising youths are at present assistants to Dr. Knox, Caroline then married a Highland clergyman—very far north—and of that connection the fruit was three heather-legged animals, apparently of the female sex—hair not absolutely red, but foxy—fairnetickled cheeks—eyes of the color of “three times skimmed sky-blue” milk—papa's buck teeth—what seems very unaccountable, hair-lipped all; and, though their mamma asserted, smilingly, that they were fine growing girls, of such a *set* shape, that I venture to affirm, that for the two last years they have grown about as much as the leg of that table. They have, however, I was given to understand, finished their education, and one of them had very nearly played us a tune on the piano. To her present lord and master, my friend, with whom I was in love a quarter of a century

ago, has presented four productions, of which the one in flounced trowsers, with enormous feet and legs, is said to be a girl, and the three in fancy kilts—in compliment, I suppose, to the father of the other brood—boys, but so wishy-washy, that their sex seems problematical.

North. What is the total of the whole?

Tickler. Eleven—by that side of the house—in Cockneys, Irish, and Highlanders half-and-half—and in Lowlanders entire.

North. By the other side of the house?

Tickler. One Dutch girl born at the Cape—very round, and rather pretty—down-looking, and on the eve of marriage—two tall and not inelegant creatures, seemingly Chinese, but in fact by the mother's side Hindoos—and four mulattoes, of which two boys, would look well in livery, with a cockade in their hats as captain's servants—and two, girls, would be producible on wagons in the rear of a marching regiment. It being a coarse day, the whole family were at home, sitting on chairs, and sofas, and stools, and the carpet, and what not; and I must say, I never saw, North, a set of more contented creatures, or a richer set of connubial felicity in all my life.

North. Rich?

Tickler. Their income is under three hundred a-year, and at this hour they don't owe twenty pounds.

North. You must bring the Captain, honest fellow, to the next Noctes. By-the-by, Tickler, we must rescind that resolution by which strangers are excluded from the Noctes.

Tickler. Let us wait till the Fiftieth Noctes—to speak grammatically, and then we shall celebrate a JUBILEE.

North. Be it so. The Noctes shall endure till all eternity; and as soon as the Millennium comes, we shall bring down by special retainer, Edward Irving.

Tickler. (After a long pause)—Come, North, none of your fits of absence. Where were you just now?

North. Meditating on my many infirmities.

Tickler. Lay your hand on your heart, North, and tell me truly what is the sin that most easily besets you—while I keep a phrenological eye on your development.

North. Personal vanity. Night and day do I struggle against it—but all in vain—Tickler. I am an incorrigible puppy.

Tickler. I cannot deny it.

North. My happiness is in the hands of my tailor. In a perfectly well cut coat and faultless pair of breeches, I am in heaven—a wrinkle on my pantaloons puts me into a purgatory—and a —

Tickler. Stop; your language may get too strong.

North. Many a leading article have I stuck, by attempting it in

tights that unduly confined the play of muscle. Last year, Scaife and Willis raised the sale a thousand, by a pair that were perfect, if ever there were a pair of perfect breeches in this sublunary world.

Tickler. Yet you never were a handsome man, Kit,—never *le Beau Sabreur*.

North. That may be your opinion, sir; but it was not that of the world during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. My error never lay in thinking myself a fine animal—for that I certainly was—but in feeling inordinate pleasure and pride in the possession of those personal endowments, which, alas! proved fatal to so many of the most amiable of the sex; and in beginning too—

Tickler. The last victim of disappointed passion had certainly white teeth—but she was a lady of a very dark complexion—her lips, either for ornament or use, were to my taste by far too thick. Surely, my dear North, her hair was strongly disposed to be woolly—and, in short, pardon me for saying it, she had the universal reputation of being positively, *intus et in cute*, a negress.

North. Pshaw! But do you remember poor Alpina?

Tickler. An absolute Albino.

North. These, Tickler, were extreme cases—but, between the negress and the Albino, what infinite varieties of female loveliness had to lay their deaths at my door!

Tickler. I much doubt if any one single woman ever ate half a pound of mutton the less *per diem* on your account, taking the average of her year's dinners.

North. Would it were so! But, alas! my sleep is haunted by the ghosts—

Tickler. Never when you sleep in your easy chair, North—else your face is an adept in falsehood—for then your features smile like those of a sleeping child during the holidays. You are then the very *beau ideal* of a happy and harmless old gentleman.

North. What a leg, Tickler!

Tickler. Which of the two do you allude to?

North. This one—the right one—the one with the calf.

Tickler. Well—I confess I prefer the other—it is so slim—nay, so elegant in tights. But you must have had your advantage in having legs of such opposite characters; while to virgins, with downcast eyes, you had gently to put forth the leg that, ever since I knew it, looked all ankle from instep to knee-pan, an innocent-looking leg that would not harm a fly—to widows, with less timorous eyes, you could, at the same moment, exhibit the leg that, ever since I knew it, looked all calf—a dangerous leg that could trample a dragon—and thus you might bring down your bird, right and left.

North. No more impertinence, if you please, Tim. I know no purer—no higher pleasure than to sit in full fig before a large mirror, and admire myself—my person—my body—the outer man of Christopher North. From an hour's such contemplation, I always feel that I rise up a better—a wiser—a happier man.

Tickler. No wonder.

North. Never surely was there a countenance that so happily united in its every feature the expression of moral goodness and that of intellectual grandeur. But perhaps my person is even more —

Tickler. A mere atomy. I wonder you are not afraid to sleep by yourself; you must be so like a skeleton in a shroud.

North. All living creatures, Tickler, derive their chief happiness from self-admiration. Not a more complete coxcomb than a toad. He is willing to confess that he may be rather yellowish—rather tawny or so about the gills; but then what an eye in his head—so full of the fire of genius! It is not possible to look at a rat for five minutes sitting by himself on a dunghill, without being convinced that he esteems his tail one of the most captivating productions of animated nature. A pug-dog would never twist his tail so over one side of his rump, did he not live under the blessed delusion of knowing himself to be a million times more beautiful than any of Adonis's darlings that used to lick the hands of Venus. No degree of dumpyiness in women is incompatible with a belief in a good figure.

Tickler. Oh! North! North! There are some truly ugly women in Edinburgh!

North. There are, indeed, Tickler. Strong, bony, flat, men-like women, who walk fast and firm; look you hard in the face, God knows why, while the forehead immediately above their eyebrows is puckered up into a knot of wrinkles; their mouth unconsciously wide open. While all intent in scrutinizing the object of their search, they totally forget all the rest of the external world, and run themselves back front foremost, perhaps against some unlucky baker with a board of loaves on his head, which all tumble into the kennel.

Tickler. Why, there may perhaps be some little excuse for the ugly devils, when fascinated by such a rattlesnake as Christopher North; but what the deuce do they see in an ordinary-looking man, of six feet four, like me, or what the deuce do they want with me at my time of life? I declare, North, that the very next time one of those great gray-eyed glowering gawkies opens her mouth at me in Prince-street, and selects me from all the mighty multitude of mankind, for ocular inspection, I will demand a public explanation, perhaps apology; or, should the day be warm, offer to strip on the

spot, provided she will do the same, on condition, after a mutual lecture on comparative anatomy, of my ever after being suffered to pass by her and all her female relatives, without farther scrutiny.

North. They positively have not the manners of modest women.

Tickler. Nor the minds of modest women.

North. You never see any thing of the kind in the strangers within our gates—in the English women who honor, by their fair and sweet presence, our metropolis. They walk along with soft and gentle, but not unobservant eyes, like ladies, and I love them all, for they are all lovable, whereas —

Tickler. Come, Kit, don't let us two sour old cynics be too severe on our countrywomen, for they make excellent wives and mothers.

North. So I am told. Wives and mothers! Alas! Tickler! our silent homes!

Tickler. Replenish. That last jug was most illustrious. I wish James were here.

North. Hush! hark! It must be he! and yet 'tis not just the pastoral tread either of the Bard of Bengers. "Alike, but oh! how different!"

Tickler. "His very step has music in't as he comes up the stair!"

Shepherd. (*bursting in with a bang.*) Huzzaw! huzzaw! huzzaw!

North. God bless you, James; your paw, my dear Sus.

Shepherd. Fresh frae the Forest, in three hours —

Tickler. What! thirty-six miles?

North. So it is true that you have purchased the famous American trotter?

Shepherd. Nae trotters like my ain trotters! I've won my bate, sirs.

North. Bet?

Shepherd. Ay,—a bate,—a bate o' twenty guineas.

Tickler. What the deuce have you got on your feet, James?

Shepherd. Skites. I've skited frae St. Mary's Loch to the Canawl Basin in fowre minouts and a half within the three hours, without turnin' a hair.

Tickler. Do keep a little further off, James, for your face has waxed intolerably hot, and I perceive that you have raised the thermometer a dozen degrees.

Shepherd. (*flinging a purse of gold on the table.*) It'll require a gae strang thaw to melt that, chields; sae tak your change out o' that, as Joseph says, either in champagne, or yill, or porter, or Burgundy, or ceder, or Glenlivet, just whatsoever you like best to drink and devoor; and we shanna be long without supper, for in comin' along the trans I shooted to Tappytourie forthwith to send

in samples o' all the several eatables and drinkables in Picardy. I'm desperate hungry. Lowse my skites, Tickler.

(*TICKLER succumbs to unthong the SHEPHERD's skates.*)

Tickler. What an instep!

Shepherd. Ay, nane o' your plain soles that gang shiffle-shaffling amang the chucky-stanes assassinatin' o' the insects; but a foot arched like Apollo's bow when he shot the Python—heel, of a firm and decided, but unobtrusive character—and taes, ilka ane a thoct larger than the ither, like a family o' childer, or a flight o' steps leading up to the pillared portico o' a Grecian temple.

(*Enter Signor AMBROSIO Susurrans with IT below his arm.*)

Shepherd. That's richt—O but Greeny has a gran' gurgle! A mouthfu' o' Millbank never comes amiss. Oh! but it's potent!—(*gruing.*) I wuss it be na ile o' vitrol.

North. James, enlighten our weak minds.

Shepherd. An English bagman, you see,—he's unco fond of poetry and the picturesque, a traveller in the soft line—paid me a visit the day just at denner-time, in a yellow gig, drawn by a chestnut blude meer; and after we had discussed the comparative merits o' my poems, and Lord Byron's, and Sir Walter's, he rather attributin' to me, a' things considered, the superiority over baith; it's no impossible that my freen got rather fuddled a wee, for, after rousin' his meer to the skies, as if she were fit for Castor himsell to ride upon up and down the blue lift, frae less to mair he offered to trot her in the gig into Embro, against me on the best horse in a' my stable, and gie me a half hour's start before puttin' her into the shafts; when, my birses being up, faith I challenged him, on the same condition, to run him intil Embro' on shank's naiggie.

North. What! biped against quadruped?

Shepherd. Just. The cretur, as soon as he came to the clear understandin' o' my meanin', gied ane o' these but creenklin' cackles o' a cockney lauch, that can only be forgiven by a Christian when his saul is saften'd by the sunny hush o' a Sabbath morning.

North. Forgotten, perhaps, James, but not forgiven.

Shepherd. The bate was committed to black and white; and then on wi' my skates, and awa' like a reindeer.

Tickler. What! down the Yarrow to Selkirk—then up the Tweed?

Shepherd. Na—na! naething like keepin' the high road for safety in a skiting-match. There it was—noo stretchin' straught afore me, noo serpenteezin' like a great congor eel, and noo amaist coilin' it-self up like a sleepin' adder; but whether straught or crooked or circlin', ayont a' imagination sliddery, sliddery!

Tickler. Confound me—if I knew that we had frost.

Shepherd. That comes o' trustin' till a barometer to tell you when things hae come to the freezin' pint. Frost! The ice is fourteen feet thick in the Loch—and though you hae nae frost about Embro' like our frost in the Forest, yet I wadna advise you, Mr. Tickler, to put your tongue on the airn rim o' a cart or coteh-wheel.

North. I remember, James, being beguiled—sixty-four years ago!—by a pretty little, light-haired, blue-eyed lassie, one starry night of black frost, just to touch a cart-wheel for one moment with the tip of my tongue.

Shepherd. What a gowmeril!

North. And the bonny May had to run all the way to the manse for a jug of hot water to relieve me from that bondage.

Shepherd. You had a gude excuse, sir, for gien the cutty a gude kissin'.

North. How fragments of one's past existence come suddenly flashing back upon —

Shepherd. Hoo I snuved alang the snaw! Like a verra curlin' stane, when a dizzen besoms are soopin' the ice afore it, and the granite gangs groanin' gloriously alang, as if instinct wi' spirit, and the water-kelpie below strives in vain to keep up wi' the straight-forrit planet, still accompanied as it spins wi' a sort o' spray, like the shiverin' atoms o' diamonds, and wi' a noise to which the hills far and near respond, like a water-quake, the verra ice itself seemin' at times to sink and swell, just as if the loch were a great wide glitterin' tin-plate, beaten out by that cunnin' whitesmith, Wunter, —and —

Tickler. And every mouth, in spite of frost, thaws to the thought of corned beef and greens.

Shepherd. Hoo I snuved alang! Some colleys keepit geyan weel up wi' me as far's Traquair Manse, but ere I crossed the Tweed my canine tail had drapped quite away, and I had but the company of a couple of crows to Peebles.

North. Did you dine on the road, James?

Shepherd. Didnt I tell you I had dined before I set off? I ettled at a caulker at Eddlestone, but in vain attempted to moderate my velocity as I neared the village, and had merely time to fling a look to my worthy friend the minister, as I flew by that tree-hidden manse, and its rill-divided garden, beautiful alike in dew and in craneuch!

Tickler. Helpless as Mazeppa!

Shepherd. It's far worse to be ridden aff wi' by ane's ain sowle than by the wildest o' the desert loon.

North. At this moment the soul seems running away with the body,—at that, the body is off with the soul. Spirit and matter are

playing at fast and loose with each other, and at full speed you get skeptical as Spinoza.

Shepherd. Sometimes the ruts are for miles thegither regular as railroads, and your skite gets fitted intil a groove, sae that you can haul out ane o' your legs like an opera dancer playin' a peryette; and on the ither glint by, to the astonishment o' toll-keepers, who at first suspect you to be on horseback—then that you may be a bird—and finally that you must be a ghost.

Tickler. Did you upset any carriage, James?

Shepherd. Nane that I recollect—I saw severals, but whether they were coming or going, in motion or at rest, it is not for me to say; but they, and the hills, and woods, and clouds, seemed a' to be floatin' awa' thegither in the direction o' the mountains at the head o' Clydesdale.

Tickler. And where all this while was the Bagman?

Shepherd. Wanderin', nae doubt, a' afoam, leagues ahint; for the chestnut meer was well cauked, and she ance won a King's Plate at Doncaster. You may hae seen, Mr. North, a cloud-giant on a stormy day striding along the sky, coverin' a parish wi' ilka stretch o' his spawl, and pausin', aiblins, to tak' his breath now and then at the meetin' o' twa counties; if sae, you hae seen an image o' me,—only he was in the heavens and I on the yerth—he an unsubstantial phantom, and I twal stane wecht—he silent and sullen in his flight, I musical and merry in mine —

Tickler. But on what principle came you to stop, James?

Shepherd. Luckily the Pentland Hills came to my succor. By means of one of their ridges I got gradually rid of a portion of my velocity—subdued down into about seven miles an hour, which rate got gradually diminished to about four; and here I am, gentlemen, after having made a narrow escape from a stumble, that in York Place threatened to set me off again down Leith Walk, in which case I must have gone on to Portobello or Musselburgh.

North. Well, if I did not know you, my dear James, to be a matter-of-fact man, I should absolutely begin to entertain some doubt of your veracity.

Shepherd. What the deevil's that hingin' frae the roof?

North. Why, the chandelier.

Shepherd. The shandleer? It's a cage, wi' an outlandish bird in't. A pawrot, I declare! Pretty poll! Pretty Poll! Pretty poll!

Parrot. Go to the devil and shake yourself.

Shepherd. Heaven preserve us!—heard you ever the likes o' that? A bird cursin'! What sort o' an education must the cretur hae had? Poor beast, do you ken what you're sayin'?

Parrot. Much cry and little wool, as the devil said when he was shearing the Hog.

Shepherd. You're gettin' personal, sir, or madam, for I dinna pretend to ken your sex.

North. That every body does, James, who has any thing to do with Blackwood's Magazine.

Shepherd. True enough, sir. If it wad but keep a gude tongue in its head—it's really a bonny cretur. What plumage! What'll you hae, Polly, for sooper?

Parrot.
Molly put the kettle on,
Molly put the kettle on,
Molly put the kettle on,
And I shall have some punch.

Shepherd. That's fearsome. Yet, whisht! What ither vice was that speakin'? A gruff vice. There again! whisht!

Voice.
The devil he came to our town,
And rode away wi' the exciseman!

Shepherd. This room's no canny. I'm aff, (*rising to go.*) Mercy me! A Raven hoppin' aneath the sideboard! Look at him, how he turns his great big broad head to the ae side, and keeps regardin' me wi' an evil eye! Satan!

North. My familiar, James.

Shepherd. Whence came he?

North. One gloomy night I heard him croaking in the garden.

Shepherd. You did wrang, sir,—it was rash to let him in; wha ever heard o'a real Raven in a suburban garden? It's some demon pretendin' to be a raven. Only look at him wi' the silver ladle in his bill. Noo he draps it, and is ruggin' at the Turkey carpet, as if he were collecktin' lining for his nest. Let alane the carpet, you ugly villain.

Raven. The devil would a wooin' go—ho—ho! the wooin' ho!

Shepherd. Ay—ay—you hear how it is, gentlemen—"Love is a' the theme"—

Raven. To woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame!

Shepherd. Satan singin' ane o' my sangs! Frae this hour I forswear poetry.

Voice.
O love—love—love,
Love's like a dizziness.

Shepherd. What! another voice?

Tickler. James—James—he's on your shoulder.

Shepherd. (*starting up in great emotion.*) Wha's on my shouther?

North. Only Matthew.

Shepherd. Puir bit bonny burdie! What! you're a Stirling, are you? Ay—ay—just pick and dab awa there at the hair in my lug. Yet I wad rather see you fleein' and flutterin' in and out o' a bit hole aneath a wall-flower high up on some auld and ruined castle standin' by itsell among the woods.

Raven.

O love—love—love,
Love's like a dizziness.

Shepherd. Rax me ower the poker, Mr. North—or lend me your crutch, that I may brain sooty.

Starling.

It wunie let a puir bodie
Gang about his bizziness.

Parrot. Fie, Whigs, awa'—fie, Whigs, awa'.

Shepherd. Na—the bird does na want sense.

Raven.

The deil sat girnin' in a neuk,
Riving sticks to roast the Duke.

Shepherd. Oh ho! you are fond of picking up Jacobite relics.

Raven. Ho! blood—blood—blood—blood—blood!

Shepherd. What do you mean, you sinner?

Raven. Burke him—Burke him—Burke him. Ho—ho—ho—blood—blood—blood!

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow.

Shepherd. A complete aviary, Mr. North. Weel, that's a sight worth lookin' at. Bronte lying on the rug—never perceivin' that it's on the tap o' a worsted teeegger—a raven, either real or pretended, amusin' himsell wi' ruggin' at the dog's toosey tail—the pawrot, wha maun hae opened the door o' his cage himsell, sittin' on Bronte's shoulder—and the stirling, Matthew, hiding himsell ahint his head—no less than four irrational creturs, as they are called, on the rug—each wi' a natur o' its ain—and then again four rational creturs, as they are called, sittin' round them on chairs—each wi' his specific character too—and the aught makin' ane aggregate—or whole—of parts not unharmoniously combined.

North. Why, James, there are but three of the rationals.

Shepherd. I find I was counting mysell twice over.

Tickler. Now be persuaded, my dear Shepherd, before supper is brought ben, to take a warm bath, and then rig yourself out in your Sunday suit of black, which Mr. Ambrose keeps sweet for you in his own drawer, bestrewed with sprigs of thyme, whose scent fadeth not for a century.

Shepherd. Faith, I think I shall tak a plouter.

(*SHEPHERD retires into the marble bath adjoining the Snuggery. The hot water is let on with a mighty noise.*)

North. Do you want the flesh-brushes, James?

Shepherd, (from within.) I wish I had some female slaves, wi' wooden swards, to scrape me wi' like the Shah o' Persia.

Tickler. Are you in, James?

Shepherd. Hearken! —

(*A sullen plunge is heard as of a huge stone into the deep-down waters of a draw-well.*)

North, (looking at his watch.) Two minutes have elapsed. I hope, Tickler, nothing apoplectical has occurred.

Shepherd. Blow—o—wo—ho—wro!

Tickler. Why, James,

“You are gargling Italian half-way down your throat.”

North. What temperature, James?

Shepherd. Nearly up at egg-boiling. But you had better, sirs, be makin' another jug—for that ane was geyan sair dune afore I left you—and I maun hae a glass of het and het as sune as I come out, to prevent me takin' the cauld. I hope there's nae current o' air in the room. Wha's this that bled himsell to death in a bath! Was na't Seneca?

North. James, who is the best female poet of the age?

Shepherd. Female what?

Tickler. Poet.

Shepherd. Mrs. John Biley. In her Plays on the Passions, she has a' the vigor o' a man, and a' the delicacy o' a woman. And oh, sirs! but her lyrics are gems, and she wears them gracefullȳ, like diamond-draps danglin' frae the ears o' Melpomene. The very warst play she ever wrote is better than the best o' any ither body's that hasna kickt the bucket.

North. Yet they won't act, James.

Shepherd. They wull ack. Count Bosil 'll ack—and De Montford 'll ack—and Constantine 'll ack—and they'll a' ack.

Tickler. Miss Mitford, James?

Shepherd. I'm just verra fond o' that lassie—Mitford. She has an ee like a hawk's, that misses naething, however far aff—and yet like a dove's, that sees only what is nearest and dearest, and round about the hame-circle o' its central nest. I'm just excessive fond o' Miss Mitford.

Tickler. Fond is not the right word, James.

Shepherd. It is the richt word, Timothy—either in the het bath or out o't. I'm fond o' a' gude female writers. They're a' bonnie—and every passage they write carries, as it ought to do, their feminety alang wi' it. The young gentlemen o' England should be

ashamed o' theirsells for letting her name be Mitford. They should marry her whether she wull or no—for she would mak baith a useful and agreeable wife. That's the best creetishism on her warks.

Tickler. L. E. L. ?

Shepherd. A delightfu' cretur.

Tickler. Mrs. Hemans ?

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, ye sinner. I see your drift now—suggestin' to my imagination a' the flower o' the female genius o' the Three Kingdoms. What? you are for drawin' a pectur o' me as Apollo in the het bath surrounded wi' the Muses? That would be a fine subject for Etty.*

North. Isn't his Judith and Holofernes, my dear Shepherd, a noble, a majestic performance?

Shepherd. Yon's colorin'! Judith's richt leg's as flesh-like as my ain noo lyin' on the rim o' the baith, and amaist as muscular.

Tickler. Not so hairy, though, James.

Shepherd. That's worse. You think you hear the heroine's prayer or invocation. The energy in that bonny fair straught arm comes direct frae heaven. That swurd is not for a murder, but for a sacrifice. In those upraised eyes methinks I see reluctance to shed blood giving way to the holy resolve to set her country free frae the oppressor. Her face is somewhat pale—for Judith in her widowhood, amang the shades o' her rural retirement, was a lover o' pensive peace; but her dead husband's spirit stood before her in a dream, and inspired her to go to the camp before the city, and by one great and dreadfu' deed to render her name immortal in national sang. What matronly majesty in that swelling bosom, which the enamored giant was not suffered with one touch to profane! Pure as stern she stands amid the golden cups drained by that warrior-wassailer—in another moment to "be red, but not with wine;" when, like lightning descending from heaven, that sword shall smite him in his sleep through the spouting spine—and methinks I see, at morning dawn, the fires o' liberty sun kindled, and glintin' gloriously on all the city towers.

North. Bravo! James.

Shepherd. I'm geyan weel sodden noo, and I think I'll come out. Ring the bell, sir, for my black claes.

North. I have been toasting your shirt, James, at the fire. Will you come out for it?

Shepherd. Fling't in at the door. Thank you, sir. Ho! here's the claes, I declare, hingin' on the tenters. Is that sooper comin' in? Noo, I'm rubbed down—ae stockin' on—anither—noo, the flannen

* William Etty, an English artist of great talent, whose style was formed on that of the Venetian school, whose manner and coloring he had closely studied. His "Judith," now belonging to the Edinburgh Academy, is one of the finest of modern paintings. His best works represent the female figure nude. Died in 1850.—M.

drawers—and noo, the breeks. Oh! but that turkey has a gran' smell! Mr. Aumrose, ma slippers! Noo for't.

(The SHEPHERD reappears, in full sables, blooming like a rose.)

North. Come away, my dear Shepherd. Is he not, Tickler, like a black eagle that has renewed his youth?

(They take their seats at the Supper Table—Mulligatawny—Roasted Turkey—Fillet of Veal—Soles—A Pie—and the Cold Round—Potatoes—Oysters, &c. &c. &c. &c.)

North. The turkey is not a large one, James, and after a thirty-six miles' run, I think you had better take it on your plate.

Shepherd. Na, na, sir. Just set the ashet afore me—tak you the fillet—gie Tickler the pie—and noo, let us hae some discourse about the fine airts.

Tickler. The Opposition is strong this season—reinforced by Etty, Linton,* and Martin.

North. But how came you, James, to see the Judith, having only arrived within the hour at Edinburgh?

Shepherd. Ask no questions, and you'll hear tell no lies. I hae seen her, as my description pruves. As to the Deluge, yon picture's at first altogether incomprehensible. But the langer you glower at it, the mair and mair intelligible does a' the confusion become, and you begin to feel that you're looking on some dreadful disaster. Phantoms, like the taps o' mountains, grow distincter in the gloom, and the gloom itsell, that at first seemed clud, is noo seen to be water. What you thoct to be snawy rocks, become sea-like waves, and shudderin' you cry out, wi' a stifed vice, "Lord preserve us, if that's no the Deluge!" Mr. Tickler, dinna blaw the froth o' your porter in my face.

Tickler. Beg your pardon, James—Perge.

Shepherd. But whare's a' the folk? That canna be them—that huddle o' specks like flocks o' sheep driven to and fro by the tempests! It is! The demented survivors o' the human race a' gathered together on ledges o' rocks, up, up, up, ae ledge aboon anither, a' frowning o'er the brink o' eternity. That's even waur than the decks o' a vessel in shipwreck. Gang nearer the pictur—and there thousands on thousands o' folk broken out o' Bedlam a' mad! and nae wonder, for yon's a fearsome moon, a' drenched in blood, in conjunction wi' a fiery comet, and there's lichtenin' too splinterin' the crags till they topple doon on the raging multitude o' men and women mixed wi' horses and elephants, and lions roarin' in their fear—antediluvian lions, far, far bigger than the biggest that ever since fought in a Roman amphitheatre, or are at this moment lying with their mouths atween their paws in the sands o' Africa.

* William Linton, an English artist, with fanciful imagination, but rather a feeble colorist.—M.

Tickler. Why, James, you are not unlike a lion yourself just now, growling over the carcass of a young buffalo. Shall I ring for another turkey?

Shepherd. Mind your ain pie, sir. Here's to you—what yill! Berwick is the best of brewers in Britain.

North. Linton's "Return of a Victorious Armament" is splendid; but it is pure imagination. His architecture is not to my eye Grecian. It is too lofty and too light.

Tickler. But what a glorious dream, North! And the triumphal pageant glides majestically along, beneath those aerial pillars, and piles, and domes, and temples, and pure celestial clime—fit dwelling for heroes and demigods.

Shepherd. Mind your pie, sir, and dinna imitate me in speakin' as weel as in eatin'.

Tickler. 'Tis a noble ambition, James, to emulate your excellence in either.

Shepherd. But then, sir, your natural capacity is greater for the ane than the ither.

North. But what think you, James, of our own artists this year?

Shepherd. Just very muckle. But let us no particulareeze, for fear o' gien offence, or doin' injustice to men o' genius. Baith Institutions are capital; and if you were gude for ony thing, you would write an article o' thirty pages on them, when you would hae scope —

North. Perhaps I may, for next Number. Meanwhile, shall we clear decks?

Shepherd. Did you ever see sic a preparation o' a skeleton o' a turkey? We maun send it to the College Museum, to staun in a glass case aside Burke's.

North. What did you think, James, of the proceedings of these two Irishmen?

Shepherd. That they were too monotonous to impress the imagination. First ae drunk auld wife, and then anither drunk auld wife—and then a third drunk auld wife—and then a drunk auld or sick man or twa. The confession got unco monotonous—the Lights and Shadows o' Scottish Death want relief—though, to be sure, poor Peggy Paterson, that Unfortunate, broke in a little on the uniformity; and sae did Daft Jamie; for whilk last murder, without ony impiety, ane may venture to say, the Devil is at this moment ruggin' that Burke out o' hell fire wi' a three-prong'd fork, and then in wi' him again, through the ribs—and then stirring up the coals wi' that eternal poker—and then wi' the great bellows blawin' up the furnace, till, like an Etna, or Mount Vesuvius, it vomits the murderer out again far ower into the very middle o' the floor o' the infernal regions.

Tickler. Whisht—whisht—James!

Shepherd. Nae system o' divinity shuts mortal mouths against such enormous monsters. I am but a worm. We are all worms. But we crawl in the licht of heaven; and God has given us voices to be lifted up from the dust, when horrid guilt loosens our tongues, and the moral sense, roused by religion, then denounces, without misgivings, the curse o' heaven on the hell-doom'd soul o' the Atheistic murderer. What forbids!

North. Base, blind superstition, in the crimes of the creature forgetful of the laws of the Creator. Nothing else.

Shepherd. Was he penitent? If sae, I abhor my words.

North. Impenitent as a snake—remorseless as a tiger. I studied in his cell, his hard, cruel eyes, from whose lids had never dropped the tear

“That sacred pity had engender'd”—

his hardened lips, which truth never touched nor moved from their cunning compression—his voice rather soft and calm, but steeped in hypocrisy and deceit—his collected and guarded demeanor, full of danger and guile—all, all betrayed, as he lay in his shackles, the cool, calculating, callous, and unrelenting villain. As the day of execution drew near, his anxiety was often—I am told by those who saw him, and marked him well—manifest in his dim or darkened countenance—for the felon's throat felt in imagination the suffocating halter; but when that dream passed off he would smile—nay, laugh—and inly exult in his series of murders, so long successfully perpetrated—and the bodies of the slaughtered still carried to a ready market—prompt payment without discount—eight or ten pounds for a corpse, and whisky cheap!—so that murderers, and those about to be murdered, might all get speedily fuddled, and drunk together, and then the hand on the mouth and throat—a few gasps and convulsions—and then corpse after corpse huddled in among straw, or beneath chaff-beds, or into herring-barrels, then into tea-chests—and off to the most unsuspecting and generous of surgeons that ever gave a bounty on the dead for the benefit of the living.*

* For the better understanding of the incidents which occurred in Edinburgh, in 1828, and gave the name of “Burking” to a certain description of murder, it is necessary to state the leading details, as elicited in the Court of Justice in which the case was tried. They occurred years before I visited Edinburgh, but left such an impression (from their enormity) as nothing could obliterate.—In the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on December 24, 1828, William Burke and Helen McDougal, (his paramour,) were indicted for wilful murder. The Judges were the Lord Justice Clerk, Lords Pitmilley, Meadowbank, and Mackenzie. The Law Officers of the Crown prosecuted;—the prisoners were defended by the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Cockburn, and Mr. Robertson, each of whom subsequently became a Judge. The indictment charged the parties with the commission of three murders, by suffocation, with the felonious design of selling the bodies for the purposes of dissection. The first case was that of Mary Patison or Michell, murdered at Gibbs' Close, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in April, 1828. The second was that of James Wilson, (a half-witted and deformed person usually called “Daft Jamie,”) at a house in Tanner's Close, Western Portsburgh, Edinburgh, in October, 1828. The third, for the murder, also in the house at West Portsburgh, on Friday, October 31, 1828, of Margaret or Madgy McGonegal, or Duffie, or Campbell, or Docherty,—a woman ad-

Shepherd. Was he a strong fallow, Burke?

North. No, a neat little man of about five feet five, well proportioned, especially in his legs and thighs—round-bodied, but narrow-chested—arms rather thin—small wrists, and a moderate-sized hand—no mass of muscle anywhere about his limbs or frame—but vigorously necked—with hard forehead and cheek-bones—a very active, but not a powerful man—and intended by nature for a dancing-master. Indeed he danced well—excelling in the Irish jig—

vanced in years, who had had several husbands, and therefore had several *aliases*. When called upon to plead, Burke objected, on the ground that he was charged with three unconnected murders, said to have occurred at different places and times, and that the indictment charged him in company with a person who was accused of participation in only one of these. For Helen McDougall a similar objection was made. The Judges decided that the prisoners must plead, but that each accusation should be disposed of *separatim*. Whereupon the Lord Advocate (Sir William Rea,) decided on commencing with the last case,—that of Margaret Campbell. From the evidence given it appeared that Burke met this woman in a grocer's shop at Portsburgh. The woman was a stranger, looking for her son, and Burke, pretending that he knew some of her family, offered to take her to his residence hard by, and give her breakfast. She accompanied him, being quite sober at the time, and, as was proved by those who knew her, not in the habit of taking strong drink. William Hare, partner and coadjutor in the crime, having been admitted as King's evidence or approver, testified that the prisoner Helen McDougall had come to him with a request from Burke that he would at once go to West Portsburgh "to see the *shot*"—that being their distinguishing name for a victim who was entrapped and was to be murdered,—that he found Madgy Campbell sitting in Burke's room,—that some dispute, which ended in a row, arose between himself and Burke,—that Madgy Campbell, who was then in liquor, got alarmed, and opened the door, calling out "Murder," and for the police,—that, when the quarrel ended, more whisky was drank,—that the woman Campbell, lying on the floor upon some straw, fell asleep,—that Burke then threw himself upon her, covering her face with his breast,—that she cried and moaned while with one hand he held her nose and mouth, the other being under her throat,—that he remained thus, stopping her breath and suffocating her, for ten or fifteen minutes,—that Mrs. Hare and Helen McDougall were lying on the bed while this was doing, and went out of the room, returning when it was over,—that the corpse was let lie on the floor, at the foot of the bed, covered with straw,—that they purchased a tea-chest at a grocer's, in which they stuffed the body,—that they employed a porter to take this tea-chest to Dr. Knox's, 10 Surgeon's Square, at twelve o'clock at night,—and that Patterson, the keeper of Dr. Knox's Anatomical Museum, (who had previously been to Burke's house and seen the body,) then gave them £5, promising as much more on the following Monday. This evidence was corroborated by other witnesses, and particularly by Patterson, who deposed to receiving the body, packed up and crushed into a tea-chest, it having been doubled up to make it fit in such a narrow receptacle; that, when he examined the body he found that blood had flowed from the mouth: that Dr. Knox had received forty or fifty "subjects" from Burke and Hare, usually paying about £8 for each; and that when bodies of newly deceased were brought in, which evidently had never been interred, it was not the custom at Dr. Knox's to ask any questions or make any remark. The murder was discovered by Mrs. Grey, who lodged at Burke's, and accidentally saw the corpse on the floor, partially covered with straw. She told her husband, and they resolved to leave the place at once. Mrs. Burke asked them why they went away, and they stated what they had seen. She offered them five shillings not to mention it, and said that if they pleased it would be "as good as £10 a week to them." Mrs. Grey gave information to the police, by whom all the parties were arrested. The dead body was found at Dr. Knox's, and it was proved, on the trial, that it presented every appearance of violent suffocation. In defence Burke denied all knowledge of the body, and said it had been left at his house by a porter. The female prisoner made no defence. The verdict was "Not Proven," as regarded her, and "Guilty," as respected him. The sentence was, Burke should be executed on January 28, 1829. A few days after conviction, Burke made a voluntary and an apparently full confession. He said that, about Christmas, 1827, a man had died in the house where he and Hare then resided, and, being left alone with the coffin, they removed the body, filled the coffin with tanners' bark. (To give it the requisite weight,) screwed it down as before, concealed the body, and took it in a herring barrel, at night, to Dr. Knox's. They saw himself, he asked no questions, gave them £7 10s., and said he was glad to see them. Thus encouraged, they commenced a series of murders, by enticing people into their houses, making them drunk, and then suffocating them. Including "Daft Jamie," the list of victims amounted to about sixteen persons. Docherty, he said, was the only person who resisted. No other corpse showed signs of violence, but on one occasion, when they had taken a body so recently killed as to be quite limber and scarcely cold, Dr. Knox made no observation, though he appeared aware of the circumstance.—M.

and when working about Peebles and Inverleithen he was very fond of that recreation. In that neighborhood he was reckoned a good specimen of the Irish character—not quarrelsome—expert with the spade—and a pleasant enough companion over a jug of toddy. Nothing repulsive about him, to ordinary observers at least, and certainly not deficient in intelligence. But he “had that within which passeth show”—“there was a laughing devil in his eye,” James—and in his cell he applied in my hearing over and over again the words “humane man,” to those who had visited him, laying the emphasis on *humane*, with a hypocritical tone, as I thought, that showed he had not attached its appropriate meaning to the word, but used it by rote like a parrot—

Shepherd. Safe us! what like was Hare?

North. The most brutal man ever subjected to my sight—and at first looked seemingly an idiot. His dull, dead, blackish eyes, wide apart, one rather higher up than the other, his large, thick, or rather coarse-lipped mouth—his high, broad cheek-bones, and sunken cheeks, each of which when he laughed—which he did often—collapsed into a perpendicular hollow, shooting up ghastly from chin to cheek-bone—all steeped in a sullenness and squalor not born of the jail, but native to the almost deformed face of the leering miscreant—inspired, not fear, for the aspect was scarcely ferocious, but disgust and abhorrence—so utterly loathsome was the whole look of the reptile! He did not look so much like a murderer as a resurrectionist—a brute that would grope in the grave for the dead rather than stifle the living—though, to be sure, that required about an equal degree of the same kind of *courage* as stifling old drunk women, and bedridden old men, and helpless idiots—for Daft Jamie was a weak creature in body, and though he might in sore affright have tumbled himself and his murderer off the bed upon the floor, was incapable of making any effort deserving the name of resistance.

Shepherd. Was he no sorry and ashamed, at least for what he had done?

North. No more than if he had killed so many rabbits. He was ready to laugh, and leer, and claw his elbow, at every question put to him which he did not comprehend, or in which he thought he heard something funny; his sleep, he said, was always sound, and that he “never dreamed none;” he was much tickled by the question, “Did he believe in ghosts?” or “Did he ever see any in the dark?” and gobbled out, grinning all the while a brutal laugh, an uncouth expression of contempt for such foolery—and then muttering “thank God”—words he used more than once—callously, and sullenly, and vacantly as to their meaning, he thought—“that he had done naught to be feared for;” his dialect being to our ears

a sort of slovenly mixture of the "lower than the lowest" Irish, and the most brutelike of the most sunken "Coomberland."

Shepherd. Hark ye, sir,—ane likes to hear about monsters. Was Hare a strang deevil incarnate?

North. Not very. Sluggish and inert—but a heavier and more muscular man above than Burke. He prided himself, however, on his strength, and vaunted that he could lift five sixty-fives, by his teeth, fastened to a rope, and placed between his knees. But it was easy to see he lied, and that the anecdote was but a trait of vanity;—the look he had in all things of an abject, though perhaps quarrelsome coward—and his brows and head had scars of wound from stone or shillelah, such as are to be seen on the head and brows of many a brutal craven.

Shepherd. Did ye see their leddies?

North. Poor, miserable, bony, skinny, scranky, wizened jades both, without the most distant approach to good-lookingness, either in any part of their form, or any feature of their face—peevish, sulky, savage, and cruel, and evidently familiar, from earliest life, with all the woe and wretchedness of guilt and pollution—most mean in look, manner, mind, dress—the very dregs of the dregs of prostitution. Hare has most of the she-devil. She looked at you brazen-facedly, and spoke with an affected plaintive voice, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," and held her yellow, "yammering" infant, (the image of its father,) in her arm—in prison we saw her—as if it were a bundle of rags—but now and then looking at it with that species of maternal fondness, with which impostors sit on house-steps, staring at their babies, as if their whole souls yearned towards them—while no soouer have you passed by, than the angry beggar dashes its head, to make it cry better, against the pavement.

Tickler. Prodigious nonsense, James, was written, in the newspapers about the "dens" of the monsters. Burke's room was one of the neatest and snuggest little places I ever saw—walls well plastered and washed—a good wood-floor—respectable fire-place—and light, well-paned window, without a single spider's web. You reached the room by going along a comfortable, and by no means dark passage, about fifteen feet long—on each side of which was a room inhabited, the one by Mrs. Law, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Connoway. Another short passage (with outer and inner door of course) turned off into the dwelling of Mr. Burke—the only possible way of making it a room by itself—and the character of the whole flat was that of comfort and cheerfulness to a degree seldom seen in the dwellings of the poor. Burke's room, therefore, so far from being remote or solitary, or adapted to murder, was in the very heart of life, and no more like a den than any other room

in Edinburgh—say that in which we, who murder nobody, are now sitting at supper. Neither was any other murder than that of “t’ould woman” there perpetrated. Yet Sir Walter Scott, it was said, declared, that with all his wonderful imagination, he could picture to himself nothing so hideous. Sir Walter is not given to compliment his own imagination so—and if ever he saw the room, must have approved of it as a room of a very comfortable but commonplace and unpretending character.

Shepherd. But isna Hare’s house a dreadful place? I houp it is, sir?

North. It is at the bottom of a close—and I presume that one house must always be at the bottom of a close—but the flat above Hare’s dwelling was inhabited, and two of his apartments are large and roomy, well fitted for a range of chaff-beds, but not particularly so for murder. A small place, eight feet or ten by four or five, seems to have been formed by the staircase of another dwelling and the outer wall, and no doubt, were murder committed there, it would seem a murderous place. But we have slept in such a place fifty times, without having been murdered; and a den, consisting of two large rooms, with excellent fire-places and windows, and one small one, is not, to our apprehension, like the den of a fox or a wolf, nor yet of a lion or a tiger. The house outside looks like a minister’s manse. But I am getting tedious and wearisome, James!

Shepherd. No you. But let us change the subject a wee. I houp, sirs, you baith went to the hanging?

North. We intended to have assisted at that ceremony, and had taken tickets in one of the upper boxes; but the morning was raw and rainy, so we let the fiend swing away into perdition, without any visible or audible testimony of our applause.

Shepherd. The congregation behaved maist devoutly?

Tickler. Like Christians, James. Burke, it seems, was told to give the signal with the name of his Saviour on his lips! But the congregation, though ignorant of that profanation, knew that the demon, even on the scaffold, endured neither remorse nor penitence; and therefore, natural, and just, and proper shouts of human vengeance assailed the savage coward, and excommunicated him from our common lot by yells of abhorrence that delivered his body over to the hangman, and his soul to Satan.*

* No execution had excited so much interest in Scotland for many years. Sir Walter Scott thus chronicled it in his Diary:—“Burke, the murderer, was hanged this morning. The mob, which was immense, demanded Knox and Hare, but though greedy for more victims, received with shouts the solitary wretch who found his way to the gallows out of five or six who seem not less guilty than he.” Another account, which I received from a person who was present, was that over 20,000 persons witnessed the execution. When Burke appeared on the scaffold there arose wild shouts as if from ten thousand simultaneous voices, of “Burke him!—Give him no rope—Hang the others.—Where are Knox and Hare?” When he was turned off, a loud cry of joy rent the air. At each convulsive motion of the body, in the agonies of death, the multitude shouted their delight,—huzzaing as if for a victory. When the body of the crim-

Shepherd. Yet a puir, senseless, heartless driveller in the Courant, I observed, writing for a penny a line, sympatheezed with the Throttlar, and daur'd to abuse that pious congregation as a ferocious mob. Yea! the pitiful hypocrite absolutely called bloody Burke "their victim"!!!

Tickler. The whining cur deserved to be half-hanged for his cant, and resuscitated to his senses in Dr. Knox's shambles. That congregation of twenty thousand souls was the most respectable ever assembled at an execution; and had they stood mute at a moment when nature demanded they should salute the monster with curses both loud and deep, they would have been traitors to the trust confided to every human heart, and brutally insensible to the "deep damnation of *their* taking off," whom week after week "the victim" had smothered with those fingers now clutched in prayer, forsooth, but at home and free from awkwardness only when engaged in murder; and then uniting a delicacy with a strength of touch decisively indicative of the hand of a master.

Shepherd. Independently o' a' you hae sae weel said, sir, only think o' the satisfaction o' safety to the whole city—a selfish but unco natural satisfaction—in riddance o' the monster. Had he no been found out, wha mightna hae been Burked, Hared, Macdougald, and Knoxed, during the current year?

North. James Hogg, to a dead certainty.

Shepherd. Poo! Puir folk thocht o' themselves in the fate o' the sixteen corpses—o' their fathers and mithers, and aiblins idiot brithers or sisters—and therefore they hissed and shouted, and waved their hauns and hats aboon their heads, as soon as the carcass o' the ruffian blackened on the scaffold.

Tickler. And the beautiful and eternal fitness of things was exemplified to their souls' full desires, in the rope dangling over his organ of destructiveness—

North. In the knot fastened—I was glad to hear—behind his neck to keep him in pain—

Shepherd. In Hangy's allooin' him only three inches o' a fa'—

Tickler. In the funny fashion of his nightcap—put on between eight and nine in the morning, when other people have taken theirs off—

Shepherd. And feenally, in that consummating swing, "here we go round about, round about"—and that drawin' up o' the knees, that tells death's doure—and the labor o' the lungs in agony, when

inal hung motionless from the gallows, except as it was pendulously awayed to and fro by the wind or its own weight, delight, instead of awe-struck horror, appeared to move the thousands who gazed at it. At last, when the body was cut down, there burst three cheers of hearty applause from all, and if ever the last minister of the law were popular, it was at that moment.—M.

you can breathe neither through mouth nor nostrils, and a' your inside is workin' like a barmy barrel.

North. Did the Courant idiot expect that the whole congregation were to have melted into tears at the pathetic appearance of "their victim?" The Scottish people—and it was an assemblage of the Scottish people—are not such slaves of the hour. They will not suffer the voice of deep-abhorring nature to be stifled within them by the decencies due to a hideous man-monster under the hands of the hangman. Priests may pray, and magistrates may beckon, as in duty bound; but the waves of the sea "flowed not back when Canute gave command"; and, in spite of clerical and lay authorities, the people behaved in every way worthy of their national character.

Shepherd. Then think o' sympathy, sir, workin' in the power o' antipathy—twenty thousand sowles a' inflamed wi' ae passion—and that passion eye-fed even to gloatin' and gluttony by the sight o' "their victim." O, sirs, hoo men's sowles fiver through their een! In love or hate—

Tickler. I am credibly informed, James, that several blind men went to see Burke hanged.

Shepherd. That was real curious. They had kent intuitively, you see, that there was to be a tremendous shootin'. They went to hear him hanged. But what for had na ye a lang article embracin' the subject?

North. The Edinburgh newspapers, especially the Mercury and Chronicle, were so powerful and picturesque, that really, James, nothing was left for me to say; besides, I did not see how I could with propriety interfere with the wish to hang Hare, or any one else implicated in the sixteen murders; and therefore, during law proceedings, meditated, or attempted, I kept mute. All these being now at an end, my mouth may be unsealed; but, at present, I have really little to say on the sixteen subjects.

Shepherd. Weel, let's hear that little.

North. First and foremost, the Lord Advocate and Sheriff, and all the lawyers of the town, did their duty thoroughly and fearlessly; and so did all the lawyers for their prisoners, Messrs. Moncrieff, Cockburn, Macneil, Robertson, and others; and so did the jury. The jury might, with safe conscience, have found Macdougall guilty; but with a safe conscience, they found the libel in her case, *Not Proven*. They did what, on the whole, was perhaps best.

Shepherd. I doot that.

Tickler. So do I.

North. So perhaps did they; but let her live. Death is one punishment, Life another. In admitting Hare to be king's evidence, the Lord Advocate did that which alone could have brought Burke to the gallows. Otherwise, the whole gang would have escaped, and

might have been at murder this very night. In including the three charges in one indictment, his lordship was influenced solely by that feeling for the prisoners, which a humane and enlightened man may entertain even for the most atrocious criminal, consistently with justice. Their counsel chose otherwise, and the event was the same. The attempt to try Hare, at first appeared to me infamous; but in that I showed my ignorance, for Mr. Sandford made out a strong case; but Mr. Macneil's masterly argument was irresistible, and the decision of the judges entirely right—although I do not say that the view of the law so ably given by Lords Alloway and Gillies was wrong. As to any wish in any quarter to shape the proceedings so as to shield Dr. Knox, that idea is mere childishness and absurdity, and fit only for the old women whom Burke and Hare did not murder.

Shepherd. I'm glad to hear o' that, sir; and since you say't, it maun be true. But what o' Dr. Knox?

North. The system established and acted on in the dissecting-rooms of that anatomist is manifestly of the most savage, brutal, and dreadful character. It is allowed by all parties, that not a single question was ever put—or if ever, mere mockery—to the wretches who came week after week with uninterred bodies crammed into tea-chests—but that each corpse was eagerly received, and fresh orders issued for more. Nor is there any reason to believe, but every reason to believe the contrary, that had the murderers brought sixty instead of sixteen murdered corpses, they would not have met an instant market.

Shepherd. Fearsome—fearsome!

Tickler. We shall suppose, then, that not a shade, however slight, of suspicion ever crossed Dr. Knox's mind, or the minds of his assistants. What follows? That they knew that the poorer inhabitants of Edinburgh were all of them not only willing, but most eager to sell the bodies of their husbands, wives, brothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, and relations in general: for if these two miscreants could, in little more than eight months, purchase from off the deathbed sixteen corpses, pray how many might have been purchased in that time by a sufficient number of agents? Unless the practice of selling the dead were almost universal, and known by Dr. Knox and his assistants to be so, uninterred body after uninterred body brought to them thus must have struck them with surprise and astonishment.*

* Dr. Robert Tomes, of New York, who studied medicine and surgery at Edinburgh. (1838-1840) and associated with many medical men who (as connected with their own profession) had full knowledge of, and frequently conversed about, these occurrences, then comparatively recent, has been so obliging as to correct my general recollection by his own more minute and recent information. Dr. Robert Knox, who resided at 10 Surgeon Square, Edinburgh, had one of the most extensive private anatomical collections in Europe. He was an admirable demonstrator, as a lecturer on anatomy has had few equals, and his class was the largest

Shepherd. That's conclusive, sir.

North. How, in the nature of things, could Burke and Hare have been believed endowed with an instinct that led them to sixteen different houses in eight months, where the inmates were ready to sell their dead to the doctors? Did Dr. Knox and his assistants believe that these two wretches were each like a vulture——

“So scented the Grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar”——

that they dropped in at every sick-room, and sounded the sitters by the dying bed, to know if they were disposed in the event of death, for a few pounds to let the corpse be crammed into a tea-chest, and off to the doctors?

Shepherd. I canna say; but they can best answer the question themselves——

North. Ay, and they shall be made to answer the question, *for the subject shall be probed to the bottom*, nor shall either fear or favor hinder me from spreading the result all over Europe.

Shepherd. Ay, America, Asia, and Africa too——

North. The Edinburgh papers have spoken out manfully, and Dr. Knox stands arraigned at the bar of the public, his accuser being—Human Nature.

Shepherd. Of what is he accused?

North. He is ordered to open his mouth and speak, or be for ever dumb. Sixteen uninterred bodies—for the present I sink the word murdered—have been purchased, within nine months, by him and his, from the two brutal wretches who lived by that trade. Let him prove, to the conviction of all reasonable men, that it was impossible he could suspect any evil,—that the practice of selling the dead was

in the world. It was necessary that he should have a constant supply of subjects. The law, as it then stood, (it has since been altered,) threw impediments in his way as to obtaining his supply. It is doubtful whether he really had any suspicion of the unfair means by which Burke and Hare came in possession of so many dead bodies, in such an unwonted condition of freshness. Mr. Ellis, his own lawyer, stated (years after the execution of Burke,) that he, for one, acquitted Dr. Knox of any guilt, arising from complicity. But, on one occasion on showing a subject to a friend, Knox said, “There's a body that never touched ground.” Knox's house was gutted by the mob during the excitement caused by the discovery of the Burke and Hare murder. He continued in Edinburgh for several years after this, but not without having suffered considerably in his reputation, although his popularity with his pupils was undiminished. He finally migrated to London, where he became a sort of itinerant lecturer—chiefly on Ethnology. I am further indebted to Dr. Tomes, who studied under him, for the information that Knox was of middle-sized stature, meagre in person, and with a sinister expression of countenance arising from the loss of an eye; that his face was rough like a nutmeg-grater; his countenance flexible, and not deficient in expression; his mouth curiously puckered up. As a lecturer he was accustomed (like Abernethy of London,) to use the most familiar language. His voice was full and clear; his illustrations striking from their very simplicity. He had vast professional knowledge, and the power of readily communicating it to others. His attire was very unprofessional—generally in the jockey style, with a smart neck-tie, a flashy vest, and a cut-a-way coat. In 1828, the time of the crimes which gave his name so much notoriety, Dr. Knox was not forty years old.—M.

so general, as to be almost universal among the poor of this city,—and that he knew it to be so—and then we shall send his vindication abroad on all the winds of heaven.

Tickler. Does he dare to presume to command all mankind to be mute on such a series of dreadful transactions? Does he not know that he stands, at this hour, in the most hideous predicament in which a man can stand—in that of the *suspected* accomplice or encourager of unparalleled murderers?

North. If wholly and entirely innocent, he need not fear that he shall be able to establish his innocence. Give me the materials, and I will do it for him; but he is not now the victim of some wild and foolish calumny; the whole world shudders at the transactions; and none but a base, blind, brutal beast can at this moment dare to declare “Dr. Knox stands free from all suspicion of being accessory to murder.”

Shepherd. Your offer to vindicate him is like yourself, sir,—and ’tis like yourself to utter the sentiments that have now flowed from your fearless lips.

North. If innocent, still he caused those murders. But for the accursed system he and his assistants acted on, only two or three experimental murders would have been perpetrated—unless we must believe that other—nay, all other lecturers would have done as he did, which, in my belief, would be wickedly to belie the character of our anatomists.

Shepherd. Is’t true that his class received him, in consequence of these horrid disclosures, with three cheers?

North. Though almost incredible, it is true. But that savage yell within those blood-stained walls, is no more to the voice of the public, than so much squeaking and grunting in a pig-sty during a storm of thunder. Besides, many of those who thus disgraced themselves and their human nature, were implicated in the charge; and instead of serving to convince any one, out of the shambles, of their own or their lecturer’s innocence, it has had, and must have had, the very opposite effect—exhibiting a ruffian recklessness of general opinion and feeling on a most appalling subject, as yet altogether unexplained, and, as many think, incapable of any explanation that will remove from the public mind, even in its calmest mood, the most horrible and damning suspicions. The shouts and cheers at Burke’s appearance on the scaffold, were right—human nature being constituted as it is—but the shouts and cheers on Dr. Knox’s appearance at the table where so many of Burke’s victims had been dissected, after having been murdered, were “horrible, most horrible,” and calculated—whatever may be their effect on more thinking minds—to confirm in those of the populace the conviction that they are all a gang of murderers together, and deter-

mined to insult, in horrid exultation, all the deepest feelings of humanity—without which a people would be a mob more fierce and fell than the concentrated essence of the Burkes, the Hares, and the Macdougals.

Shepherd. Ae thing's plain—that whatever may be the case wi' ither anatomists, here or elsewhere, Dr. Knox at least has nae right to ca' on the legislature for some legal provision for the procurin' o' dead bodies for dissection. The legislature, on the ither hand, has a better right to ca' on him for a revision o' the laws regulatin' his ain system. Some writers, I see, blame the magistrates o' Edinburgh, and some the polish, and some the London Parliament House, for a' thae murders—but I canna help blamin', especially, Burke and Hare—and neist to them Dr. Knox and his assistants. Naebody believes in ghosts in touns, but every body believes in ghosts in the kintra. Let either Hare or Knox sleep a' night in a lanely wood, wi' the wund roarin' in the tap branches o' the pines, and cheepin in the side anes, and by skreich o' day he will be seen flyin' wi' his hair on end, and his een jumpin' out o' their sockets, doon into the nearest toon, pursued, as he thinks, by saxteen ghaists a' in a row, wi' Daft Jamie at their head, caperin' like a paralytic as he was, and laughing like to split, wi' a mouth drawn a' to the ae side, at the doctor or the doctor's nun, distracted at the sicht o' sae mony spirits demandin' back their ain atomies.

North. It is an ugly business altogether, James; far worse than the Chaldean MS.

Shepherd. Ah! you deevil!

Tickler. Hollow, North, into the ear of Dionysius, that Ambrose may appear like a spirit, and sweep away *reliquias Danaum*.

North. Man is the slave of habit. So accustomed have I been to pull this worsted bell-rope, that I never remember the ear. Ambrose! Ambrose! *Ho iero!* (*Enter Signor AMBROSIO.*)

Tickler. Picardy, wheel out, and wheel in.

(*PICARDY and SIR DAVID GAM wheel out the oblong Supper-Table through the Folding-Doors, and the Circular Glentilt Marble Slab into a warmer climate.*)

Shepherd. In another month, sirs, the Forest will be as green as the summer sea rolling in its foam-crested waves in moonlight. You maun come out. You maun baith come out this spring.

North. I will. Every breath of air we draw is terrestrialized or etherialized by imagination. Our suburban air, round about Edinburgh, especially down towards the sea, must be pure, James; and yet, my fancy being haunted by these easterly haars, the finest atmosphere often seems to me afloat with the foulest atoms. My mouth is as a vortex, that engulfs all the stray wool and feathers in

the vicinity. In the country, and nowhere more than on the Tweed or the Yarrow, I inhale always the gas of Paradise. I look about me for flowers, and I see none—but feel the breath of thousands. Country smoke from cottages or kilns, or burning heather, is not like town smoke. It ascends into clouds on which angels and departed spirits may repose.

Shepherd. O' a' kintra souns, which do you like best, sir?

North. The crowing of cocks before, at, and after sunrise. They are like clocks all set by the sun. Some hoarsely scraunching, James—some with a long, clear, silver chime—and now and then a bit bantam crowing twice for the statelier chanticleer's once—and, by fancy's eye, seen strutting and sidling up, in his impudence, to hens of the largest size, not unaverse to the flirtation of the feathery-legged coxcomb.

Shepherd. Few folk hae seen oftener than me Natur' gettin' up i' the mornin'. It's no possible to help personifyin' her first into a goddess, and then into a human—

Tickler. There again; James.

Shepherd. She sleeps a' nicht in her claes, yet they're never runkled; her awakening face she turns up dewy to the sun, and Zephyr wipes it wi' his wing without disturbin' its dreamy expression; never see ye her hair in papers, for crisp and curly, far-streamin' and wide-wavin' are her locks, as alternate shadows and sunbeams dancin' on the dancin' music o' some joyous river rollin' awa to the far-aff sea; her ee is heaven—her brow the marbled clouds, and after a lang doon-gazing, serene and spiritual look o' hersell, breathin' her orison-prayers, in the reflectin' magic o' some loch like an inland ocean, stately steps she frae the East, and a' that meet her—mair especially the Poet, wha draps doon amid the heather in devotion on his knees—kens that she is indeed the Queen of the whole Universe.

Tickler. Incedit Regina.

North. Then what a breakfast at Mount Benger, after a stroll to and fro' the Loch! One devours the most material breakfast spiritually; and none of the ethereal particles are lost in such a meal.

Shepherd. Ethereal particles! What are they like?

North. Of the soul, James. Wordsworth says, in his own beautiful way, of a sparrow's nest,

“Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there!
Few visions have I seen more fair,
Nor many prospects of delight
More touching than that simple sight!”

But five or six, or perhaps a dozen, white hen-eggs gleaming there—

all on a most lovely, a most beautiful, a most glorious round white plate of crockery—is a sight even more simple and more touching still.

Tickler. What a difference between caller eggs and caller haddies!

North. About the same as between a rural lassie stepping along the greensward, like a walking rose or lily endued with life by the touch of a fairy's wand, and a lodging-house Girrzzie laying down a bakie fu' o' ashes at the mouth of a common stair.

Shepherd. North—you're a curious cretur.

Tickler. You must excuse him—for he is getting into his pleasant though somewhat prosy dotage.

Shepherd. A' men begin to get into a kind o' dotage after five-and-twenty. They think theirsells wiser, but they're only stupider. The glory o' the heaven and earth has a' flown by; there's something gane wrang wi' the machinery o' the peristrepthic panorama, and it'll no gang roun'—nor is there ony great matter, for the colors hae faded on the canvas, and the spirit that pervaded the picture is dead.

Tickler. Poo, poo, James. You're haverin.

North. Do you think, my dear James, that there is less religion now than of old in Scotland?

Shepherd. I really canna say, sir. At times I think there is even less sunshine; at least, that a' that intensely bricht kind of heavenly licht that used to wauken me in the mornings when a boy, by dancin' on my face, is extinct, or withdrawn to anither planet; and yet reason serves to convince me that the sun canna be muckle the waur o' haen been shining these forty last years o' his life, and that the fault maun lie in the pupil o' the iris o' my twa auld hazy een—neither can I see cause why dew-drops and blaeberries should be less beautifu' than o' yore, though certain sure they seem sae—and warst o' a', the faces o' the fairest maidens, whether in smiles or in tears, seem noo-a-days to want that inexpressible spirit o' joy or grief—a loveliness breathed on them from climes and regions afar—that used to gar my heart quake within me whenever I came within the balm o' their breath, or the waving o' their hair—yet I wad fain believe, for the sake o' the Flowers o' the Forest, that rapt youth still sees the beauty that some film or other now veils from my eyes.

Tickler. Hem!

Shepherd. And which they must see nevermore, till after the shades o' death they reopen with renovated power in heaven. Auld folk, I remember, in my youth, were aye complainin' o' some great loss—some total taking away—some dim eclipse—just as we, sirs, often do now—then I lauched to hear them, but now I could amaist weep!

Alas! even memory o' the Trysting Hour is but a dream o' a dream! But what a dream it was! I never see "a milk-white thorn" without fa'in' into a strange swoon o' the soul, as if she were struggling to renew her youth, and swarf'd awa' in the unavailing effort to renew the mysterious laws o' natur.

North. I fear there is less superstition now, James, in the peasant's heart than of old—that the understanding has invaded the glimmering realms of the imagination.

Shepherd. Tak ony religious feeling, and keep intensifying it by the power o' solitary meditation, and you feel it growin' into a superstitious ane—and in like manner get deeper and deeper into the heart o' the mystery o' a superstitious ane, and you then discover it to be religious! Mind being nursed in matter must aye be superstitious. Superstition is like the gloom round a great oak tree. Religion is like the tree itself—darkenin' the earth wi' branches growin' by means o' the licht o' heaven.

North. I fear Christianity, James, is too often taught merely as a system of morals.

Shepherd. That's the root o' the evil, sir, where there is evil in Scotland. Such ministers deaden, by their plain, practical preaching, the sublimest aspirations of the soul—and thus is the Bible in the poor man's house often "shorn of its beams." There is mair sleepin' in kirks noo than of old—though the sermons are shorter—and the private worship throughout all the parish insensibly loses its unction aneath a cauld-rife moral preacher. Many fountains are shut-up in men's hearts that used to flow perennially to the touch o' fear. It's a salutary state aye to feel anesell, when left to anesell, a helpless sinner. How pride hardens a' the heart! and how humility softens it! till like a meadow it is owerrun wi' thousands o' bonnie wee modest flowers—flock succeeding flock, and aye some visible, peepin' ever through the winter snaws!

North. I fear, James, that a sort of silly superficial religion is diffusing itself very widely over Edinburgh.

Shepherd. Especially, which is a pity, over the young leddies, who are afraid to wear feathers on their heads, or pearlins on their bosoms—sae great is the sin o' adornin' the flesh.

North. The self-dubbed evangelicals are not very consistent on that score, James—for saw ye ever one of the set to whom nature had given good ankles that did not wear rather shortish petticoats; or one gummy, that did not carefully conceal her clumsiness alike from saint and sinner?

Shepherd. Puir things! natur' will work within them—and even them that forsakes the world, as they ca't, hae a gude stomach for some o' the grossest o' its enjoyments, sic as eatin' and drinkin', and

lyin' on sofas or in bed a' day, in a sort o' sensual doze, which they pretend to think spiritual—forsakin' the warld, indeed !

North. I never yet knew one instance of a truly pretty girl forsaking the world, except, perhaps, that her hair might have time to grow, after having been shaven in a fever—or—

Shepherd. Or a sudden change o' fashion, when she cudna afford to buy new things, and therefore pretended to be unusually religious for a season—wearin' a' the time for the sight o' some male cretur in her suburban retirement, were it only for the face o' the young baker wha brings the baps in the morning wi' a hairy cap on—or some swarthy Italian callant wi' a board o' images.

Tickler. Yes—religious ladies never recollect that eating for the sake of eating, and not for mere nourishment, is the grossest of all sensualities. It never occurs to them that in greedily and gluttonously cramming in fat things down their gratified gullets, they are at each mouthful virtually breaking all the ten commandments.

North. All washed over with ale and porter !

Shepherd. Into ane stomach like the Dead Sea. Maist nauseous !

Tickler. Salmon, hodge-podge, peas and pork, goose and apple-sauce, plum-pudding and toasted cheese, all floating in a squash o' malt in the stomach of an evangelical young lady, who has forsaken the world !

Shepherd. There's nae denying that maist o' them's gutsy. But the married evangelical leddies are waur than the young anes ; for they egg on their husbands to be as great gluttons as themselves ; and I've seen them noddin' and winkin', and makin' mouths to their men, that sic or sic a dish was nice and fine, wi' the gravy a' the while runnin' out o' the corners o' their mouths ; or if no the gravy, just the natural juice o' their ain palates waterin' at the thocht o' something savory, just as the chops o' Bronte there water when he sits up on his hinder end, and gies a lang laigh yowl for the fat tail o' a roasted leg o' mutton.

North. In youngish evangelical married people, who have in a great measure forsaken the world, such behavior makes me squeamish, and themselves excessively greasy over their whole face ; so greasy indeed, that it is next to a physical impossibility to wash it, the water running off it as off oilskin.

Tickler. Byron it was, I think, who did not like to see women eat. Certainly I am so far an Oriental that I do not like to see a woman eat against her husband, as if it were for a wager. Her eyes, during feed, should not seem starting from their sockets ; nor the veins in her forehead to swell in sympathy with her alimentary canal ; nor the sound of her grinders to be high ; nor loud mastication to be followed by louder swallow : nor ought she, when the “fames edendi” has been removed, to gather herself up like mine

hostess of the Hen and Chickens, and giving herself a shake, then fold her red-ringed paws across her well-filled stomach, and give vent to her entire satisfaction in a long, deep, pious sigh, by way of grace after meat.

North. The essence of religion is its spirituality. It refines—purifies—elevates all our finer feelings, as far as flesh and blood will allow.

Shepherd. Oh! it's a desperate thing, that flesh and blude! Can you, Mr. North, form ony idea o' the virtue o' a disembodied, or rather o' an unembodied spirit—a spirit that never was thirsty, that never was hungry, that never was cauld, that never was sick, that never felt its heart loup to its mouth (how could it!) at the kiss o' the lips o' a young lassie sittin' in the same plaid wi' you, on the hillside, unmindfu' o' the blashing sleet, and inhabiting within thae worsted faulds, the very heart o' balmy paradise?

North. It must be something very different, at any rate, James, from the nature of an evangelical lady of middle age, and much rotundity, smiling greasily on her greasy husband, for another spoonful of stuffing out of the goose; and while engaged in devouring him, ogling a roasted pig with an orange in its mouth, the very image of a human squeaker of an age fit for Mr. Wilderspin's infant school.

Tickler. Infant schools! There you see education driven to absurdity that must soon sicken any rational mind.

North. What can we know, Tickler, about infants? "He speaks to us who never had a child."

Shepherd. But I have had mony, and I prophesy, that in three years there shall not be an infant school in all Scotland. Nae doubt, in great towns it might often be of great advantage to children and parents, that the bit infants should be better cared for and looked after than they are, when the parents are at work, or necessarily from home. But to hope to be able to do this permanently, on a regular system of infant schools, proves an utter ignorance of human feelings, and of the structure of human society. It is unnatural, and the attempt will soon fall out of the hand of weak enthusiasts, and expire.

North. It is amusing, James—is it not?—to see how ready an evangelical young lady is to marry the first reprobate who asks her—under the delusion of believing that she is rich.

Tickler. But she first converts him, you know.

Shepherd. Na, na. It's him that converts her, and it's no ill to do. If she really hae cash—sae a thoosan' poun'—madam asks few questions, but catches at the captain. There is an end then o' her Sunday schools, and her catechizings, and her 'preachin' o' the word. She flings aff the hypocrite, and is converted into the bauld randy-

like wife o' a subaltern officer in the grenadier company o' an Eerish regiment; flauntin' in a boyne-like bannet in the front row o' a box in the theatre, unco like ane o' the hizzies up in the pigeon-holes, and no thinkin' shame to launch at dooble entendres! Ithers o' them again mak up to weak young men o' a serious turn and good income; marryin' some o' them by sly stratagem, and some by main force.

North. But of them all alike, without one single exception, the aim—with various motives—is still the same—marriage.

Tickler. Come, come, Kit, not all, I know to the contrary.

North. All the self-dubbed evangelicals. For love, or for money, they are all eager to marry at a week's notice, and they are all of them ready to jump at an offer, on to a very advanced period of mortal existence. From about fifty on to sixty-five, they are still most susceptible of the tender passion; rather than not have a husband, they will marry

“Toothless bald decrepitude,”

as I have known in many instances, and absolutely pretend to get sick in company a month or two after the odious event, as if they were as “ladies wish to be who love their lords,” and about, ere long, to increase the number of Mr. Wilderspin's infant scholars!

Tickler. What a contrast does all this present to the character and conduct of the true and humble Christian—mild, modest, unpretending.

Shepherd. And always without exception, beautiful; for the homeliest countenance becomes angelical when overspread for a constancy with the spirit of that religion that has “shown us how divine a thing a woman may be made!”

Tickler. I see her sitting, serene, but not silent, her smiles frequent, and now and then her sweet silvery laugh not unheard, in a dress simple as simple may be, in unison with a graceful elegance that Nature breathed over “that lady of her own.”

North. I forget her name, my dear friend—you mean Lucy?

Tickler. Whom else in heaven or on earth?

Shepherd. Ay, there are thousands on thousands o' Lucys, who walk in their innocence and their happiness beneath the light of Christianity, knowing not how good they are, and in the holy inspiration o' Nature doing their duty to God and man, almost without knowing it so sublime a simplicity is theirs.

North. Of theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Shepherd. Nae backbiting—nae envy—nae uncharitableness—nae exaggeration o' trifles—nae fear o' the face o' the knave o' spades at an innocent game o' cards, played to please some auld leddy that in the doze o' decent dotage canna do without some amusement or ither that requires little thocht, but waukens up some kindlin's o' aimless

feeling—nae fear, and but sma' fondness for dancin', except where she's gotten a pleasant partner—a cretur that does na start at shadows, because she walks in licht—that kens by thinkin' on her ain heart what in this tryin' life should be guarded against in tremblin', and what indulged in withouten reproach—a lassie that does na eternally keep rinnin' after new preachers, but sits in the same pew in the same kirk—an angel——

Tickler. "Like heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb," in the light of whose beauty her father's house rejoiceth, and is breathed over by a shade of sadness only for a few weeks after she has been wafted away on the wings of love to bless the home of a husband, won more by the holy charm of her filial affection than even by the breath of the sighs that poured forth her speechless confession on his own bosom fast beating to the revelation of her virgin love.

Shepherd. That's no sae ill expressed, sir, for an auld bachelor; but the truth is, that in the course o' life a' the best capacities o' human feeling expand themselves out into full growth in the bosom o' a gude man, even under the impulses o' imagination, just the same as if he had had a real wife and weans o' his ain; and aiblins, his feelings are even mair divine from being free o' the doon-draught o' realities; idealeezed as it were by love rejoicin' in its escape from the thraldom o' necessity.

North. James, you always speak such poetry at our Noctes that I grieve you write it now so seldom or never.

Shepherd. Perhaps I hae written my best; and bad as that may be, my name will have a sort o' existence through the future in the Forest. Won't it, sir?

North. No fear of that, James.

Shepherd. Then I am satisfied.

Tickler. I hardly understand the nature of the desire for posthumous fame.

Shepherd. Nor me neither. But the truth is, I understand naething. That I love to gaze on a rose and a rainbow, and a wall-flower on a castle, and a wreath o' snaw, and a laverock in the licht, and a dewie starnie, and a bit bonnie wee pink shell, and an insect dancin' like a diamond, and a glimmer o' the moon on water, be it a great wide Highland loch, or ony a sma' fountain or well in the wilderness, and on a restless wave, and on a steadfast cloud, and on face o' a lisping child that means amaist naething, and the face o' a mute maiden that means amaist every thing—that I love to gaze at a' these, and a thousan' things beside in heaven and on earth that are dreamt of in my philosophy, my beatin' heart tells me every day I live; but the why and the wherefore are generally hidden frae me, and whenever I strive for the reason, my soul sinks away down and down into a depth that seems half air and half water, and I am like a man

drowin' in a calm, and as he drowns, feelin' as if he were descendin' to the coral palaces o' the mermaids, where a' things are beautifu' but unintelligible, and after wanderin' about a while under the saftly-looming climate, up again a' at once into the every-day world, in itself, o' a gude truth, as beautifu' and unintelligible too as ony warld in the heavens above or in the waters underneath the earth.

North. Posthumous fame!

Shepherd. What's mair nor ordinar extraordinary in that? We love our kind, and we love our life—and we love our earth—and we love ourself. Therefore, being immortal creatures, we love the thocht of never being forgotten by that kind, and in that life, and on that earth. We all desire, we all hope to be held in remembrance for a shorter or a langer time—but only them that has done or said, or sung something imperishable, extend that desire into a limitless future—coexisting without warks—when they perish we perish too, and are willing to perish. But be so gude as tell me, sir, what's the preceese meanin' o' the word posthumous, or rather how it comes to mean “after you are dead?”

Tickler. All poets should die young.

Shepherd. No great poet ever died young that I heard tell o'. All the great ancient poets o' Greece, I am tauld, leaved till they were auld chieles —

North. Homer and Pindar, (eh?) and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides.

Shepherd. And a' the great English poets either lived to be auld men, or reached a decent time o' life—say fifty and six, and three-score and ten; as to Richard West and Chatterton, young Beattie, and Michael Bruce, and Kirke White, and John Keats, and others, they were a' fine lads, but nane o' them a' gied symptoms of ever becomin' great poets, and better far for their fame that they died in youth. Ony new poets sprutin' up, sir, amang us, like fresh daisies amang them that's withered? Noo that the auld cocks are cowed, are the chickens beginning to flap their wings and crow?

Tickler. Most of them mere poultry, James.

North. Not worth plucking.

Shepherd. It's uncomprehensible, sir, to me altogether, what that *something* is that ae man only, amang many millions, has, that make him poetical, while a' the lave remain to the day o' their death prosaic? I defy you to put your finger on ae pint o' his mental character or constitution in which the secret lies—indeed, there's aften a sort o' stupidity about the cretur that makes you sorry for him, and he's very generally lauchit at;—yet, there's a superiority in the strain o' his thochts and feelings that places him on a level by himsell aboon a' their heads;—he has intuitions o' the truth, which, depend on't, sir, does not lie at the bottom of a well, but rather in

the lift o' the understanding and the imagination—the twa hemispheres;—and knowledge, that seems to flee awa' frae ither men the faster and the farther the mair eagerly it is pursued, aften comes o' its ain sweet accord, and lies down at the poet's feet.

North. Just so. The power of the soul is as the expression of the countenance—the one is strong in faculties, and the other beautiful in features, you cannot tell how—but so it is, and so it is felt to be, and let those not thus endowed by nature, either try to make souls or make faces, and they only become ridiculous, and laughing stocks to the world. This is especially the case with poets, who must be made of finer clay.

Tickler. Generally cracked —

Shepherd. But transpawrent —

Tickler. Yea, an urn of light.

Shepherd. I'm beginnin' to get verra hungry just for a particular thing that I think you'll baith join me in—pickled sawmont. Ay, yonder it's on the sideboards; Mr. Tickler, rise and bring't, and I'll do as muckle for you anither time.

(TICKLER puts the Circular Slab to rights, by means of pre-existing materials for a night only. They all fall to.)

North. James, I wish ye would review for Maga all those fashionable novels—novels for High Life; such as Pelham—* the Disowned —

Shepherd. I've read thae twa, and they're baith gude. But the mair I think on't, the profounder is my conviction that the strength o' human natur lies either in the highest or lowest estates of life. Characters in books should either be kings, and princes, and nobles, and on a level with them, like heroes; or peasants, shepherds, farmers, and the like, includin' a' orders amaisht o' our ain working population. The intermediate class,—that is, leddies and gentlemen in general, are no worth the Muse's while; for their life is made up chiefly o' mainners—mainners—mainners—you canna see the human creturs for their claes; and should ane o' them commit suicide in despair, in lookin' on the dead body, you are mair taen up wi' its dress than its deesease.

* Bulwer's first prose story was "Falkland"—which he has not included in his collected works. It occupied a single volume. His publisher (Mr. Colburn) thought so highly of it that he offered him £500 for a novel in three volumes. His reply was, "I will give you one that shall be sure to succeed." At this time the first part of "Pelham" was written—it had been founded on a tale written in boyhood, as an essay in composition, and enlarged, partly at college, partly at Paris. The work was completed and sent into Mr. Colburn, whose "reader" gave such a poor opinion of it, that it was very nearly sent back to the author. Luckily, Mr. Colburn determined to judge for himself, and read the manuscript. His opinion was favorable. He then submitted it to Mr. Charles Ollier, author of several very beautiful novelettes and some good poetry, whose report confirmed his own approbation. In 1823, "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," was published. Its first progress was slow, but it gradually became popular. It was followed, soon after, by "The Disowned," which instantly struck root into the public mind.—M.

Tickler. Is this Tay or Tweed salmon, James?

Shepherd. Tay, to be sure—it has the Perthshire accent, verra palatable. These leddies and gentlemen in fashionable novels as well as in fashionable life, are aye intrig—trig—triguin',—this leddy with that ane's gentleman, and this gentleman with that ane's leddy—then it's a' foun' out thro' letters or keyholes, and there's a duel, and a divorce, and a death, the perpetual repetition o' which, I confess, gets unco wearisome. Or the chief chiel in the wark is devoted to cairts and dice—and out of ae hell—as they rightly ca' gamblin'-houses—intil anither—till feenally, as was lang ago foreseen, he blows out his brains wi' a horse-pistol, a bit o' the skull stickin' in the ceilin'. This too, gets tiresome, sirs—oh! unco tiresome—for I hae na desire to hear ony thing mair about gamblers, than what ane sees noo and then in the police reports in the newspapers. There is something sae essentially mean and contemptible in gamblin', that no deep interest can ever be created for ony young man under such a passion. It's a' on account o' the siller; and I canna bring mysell to think that the love o' money should ever be the foundation-stane, or the keystone o' the arch o' a story intended for the perusal o' men o' moral and intellectual worth. Out he flees like a madman frae ane o' the hells, because he's ruined, and we are asked to pity him—or tak warnin' by him—or something o' that sort by way o' moral; but had he won, why another would have lost; and it is just as well that he should loup into the Thames wi' stanes in his pouches, as him that held the wonnin' haun—but to speak plain, they may baith gang to the deevil for me, without excitin' ony mair emotion in my mind than you are doin' the noo, Tickler, by puttin' a bit o' cheese on your forefinger, and then by a sharp smack on the palm, makin the mites spring into your mouth.

Tickler. I was doing no such thing, Hogg.

Shepherd. North, was na he?—Puir auld useless body! he's asleep. Age will tell. He canna staun a heavy scooper noo as he used to do—the toddy tells noo a hantle faster upon him, and the verra fire itself drowsifies him noo intil a dwawm—na, even the sound o' ane's vice, long continued, lulls him noo half or hail asleep, especially if your talk like mine demands thocht—and there indeed, you see, Mr. Tickler, how his chin fa's doon on his breast, till he seems—but for a slight snore—the image o' death. Heaven preserve us—only listen to that! 'Did ye ever hear the like o' that? What, is't a musical snuff-box? or what is't! Has he gotten a wee fairy musical snuff-box, I ask you, Mr. Tickler, within the nose o' him; or what or wha is't that's playin' that tune?

Tickler. It is indeed equally beautiful and mysterious.

Shepherd. I never heard "Auld Langsyne" played mair exactly in a' my life.

Tickler. "List—*Ö* list! if ever thou didst thy dear father love!"

Shepherd, (going up on tiptoes to MR. NORTH, and putting his ear close to the old gentleman's nose). By all that's miraculous, he is snoring "*Auld Langsyne!*" The Eolian harp's naething to that—it canna play a regular tune—but there's no a sweeter, safer, mair pathetic wund-instrument in being than his nose.

Tickler. I have often heard him, James, snore a few notes very sweetly, but never before a complete tune. With what powers the soul is endowed in dreams!

Shepherd. You may weel say that. Harkee! he's snorin't wi' variations! I'm no a Christian if he hasna gotten into *Maggy Lauder*. He's snorin' a medly in his sleep!

(TICKLER and the SHEPHERD listen entranced.)

Tickler. What a spirit-stirring snore is his *Erin go bragh!*

Shepherd. A' this is proof o' the immortality o' the sowle. Whisht—whisht!—(MR. NORTH snores "*God save the King.*") Ay—a loyal pawtriot even in the kingdom o' dreams! I wad rather hear that than Catalan, in the King's Anthem. We maun never mention this, Mr. Tickler. The world'll no believe't. The world's no ripe yet for the belief of sic a mystery.

Tickler. His nose, James, I think, is getting a little hoarse.

Shepherd. Less o' the tenor and mair o' the bass. He was a wee out o' tune there—and I suspek his nose wants blawin'. Here till him noo—"Croppies, lie doon," I declare—and see how he is clutchin' the crutch.

(NORTH awakes and for a moment like goshawk stares wild.)

North. Yes—I agree with you—there must be a dissolution.

Shepherd. A dissolution!

North. Yes—of Parliament. Let us have the sense of the people. I am an old Whig—a Whig of the 1688.

Tickler and Shepherd. Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw! Old North, old Eldon, and old Colchester,* for ever! Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!

North. No. Old Eldon alone! Give me the Dolphin. No. The Ivy-Tower. No need of a glass. Let us, one after the other, put the Ivy-Tower to our mouth, and drink him in pure Glenlivet.

Shepherd. On the table.

(The SHEPHERD and TICKLER offer to help NORTH to mount the table.)

North. Hands off, gentlemen. I scorn assistance. Look here!

* Lord Eldon, who was 78 at this time, was ill-fitted for office or political warfare. "Old Colchester" was 73 at the same date. He had filled the office of Speaker of the House of Commons from 1805 to 1817, when he was raised to the peerage, with a pension of £4000 a year. He died in 1829. He was a decided but not violent Tory.—M.

(NORTH, by dexterous movement, swings himself off his crutch erect on the table, and gives a helping hand first to SHEPHERD and then to TICKLER.)

Shepherd. That feat beats the snorin' a' to sticks! Faith, Tickler, we maun sing sma'. In a' things he's our maister. Alloo me, sir, to gang doon for your chair?

North. (*flinging his crutch to the roof.*) OLD ELDON!

(Tremendous cheering amidst the breakage of the descending *crutch.*)

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow.

(*Enter PICARDY and Tail in general consternation.*)

Shepherd. Luk at him noo, Picardy—luk at him noo!

Tickler. Firm on his pins as a pillar of the Parthenon.

Shepherd. Saw ye ever a pair o' straughter, mair sinewy legs, noo that he leans the hale weight o' his body on them; ay, wi' that out-stretched arm he stauns like a statue o' Demosthenes, about to utter the first word o' ane o' his Philippics.

(BRONTE leaps on the table, and stands by NORTH's knee with a determined aspect.)

North. Take the time from Bronte—OLD COLCHESTER!

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow.

(*Loud acclamations.*)

Shepherd. Come, let's dance a threesome reel.

North. Picardy—your fiddle.

(MR. AMBROSE takes Neil Gow from the peg, and plays.)

Shepherd. Hadna we better clear decks—

North. No—James. In my youth I could dance the ancient German sword dance, as described by Tacitus. Sir David, remove the Dolphin. I care not a jot for the rest of the crystal.

(NORTH, TICKLER, and the SHEPHERD thrid a threesome reel—BRONTE careering round the table in a Solo—PICARDY's bow-hand in high condition.)

Shepherd. Set to me, sir, set to me—never mind Tickler. Oh! but you're matchless at the Heelen' fling, sir. Luk at him, Mr. Ambrose.

Ambrose. Yes, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. I'll match him against a' the Heelans—either in breeks or out o' them—luk, luk—see him cuttin'!

(MR. NORTH motions to PICARDY, who stops playing, and with one bound leaps from the centre of the circular, over the Ivy Tower to the floor. SHEPHERD and TICKLER, in attempting to imitate the great original, fall on the floor, but recover their feet with considerable alacrity.)

North. (*resuming his chair.*) The Catholic Question is not

carried yet, gentlemen. Should it be, let it be ours to defend the Constitution.

Shepherd. Speak awa', sir, till I recover my breath. I'm sair blawn. Hear Tickler's bellows.

Tickler, (stretching his weary length on a sofa.) Whew—whew—whew. *(Exit PICARDY with his Tail.)*

North. Mr. Peel seems to have made a *hit* in the chief character of Sheil's play—The Apostate.

Tickler. Whew—whew—whew.

North. I confess I had no expectations' of seeing that play revived; still less of such a star as Robert Peel being prevailed upon to accept of such a miserable part.

Shepherd. It'll no gang down lang—they'll be hissing him, some day, aff the stage.

North. From the commencement of his career, have I regarded Robert Peel with pleasure and with pride; and when it does happen that an old man's heart has warmed towards a young one, it is not easy to chill the kindly glow—it is more difficult, it would seem, to change sentiments than opinions.

Shepherd. I heard twa three whalps the ither day braggin', "Noo, we'll see Blackwood's Magazine makin' a wheel;" but I gied them the lee dereck in their teeth, and they were mum.

North. Blackwood's Magazine may make a wheel, when the sun makes a wheel in heaven—and from his meridian tour runs back eastward.

Shepherd. The chariot o' Apollo *reisten* on the hill!

North. Oxford must not—must not re-elect Robert Peel.* Let her pity—forgive—if she can, respect—nay, admire him still—but let her not trust the betrayer.

Shepherd. And must we say gude nicht—without haen ance mentioned that name that wont to set the table in a roar—a roar o' glorying gratitude—to him wha—

North. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON! What! in solemn silence?

Tickler. Solemn—but not sullen—North.

* Sir Robert Peel, from the commencement of his public career in 1809, had been a devoted adherent of what used to be called "Church and State,"—which included strong antagonism to Catholic Emancipation. In 1828, when O'Connell, the Roman Catholic leader, was elected Member of Parliament for Clare, and—in the Duke of Wellington's opinion—Ireland was on the eve of a civil war, it was resolved to yield to "that unspiritual god, Circumstance," and abolish the civil disabilities of the Catholics. Peel, who was Home Secretary, justified his change of opinion and conduct by saying (in reply to a severe attack by Sir Charles Wetherell,) "I shall follow the example of the pilot, who does not always steer the same course to guard the ship from danger, but a different course under different circumstances, as they arise, in order to save the vessel from the very dangers which the captain and crew have most dreaded."—As he sat for Oxford University as an Anti-Catholic, he resigned his seat, stood a contest with Sir R. Inglis, was defeated, and returned to Parliament for the borough of Westbury. His "apostacy" and "treachery," (as the Protestant party called it,) lost him many friends, and in 1830, so far weakened him that the break-up of the Wellington Ministry, by the Whigs, was not difficult. It took years to re-construct the party.—M.

North. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—or wag in mumbling palsy—if ever my breath seek to stain the lustre of that glorious name. He saved England.

Shepherd. Dinna put on that kind o' a face, I beseech you, sir. The expression o't is sae incomprehensible, that I know not whether to houp or fear for my country.

North. We who never feared must hope. Oh! I could prophesy!

Shepherd. So could I, for that matter; but I hate to look into clouds and darkness.

Tickler. Let us swear to meet this day month. Shall the Popish Association put down the Government? And may not the Protestant Association restore the State?

North. It might—it may.

Shepherd. Oh! my dear sir, my imagination kindles when I look on your bald forehead. It would be as easy to *turn you round* as an auld oak tree. Na, not so easy, for Sir Henry Steuart o' Allanton, wi' his machinery, could turn roun' an auld oak-tree, but no a' the powers o' earth, wi' a' their machinery, could skrew you ae hair's breadth roun' fra the position on which you hae taken your staun; as sune turn roun' a rock-built tower, to face the settin', instead o' the risin' sun.

North. My dear James, you are too partial to the old man.

Shepherd. I speak the sense o' the nation. You are Abdiel grown auld, but faithful as in youth—still the dauntless angel.

North. One bumper at parting.

THE KING!

AND MAY HE NEVER FORGET THOSE PRINCIPLES WHICH SEATED HIS
FAMILY ON THE THRONE OF THESE REALMS.

(*Endless cheering, and then Exeunt Omnes.*)

NO. XLII.—APRIL, 1829.

SCENE I.—*The Snuggery.—Time, Eight o'clock.—The Union-Table, with Tea and Coffee-pots. and the O'Doherty China-set—Cold Round—Pies—Oysters—Rizzars—Pickled Salmon, &c., &c., &c. A How-Towdie whirling before the fire over a large basin of mashed Potatoes.—The Boiler on.—A Bachelor's Kitchen on the small Oval.—A Dumb Waiter at each end of the Union.*

NORTH—SHEPHERD.

Shepherd. This I ca' comfort, sir. Every thing within oursell—nae need to ring the bell the leevelang night—nae openin' o' cheepin', nae shuttin' o' clashin' doors—nae trampin' o' waiters across the carpet wi' creakin' shoon—or stumblin', clumsy coofs—to the great spillin' o' gravy—but a' things, eatable and uneatable, either hushed into a cosy calm, or —

North. Now light, James, the lamp of the Bachelor's Kitchen with Tickler's card, and in a quarter of an hour, minus five minutes, you shall scent and see such steaks!

Shepherd. Only look at the towdy, sir, how she swings sae granly roun' by my garters, after the fashion o' a planet. It's a beautiful example o' centrifugal attraction. See till the fat dreep-dreepin' intil the ashet o' mashed potawtoes, oilifying the crusted brown intil a mair delicious richness o' mixed vegetable and animal matter! As she swings slowly twirling roun', I really canna say, sir, for I dinna ken, whether bany back or fleshy briest be the maist temptin'! Sappy baith!

North. Right, James—baste her—baste her—don't spare the flour. Nothing tells like the dredge-box.

Shepherd. You're a capital man-cook, sir.

North. For plain roast and boil, I yield to no mortal man. Nor am I inconsiderable shakes at stews. What a beautiful blue magical light glimmers from that wonder-working lamp, beneath whose necromancy you already hear the sweet low bubble and squeak of the maturing steak! Off with the lid, James.

(The SHEPHERD doffs the lid of the Bachelor's Kitchen.)

Shepherd. What a pabblin'! A' hotchin' like a sea in a squall, or a patfu' o' boilin' parritch! What a sweat savour! Is't na like

honeysuckle, sir, or sweet-brier, or broom, or whuns, or thyme, or roses, or carnations? Or rather like the scent o' these a' conglomerated thegither in the dewy mornin' air, when, as sune as you open the window, the haill house is overflowing wi' fragrance, and a body's a maist sick with the sweet, warm, thick air, that slowly wins its way, like palpable balm, arm in arm wi' the licht that waukens the yellow-billed blackbird in her nest amang the cottage creepers, or reopens the watchful een o' her neighbor, the bonny spotted mavis! Let's pree't.

(SHEPHERD tastes.)

North. Ay—I could have told you so. Rash man, to swallow liquid and solid fire! But no more spluttering. Cool your tongue with a caulker.

Shepherd. That lamp's no canny. It intensifies hetness intil an atrocity abune natur. Is the skin flyped aff my tongue, sir?

(SHEPHERD shows his tongue.)

North. Let me put on my spectacles. A slight incipient inflammation not worth mentioning.

Shepherd. I houp an incipient inflammation's no a dangerous sort?

North. Is that indeed the tongue, my dear James, that trills so sweetly and so simply those wild Doric strains? How deeply, darkly, beautifully red! Just like a rag of scarlet. No scurf—say rather no haze around the lambent light. A rod of fire—an arrow of flame. A tongue of ten thousand, prophesying an eagle or raven life.

Shepherd. I aye like, sir, to keep a gude tongue in my head, ever since I wrote the Chaldee mannyscripp.

North. Humph!—no more infallible mark of a man of genius, James, than the shape of his tongue. It is uniformly long, so that he can shoot it out, with an easy grace, to the tip of his nose.

Shepherd. This way.

North. Precisely so. Fine all round the edge, from root to tip—underneath very veinous—surface in color near as may be to that of a crimson curtain shining in setting sunlight. But the tip—James—the tip——

Shepherd. Like that o' the serpent's that deceived Eve, sir—curlin' up and down like the musical leaf o' some magical tree——

North. It is a singular fact with regard to the tongue, that if you cut off the half of it, the proprietor of the contingent remainder can only mumble—but cut it off wholly, and he speaks fully better than before.

Shepherd. That's a hang'd lee.

North. As true a word as ever I spoke, James.

Shepherd. Perhaps it may, sir, but it's a hang'd lee, neverthe less.

North. Dish the steaks, my dear James, and I shall cut down the howtowdie.

(*NORTH and the SHEPHERD furnish up the Ambrosial tables, and sit down to serious devouring.*)

North. Now, James, acknowledge it—don't you admire a miscellaneous meal?

Shepherd. I do. Breakfast, noon, dinner, four-hours, and sooper, a' in ane. A material emblem o' that spiritual substance, Blackwood's Magazine! Can it possibly be, sir, that we are twa gluttons?

North. Gluttons we most assuredly are not; but each of us is a man of good appetite. What is gluttony?

Shepherd. Some mair steaks, sir?

North. Very few, my dear James, very few.

Shepherd. What's gluttony?

North. Some eggs!

Shepherd. Ae spoonfu'. What a layer she wad hae been! O but she's a prolific creature, Mr. North, your howtowdie! It's necessary to kill heaps o' yearocks, or the hail kintra wud be a-cackle frae John o' Groat's House to St. Michael's Mount.

North. Sometimes I eat merely as an amusement or pastime—sometimes for recreation of my animal spirits—sometimes on the philosophical principle of sustenance—sometimes for the mere sensual, but scarcely sinful, pleasure of eating, or, in common language, gormandizing—and occasionally, once a month or so, for all these several purposes united, as at this present blessed moment; so a few flakes, my dear Shepherd, of that Westmoreland ham—lay the knife on it, and its own weight will sink it down through the soft sweet sappiness of fat and lean, undistinguishably blended as the colors of the rainbow, and out of all sight incomparably more beautiful.

Shepherd. As for me, I care nae mair about what I eat, than I do what kind o' bed I sleep upon, sir. I hate ony thing stinkin' or mouldy at board—or ony thing damp or musty in bed. But let the vivres be but fresh and wholesome—and if it's but scones and milk, I shut my een, say a grace, fa' to, and am thankfu';—let the bed be dry, and whether soft or hard, feathers, hair, caff, straw, or heather, I'm fast in ten minutes, and my sowl waverin' awa like a butterfly intil the land o' dreams.

North. Not a more abstemious man than old Kit North in his Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets. I have the most accommodating of palates.

Shepherd. Yes—it's a universal genius. I ken naething like it, sir, but your stomach. "Sure such a pair were never seen!" Had ye never the colic?

North. Never, James, never. I confess that I have been guilty of many crimes, but never of a capital crime,—never of colic.

Shepherd. There's muckle confusion o' ideas in the brains of the blockheads who accuse us o' gluttony, Mr. North. Gluttony may be defined "an immoral and unintellectual abandonment o' the sowl o' man to his gustative natur." I defy a brute animal to be a glutton. A swine's no a glutton. Nae cretur but man can be a glutton. A' the rest are prevented by the definition.

North. Is there any test of gluttony, James?

Shepherd. Watch twa men eatin'. As lang's there's a power or capacity o' smilin' on their cheeks, and in and about their een,—as lang's they keep lookin' at you, and round about the table, attendin' to or joinin' in the tauk, or the speakin' cawm,—as lang's they every noo an' than lay doon their knife and fork, to ca' for yill, or ask a young leddy to tak wine, or tell an anecdote, as lang's they keep frequently ca'in' on the servant lad or lass for a clean plate—as lang's they glower on the framed picturs or prents on the wa', and askin' if the tane's originals and the tither proofs,—as lang's they offer to carve the tongue or turkey—depend on't they're no in a state o' gluttony, but are devourin' their soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, like men and Christians. But as sune's their chin gets creeshy—their cheeks lank, sallow, and clunk-clunky—their nostrils wide—their een fixed—their faces close to their trencher—and themsel's dum-bies—then you may see a specimen "o' the immoral and unintellectual abandonment o' the sowl o' man to his gustative natur;" then is the fast, foul, fat feeder a glutton, the maist disgustfuest cretur that sits—and far aneath the level o' them that feed on a' fowers, out o' trochs on garbage.

North. Sensuality is the most shocking of all sins, and its name is Legion.

Shepherd. Ay, there may be as muckle gluttony on sowens as on turtle soup. A ploughman may be as greedy and as gutsy as an alderman. The sin lies not in the sense but in the sowl. Sir—a red-herring?

North. Thank ye, James.

Shepherd. Are you drinkin' coffee? Let me toast you a shave o' bread, and butter it for you on baith sides, sir?

(*The SHEPHERD kneels on the Tiger,* and stretches out the Trident to Vulcan.*)

North. Heaven will reward ye, James, for your piety to the old man.

Shepherd. Dinna, think, sir, that I care about your last wull and testament. I'm nae legacy-hunter—nae Post-obit. But hae ye added the codicil?

* *The Tiger*,—a hearth-rug, into which is woven the image of a tiger.—M.

North. The man who has not made his will at forty is worse than a fool—almost a knave.

Shepherd. I ken nae better test o' wisdom—wisdom in its highest sense—than a just last will and testament. It blesseth generations yet unborn. It guardeth and strengtheneth domestic peace—and maketh brethren to dwell together in unity. Being dead, the wise testator yet liveth—his spirit abideth invisible, but felt ower the roof-tree, and delighteth, morning and evening, in the thanksgiving Psalm.

North. One would think it were easy to act well in that matter.

Shepherd. One would think it were easy to act weel, sir, in a' matters. Yet hoo difficult! The sowl seems, somehow or ither, to lose her simplicity, to keep restlessly glourin' round and round about wi' a thousan' artificial ogles up a' the cross and by-paths leadiu' nae single body kens whither, unless it be into brakes, and thickets, and quagmires, and wildernesses o' moss—where ane may wander wearily and drearily up and doon for years, and never recover the richt road again, till death touches him on the shoulder, and doon he fa's amang them that were, leavin' a' that lucked up to him for his effects in doubt and dismay and desolation, wi' sore and bitter hearts, uncertain whether to gie vent to their feelings in blessings or in curses, in execration or prayer.

North. Of all the vices of old age, may gracious Heaven, my dearest James, for ever shield me from avarice!

Shepherd. Nae fear o' that. There's either just ae enjoyment o' siller, or five hunder thousan' million. The rich maun either spend it thick and fast, as a nightingale scatters her notes on the happy air—or sit upon his guineas, like a clockin' hen on a heap o' yellow addled eggs amang the nettles.

North. Picturesquely true.

Shepherd. Oh, sir! what delicht to a wise rich man in being lavish—in being prodigal! For thae twa words only carry blame alang wi' them according to the character o' the giver or the receiver. Wha mair lavish—wha mair prodigal than the Sun? Yet let him shower his beams for ever and ever all ower the Planetary System, frae Venus wi' her cestus to Saturn wi' his ring, and nane the poorer, either in light or in heat, is he—and nane the poorer will he ever be, till the hand that hung him on high shall cut the golden cord by which he liveth in the sky, and he falls, his duty done, into the bosom of Chaos and Old Night!

North. My dear Shepherd!

Shepherd. But the Sun he shineth wi' unborrowed light. There's the bonnie Moon, God bless her mildest face, that loveth still to cheer the pensive nicht wi' a lustre lent her by the joyful day—to give to earth a' she receives frae heaven. Puir, senseless, ungratefu'

creturs we! Eyeing her frae our ain narrow vales, we ca' her changefu' and inconstant! But is na she, sweet satellite, for ever journeying on her gracious round, and why will we grudge her smiles to them far frae us, seein' we are a' children to ae Maker, and, according to his perfect laws, a' partakers in the same impartial bounty? Here's a nice brown shave for you, sir.

(The SHEPHERD rises from his knees on the rug—takes the bread from the prongs of the Trident, and fresh butters it on both sides for MR. NORTH, who receives it with a benign bow.)

North. Uncommonly yellow this butter, James, for the season. The grass must be growing—

Shepherd. Ay, you may hear't growin'. What years for vegetation the last beautifu' and glorious Three! The ongoin'gs o' natur are in the lang run regular and steady;—but noo and then the mighty mother seems to obey some uncontrollable impulse far within her fair large bosom, and “wantons as in her prime,” out-doing her very self in beneficence to earth, and that mysterious concave we ca' heaven.

North. In spite of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, corns, and chilblains, into the Forest shall I wend my way, James, before midsummer.

Shepherd. And young and auld will be but ower happy to see you, sir, frae the lanely Douglas Tower to those o' Newark. Would ye believe't, an old ash stullion in the garden hedge of Mount Bengier shot out six scions last year, the langest o' them nine, and the shortest seven feet lang? That was growin' for you, sir.

North. There has been much planting of trees lately, in the Forest, James?

Shepherd. To my taste, to tell the truth, rather ower muckle—especially o' nurses.

North. Nurses! wet or dry nurses, James?

Shepherd. Baith. Larches and Scotch firs; or you may ca' them schoolmasters, that teach the young idea how to shoot. But thinnins in the Forest never can pay, I suspeck; and except on bleaky knows, the hard wood wad grow better, in my opinion, left to themselfs, without either nurses or schoolmasters. The nurses are apt to overlay the weans, and the schoolmasters to forget, or what's waur, to flog their pupils; and thus the rising is a stunted generation.

North. Forty-five years ago, my dear James, when you were too young to remember much, I loved the Forest for its solitary single trees, ancient yew or sycamore, black in the distance, but when

near, how gloriously green! Tall, delicately-feathered ash, whose limbs were still visible in latest summer's leafiness—birch, in early spring, weeping and whispering in its pensive happiness by the perpetual din of its own waterfall—oak, yellow in the suns of June—

Shepherd. "The grace of forest wood decayed,
And pastoral melancholy!"

North. What lovely lines! Who writes like Wordsworth!

Shepherd. Tuts! Me ower young to remember muckle forty-five years ago! You're speakin' havers. I was then twal—and I remember every thing I ever heard or saw since I was three year auld. I recollect the mornin' I was pitten intil breeks as distinckly as if it was this verra day. They hurt me sair atween the fork and the inside o' the knees—but oh! I was a prood man—and the lamb that I chased all the way frae my father's hut to Ettrick Manse, round about the kirk, till I caught it on a gowany grave, and lay doon wi't in my arms on the sunny heap, had nae need to be ashamed o' itself, for I hunted it like a colley—although when I gruppied it at last, I held it to my beatin' bosom as tenderly as ever I hae since done wee Jamie, when pitten the dear cretur intil the crib that stauns at the side o' his mither's bed, after e'enin' prayers.

North. I feel not undelightfully, my dear James, that I must be waxing old—very old—for of the last ten years of my life I remember almost nothing except by an effort—whereas the first ten—commencing with that bright, clear, undying light that borders the edge of the oblivion of infancy—have been lately becoming more intensely distinct—so that often the past is with me as it were the present—and the sad gray-haired ancient is again a blest golden-headed boy, singing a chorus with the breeze, and the birds and the streams. Alas! and alack a day!

Shepherd. 'Tis only sae that we ever renew our youth. Oh, sir! I hinna forgotten the color o' the plumage o' ae single dove that ever sat cooin' of old on the growin' turf-riggin' o' my father's hut! Ae great muckle, big, beautifu' ane in particular, blue as if it had dropt doon frae the sky—I see the noo, a' neck and bosom, cooin' and cooin' deep as distant thunder, round and round his mate, wha was whiter than the white sae-faem, makin' love to the snawy creture—wha cowered doon in fear afore her imperious and impassioned lord—yet in love stronger than fear—showing hoo in a' leevin' natur passions seemingly the maist remote frae ane anither, coalesce into mysterious union by means o' ae pervading and interfusing speerit, that quickens the pulses o' that inscrutable secret—life!

North. All linnets have died, James—that race of loveliest lilters is extinct.

Shepherd. No thae. Broom and bracken are tenanted by the glad, meek creturs still—but the chords o' music in our hearts are sair unstrung—the harp o' our heart has lost its melody. But come out to the Forest, my dear, my honored sir, and fear not then when we twa are walking thegither without speakin' among the hills, you

“Will feel the airs that from them blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,”

and the wild, uncertain, waverin' music o' the Eolian harp that natur plays upon in the solitude, will again echo far far awa' among the recesses o' your heart, and the linty will sing as sweetly as ever among the blossomis o' the milk-white thorn. Or, if you canna be brocht to feel sae, you'll hae but to look in my wee Jamie's face, and his glistening een will convince you that Scotia's nightingale still singeth as sweetly as of yore! But let us sit into the fire, sir.

North. Thank you, Shepherd—thank you, James.

Shepherd. (*wheeling his father's chair to the ingle-corner, and singing the while.*)

“THERE'S CHRISTOPHER NORTH, THAT WONS IN YON GLEN,
HE'S THE KING O' GUDE FALLOWS AND WALE O' AULD MEN!”

North. I cannot bear, James, to receive such attention paid to my bodily weakness—I had almost said, my decrepitude—by any living soul but yourself. How is that, my dear Shepherd?

Shepherd. Because I treat you wi' tenderness, but no wi' pity—wi' sympathy, but no wi' compassion —

North. My dear James, ye must give us a book on synonymes. What delicacy of distinction!

Shepherd. I suspeck, sir, that mother wut and mother feelin' hae mair to do wi' the truth o' metaphysical etymology and grammar, than either lair or labor. Ken the meanin', by self-experience, o' a' the nicest shades o' thoughts and feelings, and devil the fears but you'll ken the meanin's o' the nicest shades o' syllables and words.

North. Good, James. Language flows from two great sources—the head and the heart. Each feeds ten thousand rills —

Shepherd. Reflectin' different imagery—but no sae very different either—for—you see —

North. I see nothing, James, little or nothing, till you blow away the intervening mist by the breath of genius, and then the whole world outshines, like a panorama with a central sun.

Shepherd. Ah! sir, you had seen the hale world afore ever I kent you—a perfect wandering Ulysses.

North. Yes, James, I have circumnavigated the globe, and intersected it through all its zones, and, by Jupiter, there is not a climate comparable to that of Scotland.

Shepherd. I believ't. Blest be Providence for having saved my life frae the curse o' a stagnant sky—a monotonous heaven. On flat land, and aneath an ever blue lift, I should soon hae been a perfect idiwit.

North. What a comical chap, James, you would have been, had you been born a negro!

Shepherd. Aye—I think I see you, sir, wi' great blubber lips, a mouthfu' o' muckle white horse's teeth, and a head o' hair like the woo atween a ram's horns when he's grown ancient amang the mountains. What Desdemona could hae stood out against sic an Othello?

North. Are negroes, gentlemen, to sit in both Houses of Parliament?

Shepherd. Nae politics the nicht—nae politics. I'm sick o' politics. Let's speak about the weather. This has been a fine day, sirs.

North. A first-rate day, indeed, James. Commend me to a Day who does not stand shilly-shallying during the whole morning and forenoon, with hands in his breeches' pockets, or bitin' his nails, and scratching his head, unable to make up his mind in what fancy character he is to appear from meridian to sunset—but who —

Shepherd. Breaks out o' the arms o' the dark-haired bright-ee'd night, with the power and pomp o' a Titan, and frightenin' that bit puir timid lassie the Dawn out o' her seven senses, in thunder and lightning a' at ance storms the sky, till creation is drenched in flood, bathed in fire, and rocked by earthquake. That's the day for a poet, sirs—that's a pictur for the ee, and that's music for the lug o' imagination, sirs, till ane's verra speerit cums to creawte the war it trummles at, and to be composed o' the self-same yelements, gloomin' and boomin', blackenin' and brightenin', pourin' and roarin', and awsomey confusin' and confoundin' heaven and earth, and this life and the life that is to come, and a' the passions that loup up at sights and souns, joy, hope, fear, terror, exultation, and that mysterious up-risin' and downfa'in' o' our mortal hearts, connected some hoo or ither wi' the fleein cluds, and the tossin' trees, and the red rivers in spate, and the sullen looks o' black bits o' sky like faces, together wi' ane and a' o' thae restless shows o' uneasy natur appertainin', God knows hoo, but maist certain sure it is so, to the region, the rueful region o' man's entailed inheritance—the grave!

North. James, you are very pale—very white about the gills—

are you well enough? Turn up your little finger. Pale! nay, now they are more of the color of my hat—as if

“In the scowl of heaven, his face
Grew black as he was speaking.”

The shadow of the thunder-cloud threatening the eyes of his imagination, has absolutely darkened his face of clay. He seems at a funeral, James!

Shepherd. Whare's the moral? What's the use of thunder, except in a free country? There's nae grandeur in the terror o' slaves flingin' themsells doon on their faces amang the sugar-canes, in a tornawdo. But the low quick heatin' at the heart o' a freeman, a bauld-faced son o' liberty, when simultawneous flash and crash rends Natur to her core, why that flutter, sir, that does homage to a Power aboon us, exalts the dreadful magnificence o' the instruments that Power employs to subjugate our souls to his sway, and makes thunder and lichtnin', in sic a country as England and Scotland, sublime.

North. The short and the long of the matter seems to be, James, that when it thunders you funk.

Shepherd. Yes, sir, thunders frightens me *into* my senses.

North. Well said, James—well said.

Shepherd. Heaven forgive me, but ten out o' the eighteen wakin' hours, I am an atheist.

North. And I.

Shepherd. And a' men. Puir, pitifu', ungratefu', and meeserable wretches that we are—waur than worms. An atheist's a godless man. Sweep a' thoughts o' his Maker out o' ony man's heart—and what better is he, as lang's the floor o' his being continues bare, than an atheist?

North. Little better indeed.

Shepherd. I envy—I honor—I venerate—I love—I bless the man, who, like the patriarchs of old, ere sin drowned the world, ever walks with God.

North. James, here we must not get too solemn ——

Shepherd. That's true; and let me hope that I'm no sae forgetfu' as I fear. In this season o' the year, especially when the flowers are a' seen again in lauchin' flocks ower the braes, like children returnin' to school after a lang snaw, I can wi' truth avoo, that the sight o' a primrose is to me like the soun' o' a prayer, and that I seldom walk alone by myself for half a mile, without thochts sae calm and sae serene, and sae humble and sae grateful, that I houp I'm no deceivin' myself, noo when I venture to ca' them—religious.

North. No, James, you are not self-deceived. Poetry melts into Religion.

Shepherd. It is Religion, sir ; for what is Religion but a clear—often a sudden—insicht, accompanied wi' emotion, into the dependance o' a' beauty and a' glory on the Divine Mind ? A wee bit dew-wat gowany, as it makes a scarcely perceptible sound and stir, which it often does, among the grass that loves to shelter but not hide the bonnie earth-born star, glintin' up sae kindly wi' its face into mine, while by good fortune my feet touched it not, has hundreds o' times affected me as profoundly as ever did the Sun himsell setting in a' his glory—as profoundly—and, oh ! far mair tenderly, for a thing that grows and grows, and becomes every hour mair and mair beautiful, and then hangs fixed for a season in the perfection o' its lovely delight, and then—wae is me—begins to be a little dim—and then dimmer and dimmer, till we feel that it is indeed—in very truth, there's nae denyin't—fading—fading—faded—gone—dead—buried. Oh ! sir, sic an existence as that has an overwhelmin' analogy to our ain life—and *that* I hae felt—nor doubt I that you, my dear sir, hae felt it too—when on some saft, sweet, silent incense-breathing morning o' spring—far awa, perhaps, frae the smoke o' ony human dwellin', and walkin' ye cared na, kent na whither—sae early that the ground-bees were but beginnin' to hum out o' their bikes—when, I say, some flower suddenly attracted the licht within your ee, wi' a power like that o' the loadstone, and though, perhaps, the commonest o' the flowers that beautify the braes o' Scotland—only, as I said, a bit ordinary gowan—yet, what a sudden rush o' thochts and feelings overflowed your soul at the simple sight ! while a' nature became for a moment overspread wi' a tender haze belongin' not to hersell, for there was naething there to bedim her brightness, but existin' only in your ain twa silly een, sheddin' in the solitude a few holy tears !

North. James, I will trouble you for the red-herrings.

Shepherd. There. Mr. North, I could write twuntty vollumms about the weather. Wad they sell ?

North. I fear they might be deficient in incident.

Shepherd. Naething I write's ever deficient in incident. Between us three, what think ye o' my Shepherd's Calendar ?

North. Admirable, my dear James, admirable. To tell you the truth, I never read it in the Magazine ; but I was told the papers were universally liked there—and now, as Vols., they are beyond—above—all praise.

Shepherd. But wull you say that in black and white in the Magazine ? What's the use o' rousin' a body to their face, and abusin' them ahint their backs ? Setting them upon a pedestal in private, and in public layin' them a' their length on the floor ? You're jealous o' me, sir, that's the real truth,—and you wish that I was dead.

North. Pardon me, James, I merely wish that you had never been born.

Shepherd. That's far mair wicked. Oh! but jealousy and envy's twa delusive passions, and they pu' you down frae your aerial altitude, sir, like twa ravens ruggin' an eagle frae the sky.

North. From literary jealousy, James, even of you, my soul is free as the stone-shaded well in your garden from the ditch-water that flows around it on a rainy day. I but flirt with the Muses, and when they are faithless, I whistle the haggards down the wind, and puff all care away with a cigar. But I have felt *the* jealousy, James, and of all passions it alone springs from seed waisted into the human heart from the Upas Tree of Hell.

Shepherd. Wheesht! wheesht!

North. Shakspeare has but feebly painted that passion in Othello. A complete failure. I never was married, that I recollect—neither am I a black man,—therefore I do not pretend to be a judge of Othello's conduct and character. But, in the first place, Shakspeare ought to have been above taking an anomalous case of jealousy. How could a black husband escape being jealous of a white wife? There was a cause of jealousy given in his very fate.

Shepherd. Eh?—what?—what?—eh? Faith, there's something in that observation.

North. Besides, had Desdemona lived, she would have produced a mulatto. Could she have seen their "visages in their minds?" Othello and she going to church, with a brood of tawnies—

Shepherd. I dinna like to hear you speakin' that way. Dinna profane poetry.

North. Let not poetry profane nature. I am serious, James. That which in real life would be fulsome, cannot breathe sweetly in fiction; for fiction is still a reflection of truth, and truth is sacred.

Shepherd. I agree wi' you sae far, that the Passion o' Jealousy in Luve can only be painted wi' perfect natur in a man that stands towards a woman in a perfectly natural relation. Otherwise, the picture may be well painted, but it is still but a picture of a particular and singular exhibition o' the passion—in short, as you say, o' an anomaly. I like a word I dinna weel understan'.

North. Mr. Wordsworth calls Desdemona, "the gentle lady married to the Moor," and the line has been often quoted and admired. It simply asserts two facts—that she was a gentle lady, and that she was married to the Moor. What then?

Shepherd. I forgie her—I pity her—but I can wi' difficulty respeck her—I confess. It was a curious kind o' hankerin' after an opposite color.

North. Change the character and condition of the parties. Can you imagine a white hero falling in love wi' a black heroine, in a

country where there were plenty of white women? Marrying and murdering her in an agony of rage and love?

Shepherd. I can only answer for mysell. 'I never could bring mysell to marry a Blackamoor.

North. Yet they are often sweet, gentle, affectionate, meek, mild, humble and devoted creatures—Desdemonas.

Shepherd. But men and women, sir, I verily believe, are different in many things respecting the passion o' luve. I've kent bonnie, young, bloomin' lasses sa' in luve wi' auld, wizen'd, yellow, disgustin' fallows—I hae indeed, sir. It was their fancy. But I never heard tell o' a young, handsome, healthy chiel gettin' impassioned on an auld, wrunkled, shranky hag, without a tocher. Now, sir, Othello was —

North. Well—well—let it pass —

Shepherd. Ay—that's the way o' you—the instant you begin to see the argument gaen against you, you turn the conversation, either by main force, or by a quirk or a sophism, and sae escape frae the net that was about to be flung ower you, and like a bird, awa' up into the air—or invisible ower the edge of the horizon.

North. Well, then, James, what say you to lago?

Shepherd. What about him?

North. Is his character in nature?

Shepherd. I dinna ken. But what for no?

North. What was his motive? Pure love of mischief?

Shepherd. Aiblins.

North. Pride in power, and in skill to work mischief?

Shepherd. Aiblins.

North. Did he hate the Moor even to the death?

Shepherd. Aiblins.

North. Did he resolve to work his ruin, let the consequences to himself be what they might?

Shepherd. It would seem sae.

North. Did he know that his own ruin—his own death, must follow the success of this scheme?

Shepherd. Hoo can I tell that?

North. Was he blinded utterly to such result by his wickedness directed against Othello?

Shepherd. Perhaps he was. Hoo can I tell?

North. Or did he foresee his own doom—and still go on unappalled?

Shepherd. It might be sae, for any thing I ken to the contrary. He was owre cool and calculatin' to be blinded.

North. Is he then an intelligible or an unintelligible character?

Shepherd. An unintelligible.

North. Therefore not a natural character. I say, James, that his

conduct from first to last, cannot be accounted for by any view that can be taken of his character. The whole is a riddle—of which Shakspeare has not given the solution. Now, all human nature is full of riddles; but it is the business of dramatic poets to solve them, and this one Shakspeare has left unsolved. But having himself proposed it, he was bound either to have solved it, or to have set such a riddle as the wit of man could have solved in two centuries. Therefore —

Shepherd. Othello is a bad play?

North. Not bad, but not good—that is, not greatly good—not in the first order of harmonious and mysterious creations—not a work worthy of Shakspeare.

Shepherd. Confound me if I can tell whether you're speakin' sense or nonsense—truth or havers; or whether you be serious, or only playin' aff upon me some o' your Mephistophiles tricks. I aften think you're an evil speerit in disguise, and that your greatest delight is in confounding truth and falsehood.

North. My dear James, every word I have now uttered may be mere nonsense. I cannot tell. But do you see my drift?

Shepherd. Na. I see you like a veshel tryin' to beat up against a strong wund and a strong tide, and driftin' awa to leeward, till it's close in upon the shore, and about to gang stern foremost in amang the rocks and the breakers. Sae far I see your drift, and nae farther. You'll soon fa' ower on your beam ends, and become a total wreck.

North. Well, then, mark my drift, James. We idolize Genius, to the neglect of the worship of Virtue. To our thoughts, Genius is all in all—Virtue absolutely nothing. Human nature seems to be glorified in Shakspeare, because his intellect was various and vast, and because it comprehended a knowledge of all the workings, perhaps of human being. But if there be truth in that faith to which the Christian world is bound, how dare we, on that ground, to look on Shakspeare as almost greater and better than Man? Why, to criticise one of his works poorly, or badly, or insolently, is it held to be blasphemy? Why? Is Genius so sacred, so holy a thing, *per se*, and apart from Virtue? Folly all! One truly good action performed is worth all that ever Shakspeare wrote. Who is the Swan of Avon in comparison to the humblest being that ever purified his spirit in the waters of eternal life?

Shepherd. Speak awa! I'll no interrupt you—but whether I agree wi' you or no's anither question.

North. Only listen, James, to our eulogies on Genius. How Virtue must veil her radiant forehead before that idol! How the whole world speaks out her ceaseless sympathy with the woes of Genius! How silent as frost, when Virtue pines! Let a young

poet poison himself in wrathful despair—and all the Muses weep over his unhallowed bier. Let a young Christian die under the visitation of God, who weeps? No eye but his mother's. We know that such deaths are every day—every hour—but the thought affects us not—we have no thought—and heap after heap is added, unbewailed, to city or country churchyard. But let a poet, forsooth, die in youth—pay the debt of nature early—and nature herself, throughout her elements, must in turn pay tribute to his shade.

Shepherd. Dinna mak me unhappy, sir—dinna mak me sae very unhappy, sir, I beseech you—try and explain awa what you hae said, to the satisfaction o' our hearts and understandins.

North. Impossible. We are base idolaters. 'Tis infatuation—not religion. Is it Genius, or is it Virtue, that shall send a soul to heaven?

Shepherd. Virtue—there's nae denying that;—Virtue, sir—Virtue.

North. Let us then feel, think, speak, and act, as if we so believed. Is poetry necessary to our salvation. Is Paradise Lost better than the New Testament?

Shepherd. Oh! dinna mak me unhappy. Say again that Poetry is religion.

North. Religion has in it the finest and truest spirit of poetry, and the finest and truest spirit of poetry has in it the spirit of religion. But—

Shepherd. Sae nae mair—sae nae mair. I'm satisfied wi' that—

North. Oh! James, it makes my very soul sick within me to hear the puny whinings poured by philosophical sentimentalists over the failings—the errors—the vices of genius! There has been, I fear, too much of that traitorous dereliction of the only true faith, even in some eloquent eulogies on the dead, which I have been the means of giving to the world. Have you not often felt that, when reading what has been said about our own immortal Burns?

Shepherd. I have in my calmer moments.

North. While the hypocritical and the base exaggerated all that illustrious man's aberrations from the right path, nor had the heart to acknowledge the manifold temptations strewed around his feet,—the enthusiastic and the generous ran into the other extreme, and weakly—I must not say wickedly—strove to extenuate them into mere trifles—in too many instances to deny them altogether; and when too flagrant to be denied, dared to declare that we were bound to forget and forgive them on the score of the poet's genius—as if genius, the guardian of virtue, could ever be regarded as the pander to vice, and the slave of sin. Thus they were willing to sacrifice morality, rather than that the idol set up before their imagination should be degraded; and did far worse injury, and offered far worse

insult to Virtue and Religion, by thus slurring over the offences of Burns against both, than ever was done by those offences themselves; for Burns bitterly repented what they almost canonized; and the evil practice of one man can never do so much injury to society as the evil theory of a thousand. Burns erred greatly and grievously; and since the world knows that he did, as well from friends as from foes, let us be lenient and merciful to him, whose worth was great; but just and faithful to that law of right, which must on no consideration be violated by our judgments, but which must maintain and exercise its severe and sovereign power over all transgressions, and more especially over the transgressions of those to whom nature has granted endowments that might have been, had their possessors nobly willed it, the ministers of unmingled good to themselves and the whole human race.

Shepherd. You've written better about Burns yourself, sir, nor any body else breathin'. That you hae—baith better and aftener—and a' friends of the poet ought to be grateful to Christopher North.

North. That is true praise coming from my Shepherd. But I have fallen into the error I now reprehended.

Shepherd. There's a set o' sumphs that say periodical literature has degraded the hail literature o' the age. They refer us to the standard warks o' the auld school.

North. There is intolerable impertinence in such opinions—and disgusting ignorance. Where is the body of philosophical criticism of which these prigs keep prating, to be found? Aristotle's Poetics is an admirable manual—as far as it goes—but no more than a manual—outlines for a philosophical lecturer to fill up into a theory. Quintilian is fuller—but often false and oftener feeble—and too formal by far. Longinus was a man of fine enthusiasm, and wrote from an awakened spirit. But he was not a master of principles—though to a writer so eloquent I shall not deny the glory of deserving that famous panegyric,

“And is himself the Great Sublime he draws.”

There is nothing else left us from antiquity deserving the name of philosophical criticism. Of the French school of philosophical criticism, I need say nothing—La Harpe is clear and sparkling enough, but very common-place and very shallow. The names of twenty others prior to him I might recollect if I chose—but I choose at present to forget them all—as the rest of the world has done. As to the English school, Dryden and Dennis—forgive the junction, James—both wrote acute criticism; but the name of Dennis but for Pope would now have been in oblivion, as all his writings are—and “glorious John” had never gained that epithet—excellent as

they are—by his prose prefaces. What other English critic flourished before the present age? Addison. His Essays on the Imagination may be advantageously read by young ladies, before they paper their hair with such flimsy lucubrations.

Shepherd. I'll no alloo ye to say a word against the author o' the Vision o' Mirza. As for the Spectawtors, I never could thole them—no even Sir Roger Coventrey. What was Sir Roger Coventrey to Christopher North?

North. But, James, it is not fair to compare a fictitious with a real character.

Shepherd. No fair, perhaps to the real character; but mair than fair to the fictitious ane.

North. As for the German critics—Lessing and Wieland are the best of them—and I allow they are stars. But as for the Schlegels, they are too often like men in a mist, imagining that they are among mountains by the side of a loch or river, while in good truth they are walking along a flat by the side of a canal.

Shepherd. Maist unendurable quacks baith o' them, I'll swear. Fine soundin' words and lang sentences—and a theory to account for every thing—for every man, woman, and child, that ever showed genius in ony age or kintra! as if there was ony need to account for a production o' natur' under the laws o' Natur's God. O' a' reading the maist entirely useless, waur than useless, stupifyin', is "cause and effect." Do the thing—and be done wi't—whether it be a poem, or a statue, or a picture, or an oration,—but for the love o' Heaven, nae botheration about the cause o' its origin in the climate or constitution o' the kintra that gied it birth—nae—

North. Why, James, you are for putting an end to all philosophy.

Shepherd. Philosophy? Havers.

North. Mr. Wordsworth, nettled by the Edinburgh Review, speaks, in a note to a Lyrical Ballad, of "Adam Smith as the worst critic, David Hume excepted, that Scotland, a soil favorable to that species of weed, ever produced." Now Adam Smith was perhaps the greatest political economist the world has yet produced, Ricardo excepted, and one of the greatest moralists,—I do not know whom to except. Witness his Wealth of Nations, and Theory of Moral Sentiments. But he was not a critic at all, nor pretended to be one, James, and therefore Mr. Wordsworth had no right to include him in that class. He may have occasionally uttered sentiments about poetry, (where authentically recorded?) with which Mr. Wordsworth may not sympathize; and I am most willing to allow that Mr. Wordsworth, being himself a great poet, knows far more about it than Father Adam. But 'tis childish, and contemptible, in a great man like Mr. Wordsworth, to give vent to his spleen towards a man, in many things as much his superior as in others he

was his inferior; and erroneous as some of Adam Smith's vaguely and inaccurately reported opinions on poetry may be, not one of them, I will venture to say, was ever half so silly and so senseless as this splenetic note of the Great Laker.

Shepherd. Wordsworth canna thole ony thing Scotch—no even me and the Queen's Wake.

North. He's greatly to be pitied for his narrow and anti-poetical prejudices against "braid," and poetical Scotland, "and stately Edinburgh, throned on crags!" Why, James, we have the highest authority, you know, for calling ourselves a nation of gentlemen.

Shepherd. We didna need a king to speak nonsense about us, to mak us proud. Pride and Poverty are twuns.

North. Ay, James, many of our gentlemen are poor gentlemen indeed. But what right had Mr. Wordsworth to join with Adam Smith the name of David Hume in one expression of contempt for the critical character? Let Mr. Wordsworth write such Essays as Hume wrote—such a History,—I speak now merely of *style*—and then, and not till then, may he venture, unassailed by universal laughter, to call David Hume "a weed." He was "a bright consummate flower," James, and though perhaps he did not think it,—also immortal in heaven as on earth.

Shepherd. I hate—I abhor to hear great men abusin', and pretendin', for it's a' pretence, to despise ane anither. I blush for them—I hang doon my head—I'm forced to—replenish my jug—to forget their frailties and their follies; and thus ye see, sir, how good springs out o' evil. Tak anither jug.

North. To-night I confine myself to Turkish coffee.

Shepherd. Weel then, gee't a dash o' Glenlivet.

North. Not a bad idea—let me try.

(*NORTH fills up his cup of coffee with Glenlivet.*)

Shepherd. Speak awa, sir—but will ye forgie me for sayin' that in layin' about you richt and left, you aiblins are subjectin' yoursel' to the same censure I hae been passin' just now on ither great men —

North. But, James, this is a private party—a privileged place. Besides, the cases are not parallel—I am in the right—they are in the wrong—that makes all the difference in the world—crush my opinions first, and then censure their utterance.

Shepherd. There's plenty to censure you without me. The hail periodical press censures you—but I maun confess they dinna crush your opinions.

North. Hume and Smith formed their taste on the classical models—ancient and modern—therefore Mr. Wordsworth should have considered —

Shepherd. Tuts—tuts —

North. As to our Scotch critics of a former age, there are Gerard, and Beattie, and Campbell, and Kames, and Blair—all writers of great merit. Gerard, copious, clear, and acute,—though not a man of originality, a man of reflection. His volumes on Taste and on Genius contain many excellent views and many good illustrations. But I dare say Mr. Wordsworth never heard of the Aberdonian Professor. Beattie was a delightful poet—that Mr. Wordsworth well knows—and, Mr. Alison excepted,* the best writer on literature and the fine arts Britain ever produced—full of feeling and full of genius. Kames was “gleg as any wummle,” and considering his multifarious studies, the author of the Elements of Criticism is not to be sneezed at—he was no weed—a real rough bur-thistle, and that is not a weed, but a fine bold national flower. As to Dr. Blair, his sermons—full of truth, and most elegantly, simply, and beautifully written—will live thousands of years after much of our present pompous preaching is dead, and buried, and forgotten—and though his Lectures on the Belles Lettres are a compilation, they are informed by a spirit of his own—pure and graceful—and though the purity and the grace are greater than the power and the originality—he who thinks them stupid must be an ass—and let him bray against the Doctor “till he stretch his leathern coat almost to bursting.”

Shepherd. I never read a single word o’ ane o’ thae books you’ve been speakin’ about—and what the better wad I hae been, tell me, if I had written abstracts o’ them a’, and committed the contents to memory?

North. Your education, James, has been a very good one, and well suited, I verily believe, to your native genius. But you will allow that other people may have been the better of them, and of other books on various subjects?

Shepherd. Ou ay—Ou ay! I’m verra liberal. I hae nae objections to let other folk read a’ through the Advocates’ Library, but for my ain pairt, I read nane —

North. And yet, James, you are extremely well informed on most subjects. Indeed, out of pure science, I do not know one on which you are ignorant. How is that?

Shepherd. I canna say. I only ken I read amaisht nane—no even the Magazine, except my ain articles—and noo and then a Noctes, which I’m entitled to consider my ain articles; for without the Shepherd, Gurney, would na ye be aff to Norwich—would na ye, Gurney?

Mr. Gurney, (with stentorian lungs.) YES! LIKE A SHOT.

North. As my admirable friend, Mr. Campbell, says —

“Without the laugh from partial shepherd won,
O what were we! a world without a sun!”

* The Rev. A. Alison, author of the “Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste,” and of the Historian.—M.

Shepherd. I hate to hear leevin' folk, that never wrote books, or did only thing else remarkable, gossiped about, and a' their stupid clishmaclaver, by way o' wut, retailed by their puny adherents, mair childish if possible than themsells—a common nuisance in Embro society, especially amang advocates and writers—but I love to hear about the dead—famous authors in their day—even although I ken but the sound of their bare names, and cud na spell them, aiblins, in writin' them doon on paper. Say on.

North. I forget old Sam, a jewel rough set, yet shining like a star; and though sandblind by nature, and bigoted by education, one of the truly great men of England, and “her men are of men the chief,” alike in the dominions of the understanding, the reason, the passions, and the imaginations. No prig shall ever persuade me that Rasselas is not a noble performance, in design and in execution. Never were the expenses of a mother's funeral more gloriously defrayed by son, than the funeral of Samuel Johnson's mother by the price of Rasselas, written for the pious purpose of laying her head decently and honorably in the dust.

Shepherd. Ay, that was pitten literature and genius to a glorious purpose indeed; and therefore, nature and religion smiled on the wark, and have stamped it with immortality.

North. Samuel was seventy years old when he wrote the *Lives of the Poets*.

Shepherd. What a fine auld buck! No unlike yoursel'.

North. Would it were so! He had his prejudices and his partialities, and his bigotries, and his blindnesses, but on the same fruit-tree you see shrivelled pears or apples on the same branch with jargonelles or golden pippins worthy of Paradise. Which would ye show to the Horticultural Society as a fair specimen of the tree?

(Mimicking the old man's voice and manner.)

Shepherd. Good, Kit, good—philosophically picturesque.

North. Show me the critique that beats his on Pope, and on Dryden, nay, even on Milton; and hang me if you may not read his Essay on Shakspeare even after having read Charles Lamb, or heard Coleridge, with increased admiration of the powers of all three, and of their insight through different avenues, and as it might seem, almost with different bodily and mental organs, into Shakspeare's “old exhausted,” and his “new imagined worlds.” He was a critic and a moralist who would have been wholly wise, had he not been partly, constitutionally insane. For there is blood in the brain, James—even in the organ—the vital principle of all our “eagle-winged raptures;”—and there was a taint of the black drop of melancholy in his —

Shepherd. Wheesht—wheesht—let us keep aff that subject. All

men ever I knew are mad; and but for that law o' natur, never, never in this warld had there been a Noctes Ambrosianæ!

North. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I have forgot Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua—par nobile fratrum. The Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, though written when Ned was a mere boy,* shows a noble mind, clutching at all times at the truth, and often grasping it for a moment, though, like celestial quicksilver, it evanishes out of hand. Of voluptuous animal beauty, the illustrious Irishman had that passionate sense, not unprofound, with which nature has gifted the spirit of all his race. And he had a soul that could rise up from languishment on Beauty's lap, and aspire to the brows of the sublime. His juvenile Essay contains some splendid—some magnificent passages; and with all its imperfections, defects, and failures, may be placed among the highest attempts made by the human mind to cross the debatable land that lies between the kingdoms of Feeling and of Thought, of Sense and Imagination.

Shepherd. That's gaen misty, and wudna be easy got aff by heart.

North. As for Sir Joshua, with pen and pencil he was equally a great man.

Shepherd. A great man?

North. Yes. What but genius as original as exquisite could have flung a robe of grace over even a vulgar form, as if the hand of nature had drawn the aerial charm over the attitudes and motions thus magically elevated into ideal beauty? Still retaining, by some finest skill, the similitude of all the lineaments, what easy flowing outlines adorned the canvas, deceiving the cheated sitter or walker into the pardonable delusion that she was one of the Graces—or Muses, at the least—nay, Venus herself looking out for Mars on the distant horizon, or awaiting Anchises on the hill.

Shepherd. Even I, sir, a shepherd —

North. The Shepherd, my dear James.

Shepherd. Even I, sir, *The Shepherd*—though mair impressible by beauty than by grace, know what grace is, ever since the first time I saw a wild swan comin' floatin' wi' uplifted wings down afore the wind trough among the rippled water-likes that stretch frae baith shores far intil æ pairt o' St. Mary's Loch, leavin' but a narrow dark-blue channel for the gracefu' naaid to come glidin' through, wi' her lang, smooth, white neck bendin' back atween her snaw-white sails, and her full breast seemin', as it ploughed the sma' sunny waves, whiter and whiter still—noo smooth—smooth—and noo slightly ruffled, as the foam half dashed against and half flew awa' without tuchin't, frae the beautiful protrusion o' that depth o' down!

* According to some accounts, he was 26,—others make him only 24.—M.

North. Verra weel—nae mair, Jamie. Then as to Sir Joshua's writings, their spirit is all in delightful keeping with his pictures. One of the few painters he—such as Leonardo Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and so on—our own Barry, Opie, Fuseli, and so on—who could express by the pen the principles which guide the pencil. 'Tis the only work on art which, to men not artists, is entirely intelligible —

Shepherd. The less painters in general write the better, I suspect.

North. But what led to our conversation about philosophical criticism? Oh! I have it. Well then, James, compare with this slight sketch of the doings of the men of former generations, from the beginning of time down to nearly the French Revolution, those of our present race of critics—in Britain—and how great our superiority! Dugald Stewart has just left us,—and though his poetical was not so good as his philosophical education,—and though his eye had scarcely got accustomed to the present bright flush of Poetry, yet his delightful volume of Miscellaneous Essays proves that he stood—and for ever will stand—in the First Order of critics,—generous, enthusiastic, and even impassioned, far beyond the hair-splitting spirit of the mere metaphysician. And there is our own Alison, still left, and long may he be left to us, whose work on Taste and the Association of Ideas, ought to be in the hands of every poet, and of every lover of poetry,—so clear in its statement, so rich in its illustration of principles.

Shepherd. This seems to me to be the only age of the world, sir, in which poetry and creetishism ever gaed, like sisters, hand in hand, encircled wi' a wreath o' flowers.

North. Now—all our philosophical criticism—or nearly all—is periodical; and fortunate that it is so both for taste and genius. It is poured daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, into the veins of the people, mixing with their very heart-blood. Nay, it is like the very air they breathe.

Shepherd. Do you mean to say, "if they have it not they die?"

North. Where it withheld from them now, their souls would die or become stultified. Formerly, when such disquisitions were confined to quarto or octavo volumes, in which there was nothing else, the author made one great effort, and died in book-birth—his offspring sharing often the doom of its unhappy parent. If it lived, it was forthwith immured in a prison called a library—an uncirculating library—and was heard no more of in this world, but by certain worms.

Shepherd. A' the warld's hotchin' wi' authors noo, like a pond wi' pow-heads. Out sallies Christopher North frae amang the reeds, like a pike, and crunches them in thousands.

North. Our current periodical literature teems with thought and feeling, James,—with passion and imagination. There was Gifford, and there are Jeffrey, and Southey, and Campbell, and Moore, and Bowles, and Sir Walter, and Lockhart, and Lamb, and Wilson, and De Quincey, and the four Coleridges, (S. T. C., John, Hartley, and Derwent,) and Croly, and Maginn, and Mackintosh, and Cunningham, and Kennedy, and Stebbing, and St. Ledger, and Knight, and Praed, and Lord Dudley and Ward, and Lord L. Gower, and Charles Grant, and Hobhouse, and Blunt, and Milman, and Carlyle, and Macaulay, and the two Moirs, and Jerdan, and Talfourd, and Bowring, and North, and Hogg, and Tickler, and twenty—forty—fifty—other crack contributors to the Reviews, Magazines and Gazettes, who have said more tender, and true, and fine, and deep things in the way of criticism, than ever was said before since the reign of Cadmus, ten thousand times over,—not in long, dull, heavy, formal, prosy theories,—but flung off hand, out of the glowing mint—a coinage of the purest ore—and stamped with the ineffaceable impress of genius. Who so elevated in intellectual rank as to be entitled to despise such a periodical literature?

Shepherd. Nae leevin' man—nor yet dead ane.

North. The whole surface of society, James, is thus irrigated by a thousand streams; some deep—some shallow —

Shepherd. And the shallow are sufficient for the purpose o' irrigation. Water three inches deep, skilful and timeously conducted owre a flat o' fifty or a hunder acres, wull change arid sterility, on which half-a-score sheep would be starved in a month intil skeletons, intil a flush o' flowery herbage that will feed and fatten a hail score o' kye. You'll see a proof o' this when you come out to Mount Benger. But no to dwell on æ image—let me say that millions are thus pleased and instructed, who otherwise would go dull and ignorant to their graves.

North. Every month adds to the number of these admirable works; and from the conflict of parties, political, poetical, and philosophical, emerges in all her brightness the form of Truth. Why, there, James, lies THE SPECTATOR, a new weekly paper, of some half-year's standing, or so, of the highest merit, and I wish I had some way of strenuously recommending it to the reading public. The editor, indeed, is Whiggish and a Pro-Catholic, but moderate, steady, and consistent in his politics.* Let us have no turncoats. His *precis* of passing politics is always admirable; his mercantile information—that I know on the authority of as good a judge as lives—is correct and comprehensive; miscellaneous news are collected

* Mr. Rintoul had been one of the editors of *The Atlas*, but separated from that paper, and commenced *The Spectator*, which he continues to conduct. It is one of the best weekly journals in London, distinguished by its great common sense in political, and its impartiality in literary criticism.—M.

judiciously and amusingly from all quarters; the literary department is equal, on the whole, to that of any other weekly periodical, such as the *Literary Gazette*, (which, however, has the great advantage of being altogether literary and scientific, and stands, beyond dispute, at the head of its own class,) *Weekly Review*, *Athenæum*, *Sphinx*, *Atlas*, or others,* I nowhere see better criticism on poetry, and nowhere nearly so good criticism on theatricals. Some critiques there have been, in that department, superior, in exquisite truth of tact, to anything I remember—worthy of *Elia* himself, though not apparently from *Elia*;† and in accounts of foreign literature, especially French, and above all, of French politics, a subject on which I need to be enlightened, I have seen no periodical at all equal to the *Spectator*.

Shepherd. The numbers you sent out by deserved a' that ye say o' them. It's a maist enterteenin' and instructive—a maist miscellaneous Miscellany.

North. And without being wish-washy —

Shepherd. Or wersh —

North. The *Spectator* is impartial. It is a fair, open, honest, and manly periodical.

Shepherd. Wheesht! I hear a rustlin' in the letter-box.

North. John will have brought up my newspapers from the Lodge, expecting that I am not to be at home to dinner.

Shepherd. Denner! it's near the daw'in'!

(*The SHEPHERD opens the letter-box in the door, and lays down nearly a dozen newspapers on the table.*)

North. Ay, there they are, the *Herald*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Journal*, the *Courier*, the *Globe*, the *Standard*, and "the rest." Let me take a look into the *Standard*, as able, argumentative, and eloquent a paper, as ever supported civil and religious liberty; that is, Protestantism in Church and State. No disparagement to its staunch brother the *Morning Journal*, or its excellent cousin the *Morning Post*. Two strong, steady, well-bred wheelers and a leader that shows blood at all points, and covers his ground like the Phenomenon. No superior set-out to an—Unicorn.

(*NORTH unfolds the Standard.*)

Shepherd. I never read prent after twal. And as for newspapers, I care na if they should be a month auld. It's pitifu' to see some

* In 1829, the *Literary Gazette*, under Mr. Jerdan's editorship, was unquestionably at the head of its class. Of late years it much declined, but now [1854] seems, like an eagle, renewing its youth and vigor. The *London Weekly Review*, one of the best literary journals ever published in London, died early in 1830. The *Sphinx*, one of J. S. Buckingham's many newspapers, died before 1829 was ended. The *Atlas*, then ably conducted by Robert Bell, has fallen into small circulation. The *Athenæum*, in Buckingham's hands in 1829, changed proprietors in the autumn of 1830, and obtained a large circulation by reducing its price one-half.—M.

† Charles Lamb's prose articles were usually signed "*Elia*."—There had been a clerk, so named, in the East India House, in which Lamb had a situation, and Lamb attached his name to the first paper he sent for publication. The next was unsigned, and the printer repeated the former signature, which was invariably continued after that.—M.

folk—nae fules neither—unhappy if their paper misses comin' ony night by the post. For my ain part, I like best to receive a great heap o' them at ance in a parshal by the carrier. Ony news, North?

North. Eh?

Shepherd. Ony news? Are you deaf? or ony absent?

North. Eh?

Shepherd. There's mainners—the mainners o' a gentleman—o' the auld school, too. Ony news?

North. Hem—hem——

Shepherd. His mind's weaken'd. Millions o' reasonable creatures at this hour perhaps—na—no at this hour, but a' this evenin'—readin' newspapers! And that's the philosophy o' human life! London sendin' out, as frae a great reservoir, rivers o' reports, spates o' speculations to inundate, to droon, to deluge the haill island! I hear the torrents roarin', but the soun' fa's on my ear without stunnin' my heart. There comes a drought, and they are a' dry. Catholic Emancipation! Stern shades of the old Covenanters, methinks I hear your voices on the moors and the mountains! But weep not, wail not, though a black cloud seems to be hanging over all the land! Still will the daisy, "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," bloom sweetly on the greensward that of yore was reddened wi' your patriot, your martyr-blood. Still will the fox-glove, as the silent ground-bee bends down the lovely hanging bells, shake the pure tears of heaven over your hallowed graves! Though annual fires run along the bonnie bloomin' heather, yet the shepherds ne'er miss the balm and brightness still left at mornin' to meet them on the solitary hills. The sound of Psalms rises not now, as they sublimely did in those troubled times, from a tabernacle not built with hands, whose side-walls were the rocks and cliffs, its floor the spacious sward, and its roof the eternal heavens. But from beneath many a lowly roof of house, and hut, and hovel, and shielin', and sylvan cosy beild, ascend the humble, holy orisons of poor and happy men, who, when comes the hour of sickness or of death, desire no other pillow for their swimming brain than that Bible, which to them is the Book of everlasting life, even as the Sun is the Orb of the transitory day. And to maintain that faith is now, alas! bigotry and superstition! The Bible is to take care of itself. If it cannot, let it perish! Let innocence and virtue, and truth and knowledge and freedom all take care of themselves, and let all their enemies seek, as they will, insidiously to seduce, openly to outrage; for if they cannot stand fast against all the powers of evil, they deserve to die! And this it seems is—Christian doctrine! It may be held sae in great cities, where sin sits in high places, where the weak soon become worthless, and the worthless wicked, and the wicked blind; but never, never will

it be the creed of the dwellers on the gracious bosom of nature! Of those who, whether amang spacious tree-sprinkled plains made beautiful' and solemn wi' a hundred church towers and cathedrals, at work or in pastime lift up a gaze, bold before man, but meek before God, to the blue marbled skies of merry and magnificent England! Of those who, beneath mist and cloud, wanderin' through lonely regions, whose silence hears but the eagle's cry or the torrent's roar, as they pass by the little kirk on the knowe, let their softened een follow up the spire, till from its sunlicht-point momentarily glancin' through the gloom, they muse on the storm-driftin' heavens through which shines as brightly as in the fairest clime the eye o' the all-seeing God. But where am I? In the silence I thocht it was the Sabbath, and that I was in the Forest. High thochts and pure feelings can never come amiss, either in place or in time. Folk that hae been prayin' in a kirk, may laugh, withouten blame, when they hae left the kirkyard. Silly thochts maun never be allow'd to steal in amang sacred anes, but there never can be ony harin in sacred thochts stealing in amang silly anes. A bit bird singin' by itsell in the wilderness has sometimes made me amaist greet, in a mysterious melancholy that seemed wafted towards me on the solitary strain, frae regions ayond the grave. But it flitted awa into silence, and in twa or three minutes I was singin' ane o' my ain cheerful—nay, funny sangs. Mr. North, I say, will ye never hae dune readin' at that Stannard? It's a capital paper—I ken that—nane better—na, nane sa gude, for it's faithful and fearless, and cuts like a twa-handed twa-edged sword. Mr. North, I say, I'll begin to get real angry if you'll no speak. O man! but that's desperate bad mainners to keep glowering like a gawpus on a newspaper, at what was meant to be a crick-crack between twa auld friens. Fling't doon. I'm sayin', sir, fling't doon. O but you're ugly the noo—and what's waur, there's nae meanin' in your face. You're a puir, auld, ugly, stupid, vulgar, disagreeable, and dishonest-looking fellow, and am baith sorry and ashamed that I sud be sittin' in sic company. Fling doon the Stannard—if you dinna, it'll be waur for you, for you've raised my corruption. Flesh and bluid can bear this treatment nae langer. I'll gie just ae mair warnin'. Fling doon the Stannard.* Na, you wunna—won't you? Weel, tak that.

(*The SHEPHERD throws a glass of toddy in Mr. NORTH's face.*)

North. Ha! What the deuce is that? My cup has jumped out of my hand and spurted the Glenlivet coffee into its master's countenance. James, lend me your pocket-handkerchief.

(*Relapses into the Standard.*)

* A tri-weekly newspaper called *The St. James's Chronicle* had considerable circulation among the clergy and squirarchy of England. In 1828 its proprietor established a daily evening paper called *The Standard*, without discontinuing the other. It was edited by Dr. Giffard and Dr. Maginn, and speedily obtained great influence. In 1829, it strongly opposed and denounced Wellington and Peel's measure of Catholic Emancipation.—M.

Shepherd. Fling doon the Stannard—or I'll gang mad. Niest time I'll shy the jug at him—for if it's impossible to insult, it may perhaps be possible to kill him. Fling doon the Stannard. You maddenin' auld sinner, you wad be cheap o' death! Yet I maunna kill him—I maunna kill him—for I might be hanged.

North. Nobly said, Sadler*—nobly said! I have long known your great talents, and your great eloquence, too; but I hardly hoped for such a display of both as this—Hear!—hear!—hear!—There—my trusty fere, you have indeed clapped the saddle on the right horse.

Shepherd. Tak that.

(Flings another glass of toddy in MR. NORTH's face.)

North. *(Starting up.)* Fire and fury!

Shepherd. Butter and brimstone! How daur'd you to treat me—

North. This outrage must not pass unpunished. Hogg, I shall give you a sound thrashing.

(MR. NORTH advances towards the SHEPHERD in an offensive attitude. The SHEPHERD seizes a poker in one hand, and a chair in the other.)

Shepherd. Haud aff, sir,—haud aff—or I'll brain you. Dinna pick a quarrel wi' me. I've dune a' I cud to prevent it; but the provocation I received was past a' endurance. Haud aff, sir,—haud aff.

North. Coward! coward! coward!

Shepherd. Flyte awa, sir—flyte awa—but haud aff, or I'll fell you.

North. *(Resuming his seat.)* I am unwilling to hurt you, James, on account of those at Mount Benger; but lay down the poker—and lay down the chair.

Shepherd. Na—na—na. Unless you first swear on the Bible that you'll take nae unfair advantage.

North. Let my word suffice—I won't. Now go to that press—and you will see a pair of gloves. Bring them to me—

(The SHEPHERD fetches the gloves.)

Shepherd. Ca' you thae—gloves?

North. *(Stripping and putting on the gloves.)* Now, sir, use your fists as best you may—and in five minutes I shall take the conceit out of you—

Shepherd. *(Peeling to the sark.)* I'll sune gie you a bludy nose.

(The combatants shake hands and put themselves into attitude.)

North. Take care of your eyes.

* Michael Thomas Sadler, a merchant from Leeds, with considerable eloquence, much political information, and decided Toryism, who had been brought into Parliament by the Duke of Newcastle, expressly to speak against concessions to the Catholics.—M.

(The SHEPHERD elevates his guard—and NORTH delivers a desperate right-handed lunge on his kidneys.)

Shepherd. That's na fair, ye auld blackguard.

North. Well, then, is that?

(The SHEPHERD receives two left-handed facers, which seem to muddle his knowledge-box. He bores in wildly on the old man.)

Shepherd. Whew—whew—whew.—Fu—fu—fu—What's that? What's that? *(The SHEPHERD receives pepper.)*

North. Hit straight, James. So—so—so—so—so—so.

Shepherd. That's foul play. There's mair than ane o' you. Wha's that joinin' in? Let me alane—and I'll soon finish him —

(MR. NORTH, who has gradually retreated into a corner of the Snuggery, gathers himself up for mischief, and as the SHEPHERD rushes in to close, delivers a stinger under JAMES's ear, that floors him like a shot. MR. NORTH then comes out, as actively as a bird on the bough of a tree.)

North. I find I have a hit in me yet. A touch on the jugular always tells tales. Hollo! hollo! My dear James!—Deaf as a house.

(MR. NORTH takes off the gloves—fetches a tumbler of the jug—and kneeling tenderly down by the SHEPHERD, bathes his temples. JAMES opens his eyes, and stares wildly around.)

Shepherd. Is that you, Gudefallow? Hae I had a fa' aff a horse or out o' the gig?

North. My dear maister—out o' the gig. The young horse took fricht at a tup lowpin' ower the wa', and set aff like lichtnin.' You sudna hae louped out. You sudna hae louped out.

Shepherd. Whare's the gig?

North. Never inind, maister.

Shepherd. I say, whare's the gig?

North. In the loch —

Shepherd. And the horse?

North. In the loch too —

Shepherd. Droon'd?

North. No yet—if you look up, you'll see him soomin' across wi' the gig.

Shepherd. *(fixing his eyes on vacancy.)* Ay—sure eneuch—yonner he goes!

North. Yon proves his breed. He's descended from the water-horse.

Shepherd. I'm verra faint. I wush I had some whusky —

North. Here, maister—here.

(The SHEPHERD drains the tumbler, and revives.)

Shepherd. Am I in the open air, or in a hoose? I houp a hoose—or there maun be a concussion o' the brain, for I seem to see chairs and tables.

North. Yes, maister—you have been removed in a blanket by eight men to Mount Benger.

Shepherd. Is baith my legs brok?

North. Dinna ask—dinna ask. We've sent an express to Embro for Liston.* They say, that when he sets broken legs they're stronger than ever.

Shepherd. He's a wonderfu' operawtor—but I can scarcely believe that. Oh! am I to be for life a lameter! It's a judgment on me for writin' the Chaldee!

North. I canna thole, maister to see you greetin'—

Shepherd. Mercifu' powers—but your face has changed until that o' an auld man! Was Mr. North frae Embro here the noo?

North. I am indeed that unhappy old man. But 'tis all but a dream, my dear James—'tis all but a dream! What means all this wild disjointed talk of yours about gigs and horses, and a horse and gig swimming over St. Mary's Loch! Here we are, my beloved friend, in Edinburgh—in Picardy—at the Noctes Ambrosianæ—at High Jinks, my James, after a bout with the mufflers and the naked mawleys.

Shepherd. I dreamed that I had knocked you down, sir. Was that the case?

North. It was indeed, James. But I am not angry with you. You did not mean to hit so hard. You generously ran in to keep me from falling, and by some strange sudden twist, you happened to fall undermost, and to save me sacrificed yourself. 'Twas a severe stun.

Shepherd. The haille wecht o' mist has rolled itsell up into cluds on the mountain-taps, and all the scenery aneath lies fresh and green, wi' every kent house and tree. But I houp you're no sair hurt yoursell—let me help you up—

(*THE SHEPHERD assists MR. NORTH, who has been sitting on the floor, like the Shah, to recover his pins—and the two walk arm in arm to their respective chairs.*)

North. I am sorely shaken, James. An account of our set-to, our turn up, James, ought to be sent to that admirable sporting paper, Bell's Life in London.

Shepherd. Let it, my dear sir, be a lesson to you the langest day you leeve, never to pick a quarrel, or even to undertak ony half-and-half sort o' horse-play wi' a younger and stronger man than

* Robert Liston, at that time one of the most eminent surgeons, and certainly the best operator in Edinburgh. On his removal to London, his reputation increased, until his death in 1847.—M.

yourself. Sir, if I hadna been sae weel up to the business, that fa' might hae been your last. As for thae nasty gloves, I never wush to see their faces again a' the days o' my life. Wha's that chappin'?

North. Probably Picardy. See, the door's locked inside.

(The SHEPHERD unlocks and opens the door.)

Shepherd. What mob's this?

North. Show in the Democracy.

(Enter PICARDY, MON CADET, the Manciple, the Clerk of the Pipe, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPYTOUTRIE, and the "rest.")

Ambrose. *(while OMNES hold up their hands.)* Dear me! dear me!

Shepherd. What are ye a' glowerin' at me for, ye fules?

North. Tappy, bring me a looking-glass. *(Exit TAPPY volans.)*

Shepherd. I say, ye fules, what are ye glowerin' at me in that gate for? Do you see horns on my head?

(Re-enter TAPPY, with a copy of the Mirror.)

North. Take a glance, my dear James, at the Magic Mirror.

(The SHEPHERD looks in, and recoils to the sideboard.)

Shepherd. What'n a face! What'n a pair o' black, blue, green, yellow een.

North. We must apply leeches. Mr. Ambrose, bring in a few bottles of leeches, and some raw-veal steaks.

Shepherd. Aff wi' you—aff wi' you—the haill tot o' you.

(Exit PICARDY, with his tail.)

North. Come to my arms, my incomparable Shepherd, and let us hob and nob, to "Gude night and joy be wi' us a'," in a caulker of Millbank; and let us, during the "wullie waught," think of him whose worthy name it bears—

Shepherd. As gude a chiel's in Christentie! Oh, my ever-honored sir, what wad the warld say, if she kent the concludin' proceedins o' this night! That we were twa auld fules!

North. At times, James,

"Tis folly to be wise."

Shepherd. As auld Crow, the Oxford orator, says at the end o' his bonnie descriptive poem, Lewesden Hill—

"To-morrow for severer thought—but now
To breakfast."

North. To bed—you mean—

Shepherd. No, to breakfast. It's mornin'. The East is brichtenin'—Look over awaikenin' Leith—and, lo! white sails glidin' ower the dim blue sea!

North. Let us each take a cold bath.

(MR. NORTH and SHEPHERD disappear.)

SIC TRANSEUNT NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

No. XLIII.—MAY, 1829.

SCENE I.—*Buchanan Lodge—The Virgin's Bower Arbor—Time, Four in the Afternoon—NORTH and the SHEPHERD partaking of a Cold Collation.*

Shepherd. Let's hae just ae single hour's twa-haun'd crack, afore we gang into the Lodge to dress for the Tea-party.

North. There is something interesting, my dear James, nay, impressive, almost melancholy, in the first cold Dinner of the year.

Shepherd. Come—come, sir—nae sentimentality;—besides, a cauld denner's no muckle amiss, provided there only be an ashet o' het mealy potatoes.

North. Spring is with me the happiest season of the year. How tempting the young esculents, as they spring up in their virginity along the weedless garden-beds! Then the little fattening twin-lambs, James, racing on the sunny braes, how pleasing to the poetical palate!

Shepherd. Though I tauld you no to be sentimental, I didna bid you be sensual.

North. I sit corrected. Lo, winter is over and gone.

Shepherd. Na—

Wunter lingerin' chills the lap o' May.

But May is a merry month, and I ken na whether the smiles or the frowns on her face be the mair beautifu'—just like a haughty damsel, in the pride o' her teens, sometimes flingin' a scornfu' look to you ower her shoulder, as if she despised a' mankind; and then a' at ance, as if touched by gentle thochts, relaxin' intil a burst o' smiles, like the sun on a half-stormy day, comin' out suddenly frae amang the breakin' clouds, and changing at ance earth into heaven. O, sir, but the Lodge is a bonny place noo!

North. I love suburban retirement, James, even more than the remotest rural solitude. In old age, one needs to have the neighborhood of human beings to lean upon—and in the stillness of awakening morn or hushing eve, my spirit yearns towards the hum of the city, and finds a relief from all o'er-mastering thoughts, in its fellowship with the busy multitudes sailing along the many streams of life, too near to be wholly forgotten, and yet far enough off not to harass or disturb. In my most world-sick dreams, I never longed

to be a hermit in his cave. Mine eyes have still loved the smoke of human dwellings—and when my infirmities keep me from church, sitting here in this arbor, with Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, perhaps, on the table before me, how solemn, how sublime, the sound of the Sabbath-bells? Whether the towers and spires of the houses of worship are shining in the sunlight, or heard each in its own region of the consecrated city, through a softening weight of mist or clouds from the windy sea!

Shepherd. For my ain part, Mr. North, though I love the lochs, and moors, and mountains, as well as do the wild swans, the whawps, and the red-deer; yet could I, were there a necessity for't, be every bit as happy in a flat in ony timmer tenement in the darkest lane o' Auld Reekie, as in Mount Benger itsel', that blinks sae bonnily on its ain green knowe on the broad bosom o' nature. Wherever duty ca's him, and biuds him down, there may a man be happy,—ay, even at the bottom o' a coal-pit, sir, that rins a mile aneath the sea, wi' waves and ships roarin' and rowin' a thousan' fathom ower the shaft.

North. The Philosophy of Human Life.

Shepherd. Better still—it's Religio. Woe for us were there not great happiness and great virtue in toons and cities! Let but the faculties o' the mind be occupied for sake o' the affections o' the heart, and your ee may shine as cheerfully on a smoky dead brick wa', within three yards o' your nose, as on a ledge o' livin' rock formin' an amphitheatre roun' a loch or an arm o' the sea. Wad I loe my wife and my weans the less in the Grassmarket than in the Forest? Wad I be affected itherwise by burying ane o' them—should it so please God—in Yarrow kirkyard than in the Grayfriars? If my sons and my daughters turn out weel in life, what matters it to me if they leeve by the silver streams or the dry Nor-loch? Vice and misery as readily—as inevitably—befa' moral creturs in the sprinkled domicils, that frae the green earth look up through amang trees to the blue heavens, as in the dungeon-like dwallins, crooded ane aboon anither, in closes whare it's aye a sort o' glimmering nicht. And Death visits them a' alike wi' as sure a foot and as pitiless an ee. And whenever, and wherever, he comes, there's an end o' a' distinctions—o' a' differences o' outward and material things. Then we maun a' alike look for comfort to ae source—and that's no the skies theirsells, beautifu' though they may be, canopyin' the dewy earth wi' a curtain wrought into endless figures, a' bricht wi' the rainbow hues, or amaist hidden by houses frae the sicht o' them that are weepin' amang the diin city-lanes—for what is't in either case but a mere congregation o' vapors? But the mourner maun be able, wi' the eyes o' Faith, to pierce through it a', or else of his mournin' there will be no end—nay, nay, sir, the mair beautifu' may

be the tent in which he tabernacles, the mair hideous the hell within his heart! The contrast atween the strife o' his ain distracted spirit, and the cawm o' the peacefu' earth, may itherwise drive him mad, or, if not, make him curse the hour when he was born into a world in vain so beautifu'.

North. I love to hear you discourse, James,

"On man and nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude."

Methinks that Poetry, of late years, has dwelt too much on external nature. The worship of poets, if not idolatry, has been idolatrous —

Shepherd. What's the difference?

North. Nay, ask the Bishop of Oxford.*

Shepherd. Whew!—Not so with the poetry of Burns, and other great peasants. They pored not perpetually, sir, into streams and lochs that they might see there their ain reflection. Believe me, sir, that Narcissus was nae poet. Preserve me, what a sight! Chucky—chucky—chucky—chucky! Oh, sir! but that's a bonny clockiu' hen! An' what'n a cleekin she's gotten! Nearer a score nor a dizen, and a' white as snaw!

North. Yes, James—Lancashire Ladylegs.

Shepherd. Mufties too, I declare; are they ggem?

North. You shall see. Ralpho!

(Flings a piece of meat towards the brood. The Raven hops out of the arbor to seize it, and is instantly attacked by Ladylegs.)

Shepherd. That 'beats cock-fechten'! O instinck! instinck! but for thy mysterious fever hoo cauldride the haill warld o' life

North. 'Tis but a mere pullet, James—her first family —

Shepherd. See how she cuffs Sooty's chafts, till the feathers flee frae him like stour! Lend me your crutch, sir, that I may separate them, or faith she'll tear him intil pieces.

(The SHEPHERD endeavors to separate the combatants—when Ladylegs turns against him and drives him into the arbor.)

North. Mark how beautifully—how gracefully she shall soon subside into a calm!

Shepherd. For a pullet she has fearfu' lang spurs. Ay—yon's bonny—bonny! See till them—the bit chickenies—ane after anither, comin' rinnin' out frae various pairs of the shrubbery—jnst like sae mony white mice—and dartin' in aneath her extended wings, as she sits on the sunny gravel, beautifu' as an outlandish bird frae some Polar region, her braid breast expandin' in delight

* Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford in 1829. [in which year he died,] who *ratted* in Parliament on the Catholic question, saying that a religion might be idolatrous and yet not idolatry. —M.

as she feels a' her brood hotchin' aneath her, and her lang upright neck, flexible as that o' a serpent's, turnin' her red-crested head hither and thither in a' directions, mair in pride than in fear, noo that she hears Ralpho croakin at a distance, and the wee panthers beginnin' again to twitter amang the feathers, lookin' out noos and thens wi' their bit heads frae that cosy bield —

North. Here is a little bit bookie, which pray put into your pocket for wee Jamie—James. "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," vol. i. part i. entitled "The Menageries." "Quadrupeds described and drawn from living subjects."

Shepherd. Thank ye, sir. He's just perfectly mad about a' mainer o' birds and beasts—and weel I like to look at him lookin' at a new picture! Methinks I see the verra sowle growin' within him as he glowers! The study o' Natural History, maist assuredly, should be begun when you're a bairn, and when you're a man, you'll be hand and glove wi' a' the beasts o' the field, and birds o' the air—their various names familiar to you as household words—their habits as weel kent, or aiblins better, than your ain—sae that you hae acquaintances, and companions, and friens in the maist solitary places—and need never weary for want o' thochts and feelings even in a desert, if but ae feathery or filmy wing cross between you and the horizon.

North. There is in London, as perhaps you know, a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,* which has published, very widely, many admirable treatises—chiefly on Physical, though their plan comprehends Moral—subjects. For all the enlightened labors of that Society have I always prayed for success; for I desire that all men may live in the light of liberty and truth.

Shepherd. That's the redeemin' trait in your character, sir. O, but you're a glorious auld tory, Mr. North. Your love for the past neither deadens your joy in the present, nor inspires you wi' fear for the future. You venerate the weather-stains on the trunk o' the tree o' knowledge, yet you rejoice to see its branches every year flinging a wider shadow.

North. Why, my dear James, the Magazine, with all its faults, which have been neither few nor small —

Shepherd. And wha ever saw either a book or a man worth praisin' that was na as weel worth abusin'? In a' great gifts there's a mixtur o' gude and evil —

North. Has spread knowledge among the people of Britain. In Theology, Philosophy, Politics, Literature, Life and Manners, Magazine has, on the whole, been sound, and she has been consistent. She

* Lord Brougham was President of this Society, and most of its Committee also were Liberals.—M.

may be said to be in herself a Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

Shepherd. But what for ca' they this bookie the Menagerie, sir?

North. A well-chosen name, James. There, as in a Menagerie, you behold—

Shepherd. I see, I see. The wood-cuts are capital—but hoo's the letter-press, sir?

North. Why, there you have upwards of two hundred closely printed pages, fine paper and type, with nearly a score of admirable representations of animals, for a couple of shillings! The cheapest thing I ever saw—and so far from being a catch-penny—it is got up, in all its departments, by men of real talent, and knowledge of the subject.

Shepherd. It's incredibly cheap; and I fear maun be a losing concern.

North. No, James, it will be a gaining concern. The conductors of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge have resolved that it shall be sold at the lowest possible rate, and are little anxious about profit. But let them go on as they have begun, and I do not doubt that the sale of their monthly parts may soon reach twenty—thirty—why not forty thousand?

Shepherd. Na—na. It can never do that. Maga does na sell that.

North. Doesn't she? That shows how little you know of Maga. By-the-by, James, I have not seen Maga for some months—not since Christmas. I thought her rather dull last time we had a tête-à-tête. I was absolutely so very ungallant as to fall asleep with her in my arms. The wick of the candle got about a foot long—the tail of her gown took fire—and Buchanan Lodge was within an ace of being reduced to ashes.

Shepherd. Your would hae broken out o' the conflagration in the shape o' a phoenix, sir, "the secular bird o' ages." But wha's the veece-yeditor?

North. She edits herself, James. She reminds me of an orange-tree in a conservatory—blossoms and fruit beautifully blended at all times among the radiant evergreen. The sun forgets her not—and an hour now and then of open window bathes her in morning or evening dew; so gaze on her when you will, and she is bright and balmy in immortal youth.

Shepherd. You assuredly are, sir, the idlest auld sinner in a' this world, yet you never seem weary o' life; and your face aye wears an expression as if some new thocht were visitin' your mind, and passin' aff in smiles or frowns, rather than words,—the aboriginal and only universal language, o' which a body never forgets the grammar, and o' which the construction, though simple, is compre-

hensive, and capable o' ten thousand interpretations, according to the spirit in which it is read—mair copious either than the Hebrew or the Greek, though the roots are but few ; but oh ! the compound epithets, countless as the motes i' the sun o' a simmer mornin' ! I weel believe, sir, that a' your life lang you were never a single moment idle.

North. Idle ! No—James—not even in sleep. Yet, do you know, that my sleeping seems to have no kindred with my waking soul. Seldom, I may say never, do I dream of this waking world. I have every night a new set of friends in sleep whom I know and love. They pass away with the morning light, and never more return. Sometimes they seem as if they were phantoms I had been familiar with in youth—in boyhood—in infancy—but I know not their names, nor can recall the memory of the times or places where we had met in joy—only I feel that they are lovely, loving, and beloved ! We talk of strange and delightful things, and walk over shadowed by bliss divine,—but ———

Shepherd. I never met a man before that had dreams o' that kind besides myself——

North. I never, my dear James, saw your face in a dream—yet my dreams are often perfectly happy—nor do I remember to have once dreamt of any book, or ———

Shepherd. Did you ever dream of being married, sir ——

North. Oh dear ! Oh dear ! Oh dear !

Shepherd. What ! You're no gaun to greet ?

North. What large dewy orbs divine, angelical eyes in angelical faces, have fixed themselves upon mine, overcharged with love, as if the beings beaming there had been commissioned to pour immortal heaven into my mortal heart ! No doubts, no fears, no misgivings, such as haunt and trouble all our delights in this waking world. But one pure serene flow of bliss, deep and high as the blue marbled heaven of the Dream that heard the very music of the spheres chiming, as the Paradise in which we stood, face to face with a seraph, kept floating not insensibly through the fragrant ether ! The voice that syllabled such overwhelming words ! Embracements that blended spirit with spirit ! Perishings into intenser life ! Swoonings away into spiritual regions ! Reawakenings into consciousness of breath and blood almost stopt by rapture ! Then, the dying away back again—slowly but sadly—into earthly existence—till, with a beating heart, we knew again that we were the thralls of sense, and doomed to grovel like worms upon the dust—the melancholy dust of this our prison-house, from which, except in dreams, there is no escape, and from which at last we may be set free but for the eternal darkness of the grave !—Oh ! James—James !—

what if the soul be like the body, mortal, and all that we shall ever know of heaven, only such glorious, but delusive dreams!

Shepherd. Sic visions leave just the verra opposite impression on my mind. Something divine, and therefore immortal, needs must be the spirit within us, that, when a' the senses are locked up in sleep, can yet glorify the settin' sun into an apparition far mair magnificent than ever sank into the sea ahint the western mountains. But whisht! Is that an angel singin'?

North. No, James; 'tis my gardener's little daughter, Flora—

Shepherd. Happy as any bird. Music is indeed the natural voice o' joy. First, the bosom feels free frae a' anxiety—then a kind o' gladness, without ony definite cause or object, settles ower the verra essence o' life;—erelong there is a beatin' and stirrin' at the heart, as some suddenly remembered thocht passes ower it like a brighter sunbeam,—by-and-by, the innocent young cretur, sittin' by herself, puin' wi' her wee white hauns the weeds frae amang the flowers, and half loath to fling them awa', some o' them bein' sae bonny, although without ony fragrant smell, can nae langer contain the happiness flowin' within her snaw-white breist, but breaks out, as now you hear your bonnie Flora, into some auld Scottish sang, maist likely mournfu', for bliss is aye akin, sir, to grief. Ay, sir, the Flowers o' the Forest! And sae truly doth she sing, that I kenna whether to ca' her Sweet-voice or Fine-ear! Hasna that cadence, indeed, a dyin' fa'? Nor should I wonder if the unseen cretur at this moment had her face wat wi' tears!

North. Methinks, James, I could better bear everlasting darkness than everlasting silence. The memory seems to have more command over sights than over sounds. We can shut our eyes, yet see all nature. But music, except when it breathes, has no residing place within the cells of the ear. So faint, so dim, the dream, it hardly can be said to be—till one single note awakes, and then the whole tune is suddenly let loose upon the soul! Blindness, methinks, I could endure and live,—but in deafness my spirit would die within me, I should pray for death.

Shepherd. Baith maun be sair trials, yet baith are cheerfully borne. The truth is, sir, that a Christian can bear ony thing—for ae moment's thought, during his repining, tells him whence the affliction comes—and then sorrow softens awa' into resignation, and delight steals into the heart o' the maist desolate.

North. The creature now singing away at her pleasant work, a few weeks ago lost her mother. There never was a more affectionate or more dutiful child,—yet as you said, James, Flora is now happy as a bird.

Shepherd. Yet perhaps, sir, were we to come upon her the noo,—she has stopt singin' a' at ance, in the vera middle o' the tune—we

nicht see her sittin' idle amang the flowers, wi' a pale face, greetin' by hersell, as she keeps lookin' at her black gown, and thinkin' on that burial-day, or her father's countenance, that sin syne has seldom brichtened.

North. There is something most affecting in the natural sorrows of poor men, my dear Shepherd, as, after a few days' wrestling with affliction, they appear again at their usual work—melancholy, but not miserable.

Shepherd. You ken a gude deal, sir, about the life and character of the poor; but then it's frae philosophical and poetical observation and sympathy—no frae art-and-part participation, like mine, in their merriment and their meesery. Folk in what they ca' the upper classes o' society, a' look upon life, mair or less, as a scene of enjoyment, and amusement, and delight. They get a' selfish in their sensibilities, and would fain make the very laws o' natur obedient to their wull. Thus they cherish and encourage habits of thocht and feeling, that are maist adverse to obedience and resignation to the decrees o' the Almighty—when these decrees dash in pieces small the idols of their earthly worship.

North. Too true, alas! my dearest Shepherd.

Shepherd. Pity me! how they moan, and groan, and greet, and wring their hauns, and tear their hair, even auld folk their thin gray hair, when death comes into the bed-room, or the verra drawing-room, and carries aff in his clutches some wee bit spoiled bairn, yaumerin' amang its playthings, or keepin' its mither awake a' nicht by its perpetual cries!

North. Touch tenderly, James, on—

Shepherd. Ane wad think that nae parents had ever lost a child afore, yet hoo many a sma' funeral do you see ilka day pacin' along the streets unheeded on amang the carts and hackney-coaches!

North. Unheeded, as a party of upholsterer's men carrying furniture to a new house.

Shepherd. There is little or naething o' this thochtless, this senseless clamor in kintra houses, when the cloud o' God's judgment passes ower them, and orders are gien for a grave to be dug in the kirkyard. A' the house is hushed and quate—just the same as if the patient were still sick, and no gaen awa—the father, and perhaps the mother, the brothers, and the sisters, are a' gangin' about their ordinary business, wi' grave faces, nae doubt, and some o' them now and then dichtin' the draps frae their een; but, after the first black day, little and audible greetin', and nae indecent and impious outeries.

North. The angler calling in at the cottage would never know that a corpse was the cause of the calm.

Shepherd. Rich folk, if they saw sic douce, composed ongoings, wad doubtless wonder to think hoo callous, hoo insensible were the

poor! That natur had kindly denied to them those fine feelings that belong to cultivated life! But if they heard the prayer of the auld man at nicht, when the survivin' family were on their knees round the wa', and the puir wife neist him in the holy circle, they wad ken better, and confess that there is something as sublime, as it is sincere and simple, in the resignation and piety of those humble Christians, whose doom it is to live by the sweat o' their brow, and who are taught, almost frae the cradle to the grave, to feel every hour they breathe, that all they enjoy, and all they suffer, is dropt down from the hand o' God, almost as visibly as the dew or the hail,—and hence their faith in things unseen and eternal, is firm as their belief in things seen and temporal—and that they a' feel, sir, when lettin' doon the coffin into the grave!

North. Take another glass, my dear friend, of Mrs. Gentle's elder-flower wine.

Shepherd. Frontignac! But, hearken! There, again, the bit happy motherless cretur is beguiled into anither sang! Her ain voice, sir, brings comfort frae a' the air around, even as if it were an angel's sang, singin' to her frae the heart o' heaven!

North. From how many spiritual sources come assuagings of our most mortal griefs!

Shepherd. It's a strathspey! I canna understand the want o' an ear. When I'm alone, I'm aye either whistlin', or singin', or hummin' till I fa' into thocht; and then baith thochts and feelings are swayed, if I'm no sair mista'en, in their main current by the tune, whether gay or sad, that your heart has been harpin' on; so, if I had na a gude ear, the loneliness o' the hills wad be unco wearisome, unvisited by involuntary dreams about indefinite things! Do folk aye think in words?

North. Generally, I suspect.

Shepherd. Yet the thochts maun come first, surely. I fancy words and thochts fly intil ane anither's hauns. A thousan' thochts may a' be wrapped up in ae wee bit word—just as a thousand beauties in ae wee bit flower. They baith expand out into beauty—and there's nae end to the creations o' the eye and the ear—for the soul sits ahint the pupil o' the tane, and the drum o' the tither, and takin' a hint frae tone or hue, expawtiates ower the universe.

North. Scottish Music, my dear James, is to me rather monotonous.

Shepherd. So is Scottish Poetry, sir. It has nae great range; but human natur never wearies o' its ain prime elementary feelings. A man may sit a haill nicht by his ingle, wi' his wife and bairns, without either thinkin' or feelin' muckle; and yet he's perfectly happy till bed-time, and says his prayers wi' fervent gratitude to the Giver o' a' mercies. It's only whan he's beginnin' to tire o' the

hummin' o' the wheel, or o' his wife flytin' at the weans, or o' the weans upsettin' the stools, or ruggin' ane anither's hair, that his fancy takes a very poetical flight into the regions o' the Imagination. Sae lang's the heart sleeps amang its affections, it dwalls upon few images; but these images may be infinitely varied; and, when expressed in words, the variety will be felt. Sae that, after a', it's scarcely correct to ca' Scottish Poetry monotonous, or Scottish Music either, ony mair than you wou'd ca' a kintra level, in bonnie gentle ups and downs, or a sky dull, though the clouds were neither mony nor multiform; a' depends upon the spirit. Twa-three notes may mak' a maist beautifu' tune; twa-three woody knowes a bonny landscape; and there are some bit streams amang the hills, without ony striking or very peculiar scenery, that it's no possible to daunner along at gloamin' without feelin' them to be visionary, as if they flowed through a land o' glamour. It's the same thing wi' faces. Little depends on the features; a' on the composition. There is a nameless something that tells, when the color o' the een, and o' the hair, and o' the cheeks, and the roundin' aff o' the chin rin until the throat, and then awa aff, like a wave o' the sea, until the breast is a' harmonious as music; and leaves ane lookin' at the lasses as if they were listenin' "to a melody that's sweetly play'd in tune!" Sensibility feels a' this; Genius creantes it; and in Poetry it dwells, like the charm in the Amulet.

North. James—look through the loophole. Do you not think, my dear Shepherd, that the character of a man is known in his works?

Shepherd. Gurney! as I'm a Christian! That's really too bad, sir. A body canna sit down in an arbor, to crack an hour wi' an auld frien', but there is a shorthaun writer at your lug, jottin' you doon for extension at his leisure—and convertin' you frae a preevat character at the Lodge, intil a public one in thae confounded, thae accursed Noctes Ambrosianæ.

North. Gurney, leave out that last epithet.

Shepherd. If you do I'll fell you. But, Mr. North, many o' my freens —

North. I know it, my dear James—but treat them with contempt, or shall I take up a few of them by the scroof of the neck, with my glove on, as one would take up a small scotched viper, and fling him over the wall, to crawl a few inches before death, on the dust of the road?

Shepherd. Their vulgar venom shall never poison my ear, my dear sir. But had natur but gien them fangs, hoo the reptiles wad bite! There's a speeder, sir, on your chin.

North. I love spiders. Look at the lineal descendant of Arachne, how beautifully she descends from the chin of Christopher North to

the lower region of our earth! But speaking of public and private characters —

Shepherd. That's a puzzlin' question, sir. Let's speak o' Poets. Ae thing's certain; that afore you can express ony ae single thought or feelin' in poetry, you maun hae had it in your spirit or heart, strong, distinct, fresh, and bricht, in real leevin' experience and actual natur. It maun hae been, whether originatin' entirely in yoursell, or transfused through you by anither, your ain bonny feedy possession and property—else it'll no be worth a strae in verse. Eh?

North. Granted.

Shepherd. Secondly, however a poet may write weel by fits and starts, in a sort o' inspiration like, thae fits and starts themsells can only come frae a state o' the speerit, habitually meditative, and rejoicin' in its ain free moods. Therefore however muckle they may astonish you that does na ken him, they are just as characteristic o' his natur as the rest o' his mair ordinary proceedings, and maun be set down to the score o' his natural and indigenous constitution. Eh?

North. Granted.

Shepherd. What a poet maist dearly and devoutly loves, about that wull he, of coorse, write the feck o' his poetry. His poetry, therefore, wull contain mair of his deeper, inner self, than ony thing else can do in this warld—that's to say, if he be a real poet, and no a pretender. For I'll defy ony human cretur, unless he has some sinister end to gain, to keep writin', or speakin' either, a' his life lang about things that dinna constitute his chief happiness. Eh?

North. Granted.

Shepherd. Fourthly, if his poetry be gude, and if the states o' sowl formin' the staple o't be also gude, and if his poems be sae numerous and important as to hae occupied him mair or less a' his life lang, then I shud like to know on what ithier principle he can be a bad man, except that he be a hypocrite—but if he be a hypocrite, that'll be seen at ance in his poetry, for it'll be bad—but then the verra reverse, by the supposition, is the case, for his poetry is gude; and therefore, if he be na a gude man, taken on the whole, a' this warld and this life's delusion thegither, black's white, het cauld, virtue vice, and frae sic a senseless life as the present there can be nae reason to believe in a future. And thus you end in a denial of the Deity, and avoo yourself to be an atheist. Eh?

North. Granted almost.

Shepherd. Fifthly, sir—what's this I was gaun to say? Ou ay. A man's real character, then, is as truly shown in his poetry as in his religion. When he is poetical and when he is religious, he is in his highest states. He exists at his best. Then and therein is the

perfection o' his natur. But it disna follow—by no mainner o' means—but that the pair mortal cretur may be untrue to himsell—untrue baith to his poetry and to his religion—and ower aften stain himsell wi' a' sorts o' vices and crimes. King David did sae—yet wha ever doubted either his poetry or his religion—or whare would you look for either, or for the man himsell, but in his Psalms? Eh?

North. Granted, James—granted.

Shepherd. If the Bard o' virtue and morality, and religion and immortal truth, sink down frae his elevation amang the stars, and soil his spirit wi' the stain o' clay, what does that prove but that he is not a seraph, inspired though he be, but like the sumphs around him, a sinner—oh! a greater sinner than they, because tumblin' frae a loftier height, and sinkin' deeper into the mire that bedabbles his glorious wings, that shall require other waters to cleanse them than ever flowed frae Helicon.

North. These are solemn—yea, mournful truths.

Shepherd. Show me ae leevin' mortal man, consistent wi' himsell, and at a' times subject to the rule o' life as it is revealed in scripture, and then tell me that a good, a great poet is not truly shown in his warks, and I will believe you—but not till then—for the humblest and the highest spirit, if tried by that test, will baith be found wantin'; and a' that I ask for either the ane or the ither set o' sinners is—justice.

North. Yet something there seems to be unexplained in the subject.

Shepherd. There maun aye be left something unexplained in every subject, sir. But hear till me ae minute langer. A man may deliver himsell up to poetry wi' too total a devotion—sae that he comes to dislike common life. There's much in common life, sir, as you ken, that's painfu', and a sair restraint on the wull. Folk maun learn not only to thole, but absolutely to love, many things in ithers that would cut but a poor figure in poetry; and to cherish many things in themselfs that hae nae relation whatsoever wi' the imagination. Every head o' a house maun be sensible o' that wha does his duty as a husband, a father, a master and a friend. Let these things be forgotten, or felt to be burdensome—and the mind that loves at all times to expatiate freely in a warld o' its ain—even though the elements o't be a' human—is under a strong temptation to do sae—and then the life o' the man becomes defective and disordered. In such cases, the poet who loves virtue in her ideal beauty, and worships her in spi'it and in truth, may frae her authority yet be a recreant—in real life. That's a short solution o' much that's puzzlin' and perplexin' in the conduct o' men o' genius; but there's anither key to the difficulty, sir—only I fear I'm gettin' tedious and tiresome.

North. No—no—my dear James, go on.

Shepherd. There's danger in the indulgence o' feelings, let them be even the highest and the holiest o' our nature, without constant correspondin' practice to prevent their degeneration into more aimless impulses—and these aimless impulses are found but a weak protection against the temptations that assail us in this world. Why, sir, I verily believe that religion itself may be indulged in to excess, when frequent ca's are no made on men to act, as well as to think and feel. The man of religion is perfectly sincere, though he be found wanting when put to trial—just like the man o' genius. Well-doing is necessary.

North. Then you have hit the nail on the head, James.

Shepherd. Shall we say then, in conclusion, that the true character of a true poet is always exhibited in his poetry? Eh? It must be so—Burns, Byron, Cowper, Wordsworth, are all, in different ways, proofs of the truth of the apophthegm.

North. But what think you, James, of the vulgar belief, that a bad private may be a good public character?

Shepherd. That it is indeed a most vulgar belief. A bad private character is a blackguard—and how could a blackguard make a gude public character? Eh?

North. That's a poser.

Shepherd. Only you see there's scarcely sic a thing as morality in political life; or if there be, it's anither code and gangs by the name o' Expediency.* A blackguard may be a gae good judge o' maist kinds o' expediency—but whenever the question gets dark and difficult, you maun hae recoorse to the licht o' conscience, and what becomes o' the blackguard then, sir? He gangs blindfaulded ower a precipice, and is dashed to pieces. But besides expediency, there's what they ca' honor—national honor—and though I scarcely see hoo it is—yet great blackguards in private life hae a sense o' that, and wadna, but under great temptation, sacrifice 't. A bribe, however, administered to their besettin' sin, whatever that may be, will generally do the business, and they will even sell the freedom of their country for women or gold.

North. I do not well know what to think of public men just now, James.

Shepherd. They seem to be a poor pitifu' pack, the maist o' them, especially wi' some twa or three exceptions—our ain Forty-Five.† Whenever a man past thirty tells me that he has changed his opinion

* This sneer at Expediency, as well as that on a man's changing his opinions after the age of thirty, was levelled against Wellington and Peel, who had avowed that expediency alone forced them to grant Catholic Emancipation.—M.

† Previous to the Reform Bill of 1832, Scotland sent forty-five members to the House of Commons—31 for the counties and 14 for the boroughs. By the Reform Bill 20 members were allowed for the counties and 23 for the boroughs. In 1832, the great majority of Scotch members were ultra-Tory.—M.

about ony given thing in ony given time, gude manners alane hinder me frae tellin' him that he is a leear. But let's hae nae politics. What the deevil are you thinkin' about that you're no attendin' to me speakin'? Dinna be absent. For Heaven's sake gie ower that face. Ay, there the black thunder-cloud has passed awa', and your benign auld beautifu' physiognomy ance mair looks like itsell in the licht o' heaven.

North. I chanced to look at this ring—

Shepherd. What? The ane on your wee finger? The finest diamond ever glittered.

North. And the image of the Noble Being, in remembrance of whom I have worn it for twenty years, rose up before me—me—thought in the very attitude in which he used of old to address a public assembly—the right arm extended—so—

Shepherd. Few things in this weary world sae delichtfu' as Keep-sakes! Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my een, ever lose their tender, their powerfu' charm!

North. How slight—how small—how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved friend from oblivion—worn on the finger—

Shepherd. Or close to the heart! Especially if he be dead! Nae thocht sae unsupportable as that o' entire, total, blank forgetfulness—when the cretur that ance laucht, and sang, and wept to us, close to our side, or in our verra arms, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses, had never been! She and them a' swallowed up in the dark nothingness o' the dust!

North. It is not safe to say, James, that any one single thought that ever was in the mind is forgotten. It may be gone, utterly gone—like a bird out of a cage. But a thought is not like a bird, a mortal thing; and why may it not, after many, many long years have past by—so many and so long that we look with a sort of quiet longing on the churchyard heaps—why may it not return all at once from a “fair countrée,” fresh, and fair, and bright, as of yore, when first it glided into being, up from among the heaven-dew opened pores in the celestial soil of the soul, and “possessed it wholly,” as if there for ever were to have been its blissful abiding-place, in those sunny regions where sin and sorrow as yet had shown their evil eyes, but durst not venture in, to scare off from the paradise even one of all its divinest inmates! Why may not the thought, I ask, return—or rather, rise up again on the spirit, from which it has never flown, but lain hushed in that mysterious dormitory, where ideas sleep, all ready to wake again into life, even when most like death—for ideas are as birds of passage, and they are also akin to the winter-sleepers, so that no man comprehends their exits or their entrances, or can know whether any one of all the tribe is

at any one moment a million of miles off, or wheeling round his head, and ready to perch on his hand !

Shepherd. Alloo me, sir, noo to press you to anither glass o' Mrs. Gentle's elder-flower wine.

North. Frontignao ! Now, do you, James, take up the ball—for I'm out of breath.

Shepherd. To please you, sir, I hae read lately—or at least tried to read—thae books, and lectures, and what not, on the Association o' Ideas—and yon explanations and theories of Tammas. Broon's and Mr. Dugald Stewart's, and Mr. Alison's, and the lave, seem, at the time the volume's lyin' open afore you, rational aneuch—sae that you canna help believin' that each o' them has flung doon a great big bunch o' keys, wi' a clash on the table, that'll enable you to open a' the locks o' a' the doors o' the Temple o' Natur. But, dog on't ! the verra first lock you try, the key'll no fit ! Or if it fits, you cannot get it to turn roun', though you chirt wi' your twa hands till you're baith black and red in the face, and desperate angry. A' the Metapheesicks that ever were theoreezed into a system o' Philosophy 'll never clear up the mystery o' memory ae hue, or enable me nor ony body else to understand hoo, at ae time, ye may knock on your head wi' your loof or nieve till it's sair, without awakening a single thocht, ony mair than you would awaiken a dormouse in the heart o' the bole of an aik, by tappin' on the rough hide ; while at another time, you canna gie your head a jie to the ae side, without tens o' thousands o' thochts fleein' out o' your mouth, your nose, and your een, just like a swarm o' bees playin' whurr—and bum—into the countless sky, when by chance you hae upset a skep, or the creturs o' their ain accord, and in the passion o' their ain instinct, are aff after their Queen, and havin' tormented half the kintra-side for hours, a' at last settle down on the branch o' an apple-tree perhaps—the maist unlikely, to all appearance, they could find—and perplexin' to the man wi' the ladder, and the towel outower his face,—because the Queen-Bee preferred, for some inscrutable reason, that ackward branch to a' ither resting-places on which she could hae rested her doup, although it was physically and morally impossible that she could ever hae seen the tree afore, never havin' been alloo'd to set her foot ayont the door o' the skep, for reasons best known to her subjects, or at least her Ministers, wha, unlike some ither I micht mention, dinna despise the voice o' the people, even though it should be nae louder nor a murmur or a hum !

North. Come, James, no politics—keep to philosophy.

Shepherd. The Queen-Thocht's the same's the Queen-Bee—and when she's let loose intil heaven, out flees the haill swarm o' winged fancies at her tail, wi' a noise like thunder.

North. But we were speaking of Keepsakes —

Shepherd. And sae we are still. I see the road windin' along on the richt haun yonner—but we're like passengers loupin aff the tap o' a cutch at the fit o' a hill, and divin' devious through a wood by a short cut, to catch her again afore she gets through the turn-pike.

North. The pleasantest way either of travel or of talk.

Shepherd. Ten hunder thousan' million thochts and feelings, and fancies, and ideas, and emotions, and passions, and what not, a' lie thegither, heads and thraws, in the great, wide, saft, swellin', four-posted, mony-pillowed bead o' the imagination. Joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, raptures, agonies, shames, horrors, repentances, remorse—strange bed-fellows indeed, sir,—some skuddy naked, some clothed in duds, and some gorgeously apparelled, ready to rise up and sit down at feasts and festivals —

North. Stop, James, stop —

Shepherd. 'Tis the poet alane, sir, that can speak to ony purpose about sic an association o' ideas as that, sir; he kens at every hotch amang them, whilk is about to start up like a sheeted cadaver shiverin' cauld-rife as the grave, or a stoled queen, a rosy, balmy, fragrant-bosomed queen, wi' lang, white, satin arms, to twine roun' your verra sowle! But the metaphyseecian, what kens he about the matter? Afore he has putten the specs astraddle o' his nose, the floor o' the imagination is a' astir like the foaming sea—and aiblins hushed again into a cawm as deep as that o' a sunny hill, where lights and lambs are dancin' thegither on the greensward, and to the music o' the lilting linties amang the golden groves o' broom, proud to see their yellow glories reflected in the pools, like blossoms bloomin' in anither warld belonging to the Naiads and the mermaids!

North. But, James, we were speaking of Keepsakes.

Shepherd. And sae we are still. For what is a keepsake but a material memorial o' a spiritual happenin'? Something substantial, through whose instrumentality the shadowy past may resettle on the present—till a bit metal, or a bit jewel, or a bit lock o' hair, or a bit painted paper, shall suddenly bring the tears into your startled and softened een, by a dear, delightfu', overwhelmin' image o' Life-in-Death?

North. Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics, most tenderly, most dearly, most devoutly, James, do I love a little lock of hair! and oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, burnished, golden, and glorious fragment of the apparelling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow!

Shepherd. Ay—as poor Kirke White says—

“It must have been a lovely head
That had such lovely hair.”

But dinna think ony mair upon her the noo, sir. What fules we are to summon up shadows and spectres frae the grave, to trouble—

North. Her image troubles me not. Why should it? Methinks I see her walking yonder, as if fifty years of life were extinguished, and that were the sun of my youth! Look—look—James!—a figure all arrayed, like Innocence, in white garments! Gone!—gone!—Yet such visions are delightful visitants, and the day, and the evening, and the night, are all sanctified on which the apparition comes and goes with a transient yet immortal smile!

Shepherd. Ay, sir! a lock o' hair, I agree with you, is far better than ony pictur. It's a pairt o' the beloved object hersell—it belonged to the tresses that aften, lang, lang ago, may hae been suddenly dishevelled, like a shower o' sunbeams, ower your beatin' breast! But noo solemn thochts sadden the beauty ance sae bricht—sae refulgent—the langer you gaze on't, the mair and mair pensive grows the expression of the holy relic—it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, “Weep'st thou no mure for me?” and then, indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affection in which all nature seemed to rejoice, “when life itself was young,” bears witness that the object towards which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many, many long weary years, than she was forgotten during an hour of absence, that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of her living, her loyng smiles!

North. Were a pictur perfectly like our deceased friend—no shade of expression, however slight, that was his, awanting—none there, however slight, that belonged not to the face that has faded utterly away—then might a picture—

Shepherd. But then that's never the case, sir. There's aye something wrang, either about the mouth, or the een, or the nose—or what's warst o' a', you canna fin' fawte wi' ony o' the features for no being like, and yet the painter, frae no kennin' the delightfu' character o' her or him that was sittin' till him, leaves out o' the face the entire speerit—or aiblins, that the portrait mayna be deficient in expression, he pits in a sharp clever look, like that o' a blue stocking, into a saft, dewy, divine een, swimmin' wi' sowle! spoils the mouth athegither by puckerin' 't up at the corners, sae that a' the innocent smiles, mantlin' there like kisses, tak flight frae sic prim lips, cherry-ripe though they be; and blin' to the delicate, straught, fine-edged hecht o' her Grecian—ay, her Grecian nose—what does the fule do, but raises up the middle o' the brig, or—may Heaven ne'er forgie him—cocks it up at the pint sae that you can see up the nostrils—a

thing I dinna like at a'—and for this, which he ca's a portrait, and proposes sendin' to the Exhibition, he has the conscience to charge you—withouten the frame—the reasonable sum o' ae hundred pounds sterling!

North. Next to a lock o' hair, James, is a brooch, or a ring, that has been worn by a beloved friend.

Shepherd. Just sae; and then you can put the hair intil the brooch or the ring—or baith—and wear them on your finger and on your breast a' nicht lang, dream, dream, dreamin' awa' back into the vanished world o' unendurable, and incomprehensible, and inutterable things!

North. Or what think you o' a book, my dear James —

Shepherd. Ay, a bit bookie o' ane's ain writin', a poem perhaps, or a garland o' ballants and sangs, with twa three lovin' verses on the fly-leaf, by way o' inscription—for there's something unco affectionate in manuscript—bound on purpose for her in delicate white silver-edged cawf, wi' flowers alang the border, or the figure of a heart, perhaps, in the middle, pierced wi' a dart, or breathin' out flames like a volcawno.

North. A device, James, as natural as it is new.

Shepherd. Nane o' your sneers, you auld satirist. Whether natural or unnatural, new or auld, the device, frae being sae common, canna be far wrang—for a' the warld has been in love, at ae time or ither o' its life, and kens best hoo to express its ain passion. What see you ever in love-sangs that's at a' new? Never ae single word. It's just the same thing ower again, like a vernal shower, patterin' amang the buddin' woods. But let the lines come sweetly and saftly, and a wee wildly too, frae the lips o' Genius, and they shall delight a' mankind, and womankind too, without ever wearyin' them, whether they be said or sung. But try to be original—to keep aff a' that has ever been said afore, for fear o' plagiarism, or in ambition o' originality, and your poem 'll be like a bit o' ice that you hae taken into your mouth unawaures for a lump o' white sugar.

North. Now, my dear James, the hour is elapsed, and we must to our toilet. The Gentles will be here in a jiffy, and I know not how it is, but intimate as we are, and attached by the kindest ties, I never feel at my ease in their company, in the afternoon, unless my hair be powdered, my ruffles on, and my silver buckles.

Shepherd. Do you mean the buckles on your shoon, or the buckles on your breeks?

North. My shoon, to be sure. James—James!

Shepherd. I'll tell you a secret, sir—and yet it's nae great secret either; for I'm o' opinion that we a' ken our ain hearts, only we dinna ken what's best for them,—you're in love wi' Mrs. Gentle. Na, na—dinna hang down your head, and blush in that gate; there's

nae harm in't—nae sin—only you should marry her, sir; for I never saw a woman sae in love wi' a man, in a' my born days.

North. I cannot bring myself to think so, my dear James.

Shepherd. Tuts. You canna attempt to walk across the room, that her twa een are no followin' you on your crutch, wi' a mixed expression o' love, and fear lest you should fa' and dislocate your knee-pan, or —

North. Crutch! Why, you know, James, well enough, that for the last twelvemonth I have worn it, not for use, but ornament. I am thinking of laying it aside entirely.

Shepherd. “And capering nimbly in a lady's chamber?” Be persuaded by me, sir, and attempt nae sic thing. Naebody supposes that your constitution's broken in upon, sir, or that you're subject to a general frailty o' natur. The gout's a local complaint wi' you—and what the waur is a man for haein' an occasional pain in his tae? Besides, sir, there's a great deal in habit—and Mrs. Gentle has been sae lang accustomed to look at you on the crutch, that there's nae sayin' hoo it micht be, were you to gie owre that captivat' hobbles, and figure on the floor like a dancin' master. At your time o' life, you could never howp to be an extremely—an uncommonly active man on your legs—and therefore it's better, it's wiser, and it's safer to continue a sort o' lameter, and keep to the crutch.

North. But does she absolutely follow me with her eyes?

Shepherd. She just reminds me, sir, when you are in the room wi' her, o' a bit image o' a duck soomin' about in a bowl o' water at the command o' a loadstone. She's really a bonny body—and no sae auld either. Naebody 'll laugh at the marriage—and I shouldna be surprised if you had —

North. “The world's dread laugh,” as it is called, has no terrors to me, my dear James —

Shepherd. Nane whatever—I weel ken that; and I think I see you sittin' wi' your poothered head, aside her in a chay drawn by four blood horses, cavin their heads till the foam flies ower the hedges, a' adorned wi' white ribbons, and the postillions wi' great braid favors in their breasts like roses or stars, smackin' their whups, while the crood huzzaws you aff to your honeymoon among the mountains —

North. I will pop the question, this very evening.

Shepherd. Just tak it for granted that the marriage is to be as sune as the settlements can be drawn up—look to her, and speak to her, and press her haun, whenever she puts her arm inil yours, as if it was a' fixed—and she'll sune return a bit wee saft uncertain squeeze—and then by-and-by —

North. I'll begin this very evening —

Shepherd. Saftly—saftly—moderate your transports. You maun begin by degrees, and no be owre tender upon her a' at ance, or she'll wunner what's the matter wi' you—suspeck that you're mad, or hae been takin a drap drink—and are only makin' a fule o' her —

North. Ha! yonder she is, James. Gentle by name, and gentle by nature! To her delicate touch the door seems to open as of itself, and to turn on its hinges—

Shepherd. As if they were iled. Wait a wee, and maybe you'll hear her bang't after her like a clap o' thunder.

North. Hush! impious man. How meekly the most lovable matron rings the door-bell! What can that lazy fellow, John, be about, that he does not fly to let the angel in?

Shepherd. Perhaps cleanin' the shoon, or the knives and forks. Noo mind you, behave yoursell. Come awa'.

(The SHEPHERD takes the crutch, and MR. NORTH walks towards the Lodge, as fresh as a five-year-old.)

No. XLIV.—JUNE, 1829.

SCENE—*The Blue Room.—Time, Eight o'clock, P. M.*

TICKLER, NORTH, SHEPHERD, ODOHERTY, and RABBI MOSES EDREHL.

North. You are considerably changed, Odoherthy. Your hair is decidedly graying—nay, don't trouble the curls, they are very pretty still; and, in fact, become your present complexion better than black and all black would do.

Odoherthy. Ah! Christopher, I may say as Lord Byron did to Lady Blessington,

“The bard in my bosom is dead,
And my heart is as gray as my head.”

Non sum qualis eram, North; I have turned the post fairly, and must henceforth have the stand in view. I feel very, very old—oh! d—d old!

North. Boy! I feel as young at this hour as I did at eight-and-twenty. Fill your glass, you stripling. Your third wedding has improved you every way. You are fatter—your skin is clearer—you show symptoms of incipient paunch—your dress is more grave, true, but it is richer—I admire the chain—upon the whole you look respectable. I daresay you are playing the devil among the Dowagers. Women are tender in the evening of life.

Odoherthy. Such Eves need no tempter. But my wife is confoundedly sharp, Christopher. Hang it, you old bachelors have no notion of things as they are.

North. Bachelors, indeed! Why, then, you don't know that I was ever married?

Odoherthy. If you ever were, you have kept your thumb on the circumstance. Are you serious, old boy?

North. About three in the afternoon of a bonny summer day, June the tenth, in the year of grace seventy-and-two, I being then exactly twenty-one, was married upon as sweet a lassie as ever left an honest father's house, raining tears of fear, hope, sorrow, and joy, on the threshold-stone! Oh! Odoherthy—I am never weary of living those days over again—those long bright days, full of mirth—

those serene evenings—the glorious sunsets on Lochawe—the wild Highland ballad—the utter confidence—the unspeakable smiles—and then—but no more, my dear. Fill again, and pass the Cockburn. Alas! alas! *Fuit Ilum.*

Shepherd. Ochon! Ochon!

Rabbi Moses Edrehi, (aside.)

כפיץ יבין אדעא מחון נסיר אירחא :

Odoherity. Were you in the church at this period?

North. Confound you, I never was in the church. I was then owner and occupier of a small, but sufficient lairdship; sat under my own thatch—killed my own mutton—brewed my own beer—smuggled my own brandy—kissed my own wife, and feared no man. The land was good, improvable and improving—the arable and the pasture—and I was an active hand at most things, and sported the kilt.

Odoherity. Which as Castlereagh told the dames des halles, when they were sniggling to see the 42d pass, is *un habit bien commode*, as well as graceful. . But what came of Mrs. North?

North. She went to the devil in the winter of 1773—don't allude to the subject again.

Moses Edrehi. חרי זנב לארירה.

Shepherd. What's that?

North. 'Tis an old saying of the Talmudists, "When an ass climbeth a ladder, look for wisdom among women."

Shepherd. A saying worthy of a gowk. Women have far mair heart nor men; and as far as I have seen the world, they have far mair sense, and discretion, too. As for Mrs. North—

Odoherity. Hush, (*hums*) "Oh, no! we never mention her."

Tickler. What think you of the English women, Rabbi?

Moses Edrehi. חרי קביר.

North. I know what you are going to say—Your proverb being interpreted, signifies, that "in two bushels of dates there is one bushel of stones—and more."

Shepherd. Aye, aye—I perceive what he's at. Weel, after a', they are wise folk thae Hebrews—and yet I think the lang beard has its share.

Tickler. A barbarous practice—and a filthy. I am ashamed to see moustaches, and whiskers, and Charlies, as the puppies call them, coming so much into vogue among ourselves. The beard cannot be suffered to grow, either in whole or in part, without *pro tanto* obscuring the most expressive part of the human face divine. Ribbi Moses has a mouth, no doubt, and makes good use of it, both as to the putting in and the putting out; but hang me if any one of you can say what is the form of his lips.

Odoherty, (aside). Timothy always piqued himself on the cut of his chops.

Shepherd. And what for dinna you shave your beard, Rabbi?

Moses Edrehi. *Car c'est écrit*—'Scase me, sare—for 'tis said by Moshe baruk lishamo—"Dow salt not mar de corner of dy beard." It is in the book Elek Haddebarim, dat you call Levitique.

Shepherd. But then I hae kent mony a ane o' your folk wha shave. Hoo do they get ower the command?

Moses Edrehi. Senor Hogg, kennst du night—I mean, do you not know many shentlemen, what are Cristens, dat drink, par exempio, and get vat you call in Inglis—Vass is de dabber, the Inglis voce fur ivrogne?

Shepherd. Aiblins ye speak sic a jabber that there's nae making kirk or mill o' what ye say.

Moses Edrehi. Fou? C'est François, mon ami, et pas Anglois—das est mad.

Shepherd. Nae doot. I hae seen mony a chield as mad as a March hare after a glass. Ye mean to say, then, the Jews wha shave their chins hae nae mair religion than sae mony drucken auld tinckler bodies, who like ane that sall be nameless, are gi'en to gettin' themselves fou as fiddlers.

Moses Edrehi. Senor, si.

Shepherd. It is a comical thing, after a', to think that a goat has mair soond Jewish doctrine on his chin than a rabbi after a rawzor. And yet I'll uphaud it against ye, Timothy, it's no bad custom yon of no shaving. For ye ken, Mr. Moses—Is na yer Christian name Moses?

Moses Edrehi. I havn't got no Cristin name, sare; for Ich bin nicht a Cristin—God a' might keep us!

Shepherd. Lord sauf us, I forgot! But yer first name's Moses?

Moses Edrehi. Yay, mynheer.

Shepherd. Ye see, I hae mony and mony a time thoct that he wha first introduced shaving amang us was ane of the greatest foes o' the human race. Just think, man, o' the awfu' wark it's on a cauld Sabbath morning, when the week's bristles are as sturdy as the teeth of a horse kame, and the burn water winna boil, and the kirk-bell's ringing, and the wife a' riggit out, and the gig at the door, and the rawzor haggit like a saw—Trumbull o' Selkirk makes good rawzors, but the weans are unco fond of playing wi' mine, puir things. Od keep us! it gars me grew but to think o' the first rasp—and after a' the sark-neck's blacken'd wi' your bluid, and your face is a bonny sicht to put before a congregation, battered ower wi' brown paper, or tufts o' beaver aff yer hat. Oh! I'm clean for the lang beard.

Tickler. Well, you have a good opportunity now; for I under-

stand many of the leading Protestants have resolved never to shave until the late bill be repealed. You are aware that thousands of the Cavaliers followed the same reverend fashion on the murder of the King, and never smoothed their chins till the day of the Restoration. Indeed, not a few of our own old Jacobites took to the flowing mane again, upon the sinful expulsion of King James II. I myself remember several patriarchal figures in the Highlands.

Shepherd. If I were sure that Lord Eldon, and Mr. Sadler, and Lord Chandos, would keep me in countenance, I would swear a muckle aith this very minute, it I would, and wag a bonny beard in Yarrow kirk or the winter Sacrament. But I'm jealous you're at your jokes, Mr. Tickler. Wull ye say as sure's death?

Odoherly. I can answer for him this time. I with these eyes saw several men of the highest eminence sporting beards Aaronic in Bond-street only a week ago. There was, for example, Lord Harborough.*

Shepherd. Blessings on him! Weel, I'm really glad, just glad, to hear there's sae muckle o' sincere principle left in the land. Sanders Trumbull, ye've seen the last of my aughteen pennies! But, pity me, surely the hair has been gleg at the growing.

Odoherly. O! they left off shaving the moment the King's speech came out; † and tears, you know, are very nutritive to the whisker principle.

Moses Edrehi. Carrajo! I glaupe dare has bin mehr wein d'Opor-to dan watters off de Tribulation.

Odoherly. Ay, Mosey (which, by the way, is a mighty neat name for a bull,) sorrow is dry. I was obliged to drink double tides to keep myself in anything like common temper at the sight of so much vermin as infested us on all sides. Rat—rat—rat—nothing but rat.

Shepherd. After a', the most awfu' ratton is the Deuk. I'll never say we were yearsbairns-agen.

Moses Edrehi. אמר נכל

North. Yes, Rabbi; it is a fool who hath spoken. The Duke is no rat. If I could have opposed the carrying of the Roman Catholic bill by bearing my bosom to the blow, I would have done it; but I cannot impute low motives to the Duke of Wellington. He—alter his opinions for the ordinary and dirty temptations which sway the Dawsons and Peels, the Bathursts and the Westmorelands, and the other very small and miserable deer who are so well designated by the name of vermin, base and not to be trusted—he, the hero of all the fields of Spain, the hero of Waterloo, the topmost

* The Earl of Harborough, who was only 32 in the year 1829, used to walk about "bearded like a pard."—M.

† The Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1829, in which the intention to bring in the Catholic Relief Bill was announced.—M.

spirit of the world—he RÂT! James, James, I should have blushed to hear the word from you, if in these old vellum cheeks there was blood enough for a blush.

Tickler. But, Christopher —

North. Your pardon, dearly beloved friend—I wish the Duke had not voted and legislated as he has done; but he *has* a right to give his opinion on a great state question, and to *alter* his opinion, Mr. Tickler. He has matter of high, perhaps of culpable ambition, to sway him—for aught I know the Standard may be right there—but never of *low*. He may be capable of being an USURPER—never of being a RAT. Who ever confounded Fouché with Napoleon? What infant will ever mix up the motives of a Peel with those of Wellington? Fill your glass, Mr. Edrehi. I do not think you have any Glenlivet in Jerusalem?

Moses Edrehi. Nein, mien herr. Sta bueno. Tish gutes drink.

North. Some Idiots have been babbling about Scott's ratting.* I know that Scott, ten years ago, said the Irish Papists should get what they clamored for. Nor is it wonderful that a man whose imagination lives, if I may say so, among the feelings of those who call themselves the oppressed—among the Saxons, the Cavaliers, the Gael, the Jacobites, &c., &c., should take a *poetical* interest in the case of the Irish Papists. It is his' natural bias as a novelist. But whether it was, or was not, I shall always contend that Scott is in that class of minds that may—nay *must* choose for themselves in the politics of this world; in fact, he is one of us, one of the great men of the earth—who, though not exempted from the ordinary feelings of humanity, may perhaps upon questions great or small, err as grossly as the most ignorant, nay, often more grossly.

Shepherd. Ay, true's the auld sayin'—The greatest clerks are no the wisest folk.

North. I say, these men—the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott, for instance, are not to be judged by rules which are infallible upon Peel, or Pattmore, or Bob Wilson, or Bob Waithman—or any of the *xabaguarous* offscourings of politics or pus.

Tickler. The Times people published a passage of some Life of old Cumberland, some time since, as a proof that Sir Walter had long entertained the opinions which have been thrust into his mouth of late. Nothing could be more stupidly fallacious than the citation made by these dull dogs. In that passage, Sir Walter regretted

* Early in 1829, Sir Walter Scott felt it his duty to separate from his friends, the ultra-Tories, and support the Duke of Wellington's experiment of endeavoring to pacify Ireland by granting Catholic Emancipation. He wrote several articles in its favor in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*; proposed one of the resolutions at the principal meeting held at Edinburgh in support of the measure; and, of course, signed the petition in its favor. When that petition was read in the House of Commons, Scott's name among the subscribers was received with so much enthusiasm, says Lockhart, "that Sir Robert Peel thought fit to address to him a special and very cordial letter of thanks on that occasion." Twenty years previously Scott had been opposed to Catholic Emancipation.—M.

that military employment had not been granted to the Paddy Papists, at the time Dicky Cumberland, an old crony of mine, by the way, but a poor body after all—wrote his very *fade*, though genteel comedy of the West Indian. When Scott wrote that sentence, all *that* restriction was gone by,—and he might, without disturbing any dream of our then Protestant ascendancy, have breathed a sigh over the waste of Irish energy and Irish life, in the service of foreign countries,—he might have eulogized the bravery of the Irish Popish soldier in foreign armies, without serving or thinking of serving the cause of the Irish Popish lawyer in the Four Courts of Dublin.

Odoherly. Well! as to the Irish Brigade, I've my own theory. You'll cite me, if you please, fine things here and there about them; but on the whole, where was the general they revered—where even the staff-officer? Such a set—but I check myself—by-and-by my book will appear. Colburn and I are in treaty about it. We split only upon £500, so the bargain is near being completed.

North. *Revenons*. What I was saying amounts to this: we allow to great men that for which we most judiciously whip and even hang little ones. War is a universal murder, in which the proficient is a hero, and honored by a statue, opposite, perhaps, to the very spot where the retail practitioner in man-killing is hanged. I say this is right. I can, if I pleased, give the reasons, but there is no need now,—*Edrehi*, the bottle is with you—But, whether I think it right or not, the world thinks it right—and it is enough. Compare, therefore, by these ordinary and every day rules, the great Duke and Mr. Robert Peel. What had the conqueror of Napoleon to gain by any political stroke for the good or bad? Morgan, by-the-by, you can answer for me.

Odoherly. Ay, ay, sir—

North. You and I were together when the first of these celebrated Noctes began—no one else—I have read the report of our conversation, and inaccurate as these reports generally are, they yet convey somewhat the substance of what we say. In my reported talk of that night, sir, I remarked that the Duke of Wellington would not obtain any additional honor for being the author of the very best of all possible corn bills. I daresay I said the words, at all events I thought the thought, and now stick to it.

Odoherly. The phrase I remember well. Pass the jug, James.

Shepherd. Let me fill first. This is rather weak.

Tickler. A fault easily mended; put another half-pint of Glenlivet into the jug.

Shepherd. Ha, ha—Timotheus, the meal wad then be abune the maut. It's no easy to mend a jug. I hae mony a time thoct it

took as muckle natural genius to make a jug of punch, as an epic poem, sic as *Paradise Lost*, or even Queen Hynde hersell.

Odoherly. More, my friend, more. I think an ingenious comparison between these works of intellect, could be easily made by a man of a metaphysical turn of mind.

North. A more interesting consideration would be, the effect produced upon the national character, by the mere circumstance of the modes of preparing the different beverages of different countries. Much of the acknowledged inferiority of the inhabitants of wine countries, arises from the circumstance of having their liquor prepared to their hand. There is no stretch of imagination in pouring wine ready made from carafe, or barochio, or flask, into a glass—the operation is merely mechanical; whereas, among us punch drinkers, the necessity of a nightly manufacture of a most intricate kind, calls forth habits of industry and forethought—induces a taste for chemical experiment—improves us in hygrometry, and many other sciences,—to say nothing of the geographical reflections drawn forth by the pressure of the lemon, or the Colonial questions, which press upon every meditative mind on the appearance of white sugar.

Tickler. Confound the Colonial question, for this evening at any rate. We are to have M'Queen here one of these nights, and if any man alive can enlighten us as to these matters, he is the man.* He appears to know Africa as well as the Trongate of Glasgow, and would be as much at home on the banks of the river Joliba as on those of the Molendinar.

North. When I was at Timbuctoo ———

Shepherd, (*aside*.) A lang yarn is beginning the noo ———

Moses Edrehi. Sind sie geweson, sare, dans l'Afrique?

North. Many years; I was Sultan of Bello for a long period, until dethroned by an act of the grossest injustice; but I intend to expose the traitorous conspirators to the indignation of an outraged world.

Tickler, (*aside to SHEPHERD*.) He's raving.

Shepherd, (*to TICKLER*.) Dementit.

Odoherly, (*to both*.) Mad as a hatter. Hand me a segar.

Moses Edrehi. Yo suis of Maroc.

North, (*aside*.) Zounds! (*to EDREHI*.) I never chanced to pass that way—the emperor and I were not on good terms.

Moses Edrehi. Then, sare, you was good luck to no pass, for the emperor wash a man ver disagreeable ven no gut humors. Gott keep ush! He hat lions in cage—and him gab peoples zu de lions—dey

* James McQueen, who wrote very long articles in *Blackwood* in defence of "The West India Interest," and against all anti-Slavery motions, was Editor of the *Glasgow Courier* in 1820.—M.

roarsh—oh, mucho, mucho!—and eats de poor peoples—God keep ush!—a ver disagreeable man dat emperor.

Shepherd. Nae doot—it canna be a pleasant thing to be gobbled by a lion. Did you ever see a lion eat a man, sir?

Moses Edrehi. Yes, sare, in Maroc. I was not always a zeken, a viejo, a what you call old fellow, with blanchio beard—but ven I was twent I vent for valk to a mountaigne not weit from Maroc mit two young men—ve joked and laughed, and God help ush, zwei lowen cam down the hill, and in six halb-minute, one gobble up mein ami-go to the rechts, and dem oder gobble mi freend to de links—left I mean, o Dios—how ver disagreeable. I ran away. I say mit der Melek David, Ashri haish asher lo halak bahetzath ushaim, ubederck hattaim to hhamad. So—vous me comprenez—ich stand not in the way of den sinner sh de lionsh—but runsh—vite—vite—oh sehr schnell I runnsh.

Shepherd. Oh, sirs, imagine yoursell daundering out to Canaan, to take your kail wi' our frien' James, and as ye're passing the Links, out jumps a lion, and at you!

Odoherly. The Links—oh! James, you are no polyglot.

Tickler. I don't wish to insinuate that I should like to be eaten, by lion or shepherd, but I confess that I consider that the new drop would be a worse fate than either.

North. Quite mistaken—the drop's a trifle.

Moses Edrehi. Ja wohl, Milord.

Shepherd. As to being hangit, why that's a matter that happens to mony a deacent man, and it's but a spurl or tway, and a gaspin gurble, an' ae stour heave, and a's ower; ye're dead ere a body's weel certified that the board's awa' from behind you—and the nightcap's a great blessing, baith to you and the company. The gilliteen, again, I'm tauld it's just perfectly ridiculous how soon that does it's turn. Up ye come, and tway chieles ram your head into a shottle in a door like, and your hands are clasped ahint ye, and swee gangs the door, and you upset head foremost, and in below the axe, and hangie just taps you on the neck to see that it's in the richt nick, and whirr, whirr, touch the spring, and down comes the thundering edge, loaded wi' at least a hunder weight o' lead—your head's aff like a sybo—Tuts, that's naething—ony body might mak up their mind to be justified on the gilliteen.

Odoherly. The old Dutch way—the broadsword—is, after all, the best; by much the easiest and the genteelest. You are seated in a most comfortable arm-chair with a silk handkerchief over your eyes they read a prayer if you are so inclined—you call for a glass of wine, or a cup of coffee—an iced cream—a dram—any thing you please, in fact—and your desires are instantly complied with—you

put the cup to the lip, and just at that moment swap comes the whistling sabre.

Shepherd. Preserve us! keep your hand to yourself, Captain.

Odoherity. Sweep he comes—the basket is ready—they put a clean towel over it—pack off the cold meat to the hospital—scrub the scaffold—take it to pieces—all within five minutes.

Shepherd. That's capital. In fact a' these are civilized exits—but oh! man, man, to think o' a lion on the Burntsfield Links—what would your gowfers say to that, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. A rum customer, certainly.

Shepherd. Oh! the een, the red, fiery fixit, unwinkin' een, I think I see them—and the laigh, deep, dour growl, like the purring o' ten hundred cats—and the muckle white sharp teeth girnin' and grundin'—and the lang rough tongue, and the yirnest slaver running outour the chaps o' the brute—and the cauld shiver—minutes maybe—and than the loup like lightning, and your backbane broken wi' a thud, like a rotten rash—and then the creature begins to lick your face wi' his tongue, and sniffle and snort owre you, and now a snap at your nose, and than a rive out o' your breast, and than a crunch at your knee—and you're a' the time quite sensible, particularly sensible.

Odoherity. Give him a dig in the muzzle, and he'll tip you the *coup-de-grace*.

North. What a vivid imagination the Shepherd has—well, cowardice is an inspiring principle.

Tickler. I'll defy Peel to look more woe-begone when the Duke knits his brow, and begins to mump with his grinders.

Moses Edrehi. חצלא בערניה

North. That's enough. The Rabbi says we must worship the fox in season; but I am sure the Duke is any thing but a fox.

Tickler. Don't know, really.

Moses Edrehi. אם יצלה חמר

North. I' faith, Rabbi, you're coming strong on us with your γωγῶσαι to-night. He says, choose rather to be the tail of the lions than the head of the foxes. Do you agree, Tickler?

Tickler. I care nothing about politics now. The Constitution is undermined; but perhaps the old walls may hang together long enough to shelter what remains of my brief allotted span—I daresay the Tories will get frightened ere another Session, and muster about the Duke again. I shall be surprised at nothing.

Moses Edrehi. רחילה—Scuse me, sare, dat ist von sheep goeth-hinter anoder sheep.

Tickler. Yea, even though the wolf be at the gate.

Odoherity. The Duke, I think, might yet get back the Tories; but

one preliminary is indispensable—he must play the devil—I mean the Husky, with Mr. Peel.

Moses Edrehi. Make Herr Peel de—de—Azazel, schkapegoat—vat you call, and send him into de dibr—into de grand desert. (*Fills his pipe, and smokes vigorously—stroking his beard.*)

Odoherity. His desert, certainly. Well, I think I shall try a cherry-stalk too. Hand me that bushel of pipes in the corner, Shepherd.

Shepherd. Deil a bit sall ye smoke till ye gie us a sang first. Come, Captain, clear your ain pipes.

North. Odoherity, I am told you sometimes improvise now-a-days. Is it so? Where have you picked it up? Can you actually do the trick?

Shepherd. Improveeze? Can the Captain improveeze? What next?

Odoherity. Improvise? To be sure I do. Hang it, Lord Byron was never more mistaken than when he said *we* English—

Tickler. *We* English!—I like that—three Scotchmen, a Munster bogtrotter, and a Morocco Jew.

Odoherity. Time, my honest old gaffer; the schoolmaster has not been long enough abroad yet to tie our tongues, at least mine—to the full pernickitiness of prim propriety. I say Byron was never more mistaken than when he denied to *us* the power of improvising.

North. His lordship, Sir Morgan, allowed, I think, that Mr. Hook was an *improvisatore*.

Odoherity. “Ay,” said Theodore, when he heard it—(some of the shabby rascals about a shabby administration were persecuting him at the time, out of spite for his political writings)—“however that may be, I am a damned *unlucky—Tory*.” Beyond question, Hook, one of the best and pleasantest companions, the very king of table-wits, does shine astonishingly in this feat—the rhymes appear to tumble into their places by magic. You know his rhymes on David Ximenes?

Tickler. No—

Odoherity. “Here lieth the body of David Ximenes—
A naturalized Jew.”

Moses Edrehi, (dropping his pipe.) Sare?

Odoherity. I was not speaking to you, my old flower of Aldgate,—

“Here lieth the”——

I’ll be hanged if that unbelieving son of Satan has not put the rhyme out of my head. N’importe. Here, then, I call bumpers, bumpers—let us all improvise. I lay a wager of six to four in any coin, not exceeding a shilling, that not one of you breaks down. As for me, I can jingle like a butter-cart.

Shepherd. And what wull it be aboot?

Odoherty. Are you filled?

North. All filled. Now don't come Twiss over us—let it be a real off-hand—

Odoherty. Here, then, is at once the toast, and the subject of our verse.

“ May due contempt await on Peel.”

(*Drinks—NORTH, SHEPHERD, TICKLER, and EDREHL, follow the example. Shout from outside proves that the company in other parts of the tavern have caught the sonorous voice of ODOHERTY, and have hastened vociferously to honor his toast.*)

Odoherty. Vox populi! Yet in the House of Commons he is still cheered. What a set of spoons!

Tickler. The rising talent of the country!

North. What my right honorable friend, Mr. Croker, says, is undeniably true. That upon no other principle could six hundred and fifty-eight such average idiots be gathered in any country of Christendom.

Shepherd. But Maister Crocker himsell's no an idiot—but ane o' the cleverest fallows in the land. It's pity that—

Odoherty. Come, I begin, long measure. Follow ye all as Phoebus inspires.

A BUCOLICAL.

Here follows a contention in honor of Mr. Robert Peel.

Odoherty, (chants.)

Air—A Pot of good Ale.

O Tories, dear Tories, who still are as true—
In spite of defeat—and as trusty as steel,
An apostate, a trimmer, a rat is in view,
So, after him, boys,—and come spit upon PEEL.

Now, Mr. North—the chant is with your worship.

North. We once were deceived—though his talent was small,
Wishy-washy his matter, conceited his squeal,
For Toryhood loyal we pardon'd it all,
But this having vaniah'd—good day, MR. PEEL.

(*Nods to TICKLER.*)

Tickler. I don't doubt ye will say he was train'd to a twist,
That a spinning-bred statesman was used to a wheel,
But, punning apart, did there ever exist
So barefaced a turncoat as Westbury's PEEL?

(*Nods to SHEPHERD.*)

Shepherd. Comin' by Prestonpans, I foregathered wi' Nanse ;
And it's "Luckie," quo' I, "something stinks in your creel"
And it's "hoots, sir," quo' ahe, "let the haddies abe,
They're gaun up to THE ADVOCATE* and MR. PEEL."

Moses Edrehi. (Nods to the RABBI.)

I nose him a shoe, but his tribe ish not good,
The schentleman'ah shlimy and shlippy as huile,
For he try *do* Shir Maaseh—dat ish if him could,
But ha ! ha ! vat a Tartar to turn upon BEEL.

Odoherthy. I was by in the Commons when Wetherell rose,
And trampled this traitor with merciless heel—
And believe me the fiercest of felony's foes
Would have then thought it pity to crow over PEEL.

North. In the Lords, quoth the Duke, with his cast-iron smile,
Such as Santon Barsisa received from the deil,
"My friend has been sacrificed," pleasant the while,
Was the simper that welcomed this mention of PEEL.

Tickler. Both in Lords and in Commons the gentleman's *done*.
To his Master the lost one may truckle and kneel,
But from those whom he cheated his hopes they are none—
Many slaves hath the Duke—the most abject is PEEL.

Shepherd. Now the men of this land, at the word o' command
Maun content them, like sogers, to think and to feel ;
And we dinna forget that a' this is a debt
Which we owe to the upright inflexible PEEL.

Moses Edrehi.
He knows what him means—if him gets a fair price ;
The Gonab are sure, sare, as *yom's* not *laeel*,†
Would to synagogue go and be there shircumcise,
Half-a-quarter per shent would convert MR. PEEL.

Odoherthy. On what rests his glory ! Thus answers The Globe,
"Old laws and old writs he's the boy to repeal ;
We can get tipsy an hour with a gipsy,
Without fear of the hemp, such a Solon is PEEL."

North. My most excellent friend, Mr. Potter Macqueen,
Who made Lord Johnny Russell for Bedford to reel—
Drew a plan for the Swan, fine as ever was seen,
But he had not consulted his host, MR. PEEL.
(Stick to this, TIMOTHY.)

Tickler. No sooner the matter was mentioned to Bob,
"Here I'll find," cries the cad, "some dear kinsman a meal ;
By the oath of mine office I'll make a neat job ;"
And he kept his word that time, for Tommy's a PEEL.

* Sir William Rea.—M. † As day is not night.—C. N.

Shepherd. I'm tauld Sir John Copley, wha noo is a judge,*
 Though he ne'er was a lawyer, hung back wi' his seal,
 Till the Promising Youth gied his elbow a nudge—†
 For "bluid's thicker nor water," is a maxim wi' PEEL.

Moses Edrehi.

Said Roschild, (the Premier Baron Juif)
 Of this world's shabby doingsah I've vitneacht a deal,
 But it givesh to my boshom exsheeding relief,
 That ash yet I've encountered bot von MEISTER BEEL.‡

Odoherty. Satis. Ohe, jam satis.

Tickler. And pretty fellows we are, to have been tricked in this style by such brains as these. I confess it aggravates my distress for the downfall of the Constitution, that it should have gone to pot so much *à la Varna*. We too have had our Jussuff Pacha.

North. Turks and Tories! Well there are some points of resemblance, I must confess. But our Czar is already within our Stamboul, and that is more than is like to be the case with the Muscovite for another season or so, I venture to hint. The Turks are bad enough, I admit, but not quite so incorrigible in their simplicity as our High Churchmen.

Odoherty. Phillipotto, for instance,—

"In his living of Stanhope, as gay as you please."§

Shepherd. There is an auld Scotch rhyme, Rabbi, that says —

"The Devil and the Dean begin with ae letter,
 When the Deil gets the Dean, the Kirk will be the better."

Odoherty. No idiots are like the Tories, depend upon it. Only look at Stinkomalee§ and King's College! Activity, union, craft, indomitable perseverance on the one side—indolence, indecision, internal distrust and jealousies, calf-like simplicity, and cowardice intolerable on the other, to say nothing of jobbing without end. 'Tis enough to make a horse sick to compare Brougham, Horner, and these indefatigable Professors—all at one, all alive, all moving, and already succeeding in every thing—with Blomfield ballying Copplestone, Copplestone fawningly undermining Blomfield, little Coleridge spinning letters—Quintin Dick—Proh Jupiter!—the higgings about Somerset House—the sycophantish intrigues with the Stinko-

* Now Lord Lyndhurst.—M.

† Thomas Peel had lately received that large grant of land in Australia, where he founded the Swan River Settlement.—M.

‡ This chant, which embodied the Tory feelings as respects Peel in 1839, was written by Maginn.—M.

§ Dr. Phillipotts, Rector of Stanhope, was one of the clergymen who *rattled*, in 1839, on the Catholic Question. The following year he was made Bishop of Exeter. Cause and effect? —M.

§ Theodore Hook's nickname for London University.—M.

malee folks themselves—the unfilled purse—the drooping hope—the beggarly nonsense about degrees, and gowns, and hours for chapel! Oh, Rabbi, Rabbi, whether shall the Sadducees or the Pharisees have our heartiest curse!

Rabbi. Sichem marries de wife, and Misfgæus is shircumshized.

Shepherd. The Family Library, puttin' out at John Murray's, is hooever ae Tory speculation that lucks weel. I think they'll hae the heels of the Leeberals there.

Odoherty. Yes, if they go on as they've begun; but that's a question. If old Constable had lived, his Miscellany would have done splendidly—for now he's gone, Archie was certainly a very extraordinary man. He had pluck enough for any thing in his trade—his hand was open, his eye was keen—and he evidently had seen through the shallowness of most of his old associates, and was resolved to put at least a strong leaven of Tory talent into their Whig dough. But he went the way of all flesh, and little has been done since, that I think he would have patronized.

Tickler. Except John Lockhart's Biography of Burns, and little Chambers's histories of the Rebellions, no original works of much note have been published in the Miscellany—unless very lately—for I confess I have not seen the concern these six months or so.

North. Why, there are other things decent enough; but, on the whole, 'tis not a very thriving affair—it wants a head—and I believe the circulation is no great matter.

Odoherty. Considerable, I am told; but nothing to the Useful Knowledge concern.

Tickler. Brougham's Committee have been so lucky as to put forth a few admirable tracts—most admirable ones—Charles Bell's, for example. But of all the infernal, pompous, unmeaning, unintelligible trash that ever mortal eyelid darkened over, commend me to the histories and biographies of the Library of Useful Knowledge. Where Brougham has picked up such a squad of boobies, heaven only can tell. I think you said, last time we met, that the Library of Entertaining Knowledge promised better.

North. Yes; but even there the second number is a sad falling off from the first; and the first, after all, was more attractive for the wood-cuts than the writing. But Charles Knight's an able and worthy fellow, and I hope he'll bestir himself and prosper.

Odoherty. You Tories seem to me to be giving up hope about every thing. That's horrid stuff, Christopher. You ought *not* to wish success to these folks. For disguise their plans as they may, can there be any doubt what the real ultimate object of Brougham's *Schoolmasters* are? And can you, even now, neglect any opportunity of at least putting a *remora* in their way?

Moses Edrehi. Senor North, kenn'st du de saying of Ben Syra?

North. Yea, truly; and a wise one that is—"He that gives honor to his enemy is like to an ass." What say you to that, James?

Shepherd. Ditto—ditto—ditto. Claw me and I'll claw thee. When will the tinklers speak a gude word o' any o' our folk?

North. Why, that sort of thing appears to be much on the decline just at present. I see almost all the Whig papers puffing Murray's concern very potently.

Odoherly. Nothing like liberality. I wonder what Croker now thinks of the style Bonaparte is talked of in the Family Library. Heavens! if he has not clean forgotten his papers in the Quarterly some five or six years back, what must be his wrath in seeing such productions coming out of Albemarle-street!

Tickler. I expect to find Johnson's Toryism, and so forth, treated as contemptible weaknesses in the Secretary's own edition of Boswell. Nothing like the march of intellect—it is taking all in.

North. As to Bonaparte—whether Croker himself wrote this Life of him or no, I can't say; but my opinion is, that if it were so, there would be nothing to wonder at. When he used to vituperate Napoleon, remember he was potent for evil. Yes, even at St. Helena his name and words were playing the devil continually all over Europe. He was then an enemy, and to have honored him would, as the son of Sirach has laid down, have been the part of an idiot. But now, God pity us, he sleeps sound beneath a thousand weight of granite, and shame on the mortal who dares deny that he was the greatest man of the last thousand years.

Shepherd. Greater than Shakspeare? or Newton, or —

North. I mean the greatest Warrior and the greatest Prince—and whatever Dr. Channing may think, it is my opinion that these are characters not to be maintained on a slender stock of brain. That worthy scribe says, Bonaparte has added "no new thought to the old store of human intellect." It must be admitted, that he neither printed reviews nor preached sermons—but still I have a sort of notion that Bonaparte was a more powerful-minded Unitarian than Dr. Channing. In fact, laying his battles and victories, and even his laws and diplomacy out of view, I am willing to stake his mere table-talk at St. Helena against all the existing written wisdom of the United States.

Odoherly. You may safely do so, North. Just turn to that one page, in which Bonaparte demolishes Spurzheim. Those three or four sentences are worth all that has yet been written on the subject. Let Mr. Combe answer them, if he can.

North. There are some things in Murray's little book which puzzle me. It is said that the expedition that went from Cork to Portugal in 1808, under Lord Wellington, had been originally meant for an attack on Mexico. Can this be so?

Tickler. If it be, the secret has been well kept.

Odoherly. None of us had the least notion where we were bound for. I myself, Rabbi, thought of the coast of Barbary—others said Sicily. We were all quite confounded when the news from Spain arrived, and after that there were few doubts amongst us.

Moses Edrehi. Ich bin den in Algezira. No gazettes dere, sare.

Tickler. Hand me that little volume, Odoherly. What a clever fellow George Cruickshank is. They said he was a mere caricaturist. Sir, he is a painter, a great painter. Look at some of these things. What fire, what life, in this of the bridge of Arcola! or here in the Battle of the Pyramids! What utter dismay and terror in this flight from Waterloo! Look at Bony here sledging it away from the Muscovites—Oh, what a dreary waste!—or at these Cossacks charging over the snow. I protest I thought wood-cutting had died with Bewick; but these things are even far beyond his mark.

Shepherd. To me the tomb of Napoleon is the maist touching o' them all. Oh, thae willows! and the bare hillside beyond, and the solitary eagle!

North. Murray does things in style, certainly. But I should think he was overdoing in the decorations. What sale can cover such expenses as these? Sixteen engravings—half-a-dozen on steel—in two little volumes, selling for ten shillings. It can't do.

Odoherly. It's very well for a splash at starting.* But I must say, a few good portraits would have been quite sufficient. The heads of the Emperor and his son are capital. Those of Josephine and Maria Louisa I think very poor and stiff.

North. That's probably the fault of the confounded French limners. Even they could not degrade the divine outline of Napoleon's features. But any ordinary head must suffer in such hands; and yet I'm told they turned up their ugly snouts at Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Odoherly. The Romans had more sense—they all but worshipped both Lawrence and Wilkie. At the present time, no one can either write a book or paint a picture worth three halfpence but in this country. The fact is undeniable.†

Tickler. And how many can either write or paint well *here*?

North. The present company excepted, of course—I consider there are about five or six good hands going in either line—not more.

Tickler. So many?

North. Let me see, painters—Wilkie, one; Lawrence, two; Turner, three; Calcott, four; Constable, five; Willie Allan, six. Come, there's more than I thought—Prout, seven; Leslie, eight; Stewart

* It was little more than "a plash at starting." A very few good books were published in Murray's *Family Library*. The Life of Napoleon, (by Lockhart, I have always understood,) was full of interest, more impartially written than might have been expected, and besides some portraits on steel, had several woodcuts after George Cruikshank's designs.—M.

† And the assertion very modest!—M.

Newton, nine; Thompson of Duddingston, ten; Landseer, eleven; and, to make up a dozen, we may slump Pickersgill, and Etty, and Jackson, and Phillips, and Mulready.*

Tickler. Greek Williams, I suggest, ought not to be left out.

North. Peccavi! Place him about the middle of the list, and then the dozen will be a baker's one.

Odoherly. Then, as to sculptors.

North. Why, Chantrey and Westmacott are the only persons worth much †—and they appear to me to be equals, notwithstanding all that Allan Cunningham may lay down thereanent.

Odoherly. Westmacott's Waterloo vase is the greatest work of art ever yet produced in England. It will be the noblest ornament of the noblest palace in the world, Windsor Castle, and I hope the King thinks so.

Tickler. The King *thinks*—poor gentleman, I am happy to learn that he is permitted to have an opinion even upon a potsherd or a pipkin.

Odoherly. He is indeed, as Lord Kenyon says, a most oppressed man.

North. If we may indulge in the belief, and I do not see anything wrong in the thought, that departed spirits are permitted to look upon the affairs of the world which they have left, with an interest in some degree analogous to that which they felt when in the flesh, how sorrowing must now be the spirit of King George III., of him, who declared that he would sooner lay his head upon the block than consent to the fatal measure which has now been forced upon his reluctant and deceived son.

Shepherd. Wasna that sayin' denied to be the auld King's?

Tickler. Yes, by old Lord Grenville, who has lost all his faculties, as appears by his last pamphlet.

Shepherd. Ay, but the Duke of Buckingham too—

Tickler. Who never had any faculties to lose. Who would value the testimony of such a wisecre, even though we throw in as a makeweight the carcass of The Buckinghamshire Dragoon ‡?

Odoherly. I should be the last person for intermeddling in a family dispute, but I must say, that the Duke of Buckingham's letter from Rome to the Aylesbury people was most disgusting. There was one man in England whom he dared to insult with impunity, and that was his son; he therefore did what no other man ever ventured to do—abused the Marquis of Chandos.¶

* Of this dozen of artists, on the roll-call of celebrity in 1829, only Leslie, Landseer, Pickersgill, and Mulready are alive in 1854.—M.

† Sir Francis Chantrey died in 1841. Sir Richard Westmacott survives, in 1854.—M.

‡ Lord Nugent,—who obtained the *sobriquet* from Canning.—M.

¶ Now Duke of Buckingham, who has contrived to exhaust a princely fortune, and have even the heirlooms of his family sold by public auction!—M.

Tickler. By all accounts one of the finest and most spirited young fellows in England, and one whose conduct in this business has been highly honorable. But why do we waste our time about the Duke of Buckingham, or his opinions? George III., you were saying, is the last Protestant King of England.

North. No, Mr. Tickler, I said no such thing: I said that our King George IV., as true a Protestant as his father, has been cheated and bullied into a measure which he hated, hates, and will continue to hate.*

Odoherly. I wish you had seen how he took Wetherell, with both his arms, at the levee. I was close behind him, thanks to our friend, the Thane.

Shepherd. What for, then, did he gie his consent? Could he no have faulded his hands ahint his back?

North. In his circumstances, he could scarcely have acted otherwise than he did. He was told that he was giving his consent to a measure, which, if delayed another year, would have been carried without his consent, and carried with all the horrors and bloodshed of a civil war.

Tickler. Civil war? Where?

North. In Ireland.

Tickler. Pish!

Odoherly. Stuff!

North. Aye, gentlemen, pish! and stuff! are very fine arguments with us when over our toddy, (by-the-by, the old Rabbi is asleep,) but they would not sound well at the council-board of a great nation. The King was told of various armies being in the field in Ireland—of whole districts rising *en masse*—

Odoherly. And after mass.

North. Let me go on, sir, I request. He was told that the Association wielded the force, moral and physical, of their country—he heard of crusades against the Protestants of Ulster, and threats of massacre of the Protestants in all other quarters of the island—he saw that his Lord Lieutenants, and his law-officers, did not try to repress these things; and he was told that their inactivity arose from their perfect knowledge that their interference would be useless. Such was the picture of Ireland, presented to him on the first authority.

Tickler. But England—

North. I was coming to it. The feeling of England is, I know, firmly Protestant, but we must all take the coloring of our ideas

* North was correct in this statement. George IV. most reluctantly yielded his consent to the introduction of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829. Not until Wellington and Peel had resigned office, telling him that, if a civil war ensued in Ireland, the responsibility would attach to him and not to them, did he submit to what he considered a fatal necessity. Horace Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon throws much light on the events of this crisis.—M.

from the circles with which we mix. Here, then, he saw the seven men who were selected by himself as the very heads of the Protestant party, firmly united in declaring, that the time for passing this atrocious measure had come—he saw that all his own domestic court were of the same opinion—the House of Commons—faithful representatives of the people! were favorable by an immense majority—the House of Lords went the same way—the Sumners, Coplestones, Ryders, Knoxes, Parkers, and other disgraces of the church, openly supported the Popish claims—many others, Blomfield,* for example, doing the same indirectly. Is it quite fair to expect, that the King was to oppose all this weight *alone*? Sir, you are hard upon a man at his years, fast approaching the term allotted by the Psalmist for human life.

Tickler. North—North—I shall not say a word against the King—what I feel shall die here, in this heart, but it is evident that you are rattling—yes, you, Christopher.

North. Nay, do not bend those swarthy brows on me. I protest to heaven you are as bad as the Quarterly.

Shepherd. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. North a rotten!!! Who'd believe that?

North. Shepherd, though I am happy to see you at my table, I shall never think of regulating my politics by the standard of Mount Benger. No, Tickler, I am *not* a rat.

Odoherly. It must be confessed that you are somewhat like, Christopher. Here—you have already to-night defended the Duke of Wellington's conduct, and are now most uproarious in panegyriizing the King, for consenting to a measure which you say that both you and he disapproved.

North. Morgan, I bear with many things from you. I say again and again, that I was all along against the measure, that I would have voted against it, and spoken against it, as vehemently as I wrote against it, and as I shall continue to write against it. I was only accounting for the conduct of persons, one of whom I idolized, and for the other of whom I feel the true constitutional affection and respect. I own that I cannot divine the motives which induced the Duke to change.

Odoherly. As for the rubbish about Irish insurrections—that's all my eye. Jack Lawless's march upon Ballybog, where my friend Sam Gray, with forty honest fellows, made him run for his life at the head of his ragamuffins—a cabin burnt in Tipperary—a proctor shot in Killballymurrahoomore—tell these stories to the marines. Zounds, man, that's the every-day pastime of Ireland,—I'd not know the country if it was not going on—it would look quite cold and comfortless.

Tickler. And the Association! A file of grenadiers would have

dispersed that beggarly knot—a line of an act of parliament would have extinguished them. Do not tell me, who remember the suppression of the Corresponding Societies, and other Jacobin Clubs, consisting as they did of men of high aspirations and great talents, backed by the living and tremendous force of the whole Jacobin power, the victorious Jacobin power, of Europe. And they were put down in the middle of the most desperate struggle Old England ever was engaged in. And do you tell me about these beggarly Irish loons—headed by boobies—backed by boors with no intellect at all—nothing but a few noisy tropes—and no rank or wealth but what had been frightened among them—do you tell me that these fellows—whose Foxes and Greys were but the O'Connells and the Sheils—whose Mackintoshes and Geraldts were but the Lawlesses and the O'Gorman Mahons—whose foreign *strength!* was not triumphant France, and trembling monarchy all over the world, but some handfuls of beaten, trampled, crouching, slavish carbonari? Do you tell me of this, sir? No, sir; at all events, the Man of Waterloo could not have believed this.

North. Probably not—I have admitted that his conduct is a mystery to me up to this hour. But if I were to make a guess, I confess I should rather incline to the theory of those, who are not few nor unweighty neither, though they don't put out their views in the newspapers,—who believe that Prince Lievin could give a more satisfactory solution of this knot than any other man now in England, the Duke *alone* excepted. For really, except the Duke, and probably Sir George Murray, I don't suppose the members of the rat-cabinet ever knew why they were ratting—I mean the *causa causans*. They ratted—I mean Peel, Bathurst, and so forth—merely to keep their places—I suppose that you will excuse any details as to the Chancellor's case.

Odoherly. My friends in the Standard suggest that the Duke has the design of making himself Dictator, and that this measure was carried with that view.*

North. I think he would have had a better chance of obtaining such an end by putting himself at the head of the Protestant interest.

Tickler. No—the Protestants were Tory, and therefore loyal—no tools for a Cromwell. I have seen a little pamphlet addressed to the King, in which a very plausible case was made out.

* The Tory papers affected to believe that the Duke of Wellington really had such intentions. One of them (the *Morning Journal*.) which said that he was going to marry his son, the Marquis of Douro—the present Duke—to the Princess Victoria, who was then only ten years old, was prosecuted for libel and convicted, with fine and imprisonment for Mr. Alexander, the editor. One need not go far for a reason why Emancipation was conceded:—if refused any longer, especially after O'Connell had been elected for Clare, the chance was that Ireland would have risen in open rebellion. The Duke avowed that he had seen so much of war as to make him averse to the horrors of domestic conflicts.—M.

Shepherd. Is there no an auld prophecy about it?

North. Yes, on the tomb of Arthur at Tintagel—

“HIC JACET ARTHURUS, REX QUONDAM REXQUE FUTURUS;”

but we are not come to that yet. But it is evident, at all events, that he is King of the Ministry.

Odoherly. The Ministry!—the slaves!—I'd like to see them budge without his orders. (*Sings.*)

When the heart of a rat is oppressed with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when the Duke appears—
With the fist of a master he neatly, neatly
Pulls all their noses and clouts their ears,
Places and wages his hands disclose,
But his rough toe is more harsh than those—
Sneaking
And quaking,
Go snuffle
And shuffle,
Or else sink, like Husky,* to black repose.

And is it not as it ought to be? By Jupiter and all the gods, nothing would give me more delight than to see the whole of the *servum pecus*—the ragabash rascals, who sham being ministers—tied up, some fine morning, in front of the Horse Guards and whipt.

Tickler. I never asked for a place under Government yet—and I have no love for the present Government, that I should break my rule; but if I thought there was any chance of that consummation, I should send in a most humble petition for the post of Provost-Marshal.

North. There is no doubt we have now a United Government. I should like to see them disunite! Imagine Peel taking a view of the subject, unfortunately, but most conscientiously, different from that of his noble friend—his illustrious friend at the head of his Majesty's Government. Imagine the Right Hon. John Singleton Baron Lyndhurst having the ill-luck to differ in opinion from the Most Noble Arthur by royal permission.

Odoherly, (sings.) In England rules King Arthur,
In Ireland rules King Dan;
King George of Windsor Castle,
Dethrone them if you can.

Come, gentlemen, there's your chorus, sing on.

* Huskisson, who had been dismissed from the Ministry in 1828, on the Duke's taking (or pretending to take) as a *real* what was meant for only a *mock* resignation of office.—M.

Tickler, (sings.) King George of Windsor Castle,
And eke of Pimlico,
Attend unto thy Tickler,
And he the truth will show.
Chorus: In England, &c.

Shepherd, (sings.) The crown, sir, and the sceptre,
They make a bonny show;
But the helmet and the claymore
Can stand and give the blow.
Chorus: In England, &c.

North, (sings.) Up, royal heart of Brunswick,
Glow, blood of lions, glow;
To see the Jackal hunted
Fills many a heart with woe.
Chorus: In England, &c.

Tickler, (sings.) Though age my back be bending,
Though my hair be like the snow,
Mount, mount thy father's charger—
And with thee I still will go.
Chorus: In England, &c.

Odoherty, (sings.) Though a wife I've lately wedded,
And got a child or so;
I'm yours for active service,
John Anderson, my joe.
Chorus: In England, &c.

North, (sings.) If King and Kirk were striving,
I'd have you for to know,
As dead as Dutchman's herring
This crutch should strike the foe.

Omnes, (chorus.) In England rules King Arthur,
In Ireland rules King Dan;
King George of Windsor Castle,
Dethrone them, if you can.

Shepherd. Wake, Mr. Edrehi—od, the auld beardie is saft asleep.
I'll e'en set fire to his beard.

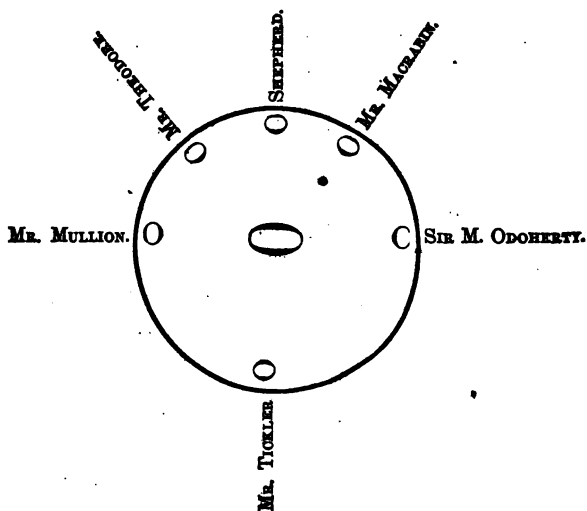
(Takes the candle. The Rabbi wakes on the eve of a conflagration.)

Moses Edrehi. Oh! Abraham, Izaak, and Gacoub!—scuse me, sare, I dreamd I vas goin to be burnt mit Mendez Dacosta in a painted tub. God keep us!

Shepherd. Ou, ye auld Philistine, and ye wad be sma' loss. Here, lean on my arm, and tak care no to break yer auld nose.

(Curtain falls.)

NO. XLV.—JULY, 1829.



Tickler. Gentlemen, attend to the *carte*. There's hotch-potch here, and turtle by the Shepherd. In the centre of the table, punch *à la* Trongate. Sherry and Madeira are Hogg's wheelers—Vin de Grave and Johannisberg, both thoroughly cooled, are mine—the whisky on the sideboard—and now to dinner with what appetites ye may!

Odoherly. Mullion, a glass of something?—punch?

Tickler. Mr. Theodore, may I have the pleasure of taking a glass of punch with you?

Theodore. Volontiers—ha! and this is the right Glasgow?*

Macrabin. Hogg?

Shepherd. Please yourself, I'll stick to the Madeira. Yon's ower cauld for my stamach at this time o' day. Now the turtle's done, is there ony law against a soup of the hotch-potch, Mr. Theodore?

Theodore. Hotch-potch and turtle are exceptions to all rules. I'll trouble Mr. Tickler for another specimen of his excellent article; and then, my dear Mr. Hogg, you shall command my attention. Waiter! a tumbler—punch!—higher, if you please, sir—there!

Tickler. Ambrose, remove. (*Enter second course.*)—Gentlemen, here's a salmon frae aboon Peebles—and there's a turbot from off Fastcastle, alias Wolf's Crag.

Odoherity. Mr. Hogg, may I trouble you for a small parallelogram?—some of the fin, if you please. Theodore, a glass of hock?

Theodore. Waiter, punch, there!—*Hoc erat in votis.* Your health, Sir Morgan.

Shepherd. Haund round the jug. Od! it's pleasant now, aboon the tway soops an' the cut o' sawmon. There, callant, up to my thumb again. I think ye may be remoovin', Mr. Awnbrose.

(*Enter third course.*)

Tickler. What now?—aye, there's a sheep's head frae Yarrow, thanks to our Shepherd; and here, as I am a Christian Tory, here's a boar's head,—gift of old Goëthe to our friend North, whose absence we all regret on this occasion. Mr. Theodore, shall I help you?

Theodore. If you please. O! my dear sir—Forgive me—from the centre of the ear to the centre of the lip—there now, exactly—a thousand pardons—delicious—it's mighty nice!

Macrabin. The ear and the eye, and as much of the cheek as you please, Hogg. Boar's head indeed! Nothing like the tup.†

* It may appear strange to take punch at dinner, but Glasgow punch is always cold, and may be drank *vis a vis* with wine. In the East Indies, it is ordinary table-practice to take a glass of Bass or Alsop (pale ale,) when wine would be the liquor in England. As Linkum Fidella says, "Circumstances alter cases."—M.

† *Tup*—a ram. Sheep's head makes one of the best and favorite broths, or soups, of the Scotch. When I lived in Scotland, one of my servants came in for "twa bawbies for the blacksmith." On inquiry, she said "I am ganging to the smith with my head to be singed." It turned out that the head of the sheep or tup must have the hair or wool burnt off with a red-hot iron, and this is done by a blacksmith. The outer skin, so burnt, has a very dark appearance after it is boiled (an operation which is continued until the integument becomes almost gelatinous) but the dish is one which even an epicure might delight in. The best printed receipt for dressing it is in *Meg Dod's Cookery*.—I say, the best receipt *printed*, as I have a better, which I reserve for a *Cookery Book* I intend to write, with anecdotes, memoirs, and recollections of eminent dinner-givers, and dinner-eaters, and dinner-dressers. It *ought* to be an amusing volume. *Scottish cookery*, by the way, is quite of the French school, which it owes to Mary Queen of Scots, bringing over several French *cuisiniers* when she returned to Scotland. It includes a variety of soups—always called *broths* North of the Tweed. When we were engaging the above mentioned heroine of the sheep's head, we referred to her last employer as to her qualifications as a cook, and were answered, "Deed, I canna say muckle anent Barbara, as a cook, puir thing! but she'll mak' you a pretty broth."—Like all Scotch servants whom I have met she was trusty, faithful, good-tempered, and would have her own way.—M.

Shepherd. Will you hae a Trotter?

Macrabin. D—— the Trotters—*Vin de Grave*, Timotheus?

Tickler. *Imo.* Very fair indeed, Ambrose. But, gentlemen, I believe we are omitting a customary libation. Now, remove the boar's head, and carry round the champagne. Goëthe's health!

(*Three times three.*)

Theodore. Do you drink people's healths at this hour of the day, in the North?

Macrabin. Yes—yes. I drink whenever I can get it—and whatever and wherever. This green goose looks charmingly;—cut right down, Hogg; smash through everything.

Theodore. I'll trouble you for a pea, waiter. O Jupiter! O Jupiter!

Mullion. What's the matter? What's the matter? For heaven's sake, waiter, a bottle of cold water—quick!

Theodore. (*aside to MULLION.*) Never mind—poh—poh—'tis past, I breathe again. It was only a qualm that came over me—Mr. Hogg eating peas with his knife!*

Mullion. My dear sir, as Mephistophiles says to Faust, when the red mouse leaps into the lady's mouth at the Brocken ball, "Do not let such trifles disturb the tranquillity of your future hour."

Shepherd. A glass o' something, Macrabin?

Macrabin. A gallon of anything. Come, Ambrose, another bottle of Charley Wright.†

Shepherd. Never mind him, Awmrose; the Advocate maun hae his joke.

Tickler. Now for the Stilton. (*Enter fourth course.*) Gentlemen, I can recommend my host's ale,‡ as second to nothing in Leith, alias, in the world.

Macrabin. I prefer a glass of port,|| after the manner of the ancients. No offence, Mr. Theodore?

Theodore. Waiter, I'll trouble you for a tumbler. The *Vin de Grave*—there now, hold. Now the Seltzer water! In point of fact, if you ask *me*, I say, *decidedly*, water after red cheese. Still champagne after white—that is, if you commit the atrocity of eating any cheese at all—which I have not been guilty of.

* Theodore Hook, who was founder of the Silver-fork School of Society (in novels,) really did not indulge in any affectation when at table, where he was genial, hearty, and at his ease. The idea of asking for a pea was suggested, no doubt, by an anecdote of which the celebrated Beau Brummell was the hero. Some one asked whether he was fond of vegetables. Brummell paused, as if to reflect, and then drawled out, "I—a—think—that—I—a—once—et—a—pea.—M."

† In those days, Charles Wright's champagne was celebrated for—increasing the consumption of gooseberries!—M.

‡ When that foppish regiment, the Tenth Hussars, was quartered in Dublin, (in 1823-4,) there was a discussion at the mess-table, whether one of the officers might marry a beautiful young woman, of high family and large fortune. The veto was unanimous. When a Cornet, about sixteen years old, lisped out "She malts."—She had taken a glass of ale!—M.

|| Brummell was asked whether he liked Port.—"Port?" said he, "Port?—Aye, I recollect now; a black intoxicating fluid drank by the lower orders."—M.

Shepherd. That's the real thing. Now, hand round the crewets, Awmrose. I maun hae a thimblefu' of the Glenlivet, just to put the neb on your yill.

Tickler. The whisky—clear the decks.

Ambrose, (aside to TICKLER.) What wines shall we put on, sir?

Tickler, (aside to AMBROSE.) Let me see. Some of that Sherry of Cockburn's—the 48, I mean—some of Brougham's Madeira *—the green seal—port—let us have Cay's *twelve*—and as for Claret, why, you had as well send in two or three bottles of different orders, before we fix for the evening.

Odoherly, (aside to AMBROSE.) Begin with Sam's *nineteen*.†

(*Air—Non Nobis.*)

Tickler. Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fill your glasses?—the King, God bless him!

Omnes. The King—(*three times three.*)

(*Air—God save the King.*)

Tickler. Gentlemen, charge your glasses. A bumper. The Kirk.

Omnes. The Kirk—(*four times four.*)

(*Air—Bonnie lassie, Highland lassie.*)

Tickler. Gentlemen, we have drank his Majesty the King, with the usual honors, marking our high estimation of his personal resistance during the late awful and fatal struggle—our respect for the rank which he still holds in our native country, and which, in the hands of a virtuous man, may still afford the means of considerable good—and finally, our hope that George the Fourth may be allowed to descend into the tomb of George the Third, without witnessing with his own eyes the full completion of the overthrow which he has been compelled—we all know how cruelly—to lend his hand to.‡ Gentlemen, we have also drank *the Kirk*, (by which, in this room, the two established Protestant Churches of these kingdoms have always been meant,) marking our undiminished reverence for Institutions, which, in spite of external hostility and internal treason, must and shall continue to possess great and beneficial influence. They have destroyed the union of Church and State, gentlemen; but, in my humble opinion, and I rather think in yours, the State has lost more by this atrocious separation than the Church. She, gentlemen, flourishes still—or, if a Winter has cropt the leaves, there is a bonny Spring in reserve for her. But the State!—alas!

* John Brougham, brother to the Chancellor, had been a partner in the wine business in Edinburgh.—M.

† Sam was Samuel Anderson, a wine merchant in Edinburgh, and afterwards, by Lord Brougham's kindness, appointed to the lucrative Registrarship of the English Court of Chancery. "Registrar Sam" appears, as an interlocutor, at one of the Noctes in vol. v. of this edition.—M.

‡ The enactment of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which received the Royal assent on April 13, 1829.—M.

alas! I fear the Spring that brings back her Summer will be a bloody one. Gentlemen, every hour brings new confirmation to the view which I took, from the beginning, of the inevitable consequences. Let me now propose a bumper, and therewith a toast, to be drunk standing, and in silence. Gentlemen, I beg leave to drink the *Immortal memory of the British Constitution*.

Omnès. The immortal memory of the British Constitution!

(*Air—Auld Lang syne.*)

Shepherd. The bizziness has certainly made on awfu' sensation a' through the South country. Even Manor Water, I hear, was in a perfect lowe.

Odoherly, (aside.) A bull, by-the-by.

Shepherd. As to the Selkirk folk, they're neither to haud nor to bin'! The hail of Yarrow wad rise at a whistle the morn, I believe.

Theodore. You astonish me. Upon my soul, the London folks take things much more coolly. Notwithstanding all the pother in the Sunday papers, and all that raff, depend upon it, the Popery bill passed without exciting half the sensation with any one of a dozen bits of mere scandal, recently, which I could mention. Take Wellesley Pole's case, for example—or even my Lady Ellenborough's—or even that puppy, Tom Peel's. I assure you, sir, the downfall of the Constitution was nothing to the downfall of Rowland Stephenson,* sir,—as Lord Alvanley said to me —

Macrabin. The Constitution, indeed! what should that be to the London people? Don't we all know that the capital has long since ceased to have almost any sympathy with the body of the nation?

Theodore, (aside.) That's a rum one. Hear the villagers!

Tickler. To confess the truth, our great Babylon seems to me to be striding fast into another Paris. The thing has been going on for a long time—even for centuries—but I apprehend never at so

* Wellesley Pole, nephew of the Duke of Wellington, is now Earl of Mornington. The case alluded to was one of Crim. Con. with Mrs. Bligh; he afterwards married her, and so much neglected her that she has frequently been compelled to apply to the parish and the police magistrate for means of common subsistence.—The present Earl of Ellenborough (the Long Red Pepper of "Paul Clifford") had a daughter of Admiral Digby for his second wife, and, having obtained a verdict, with heavy damages, against Prince Schwartzberg, (late Prime Minister of Austria,) for having seduced this lady, applied to Parliament for a divorce. The public were edified, during several weeks, by the publication in the London papers of all the evidence,—caricaturists drew pictures of the Prince lacing the lady's stays, which was one of the proofs,—the Lords passed the Bill,—Lord Ellenborough was unpopular, and the Commons refused their sanction to the divorce.—Tom Peel's "scandal" was a different one. He was a relation of Sir Robert Peel's, and wished to emigrate. A grant of land in Australia was given him, with which he founded the Swan River Settlement, where he expended a large fortune. There were no grounds for blaming Sir Robert Peel for the grant to his cousin, as it really was an object, at that time, to induce wealthy persons to go to Australia. No man so little indulged in nepotism as Peel.—Rowland Stephenson's was a curious case. He was a London banker. His managing man persuaded him that he was ruined, and induced him to escape, with large funds, to the United States. When they arrived here, the clerk ran off with "the plunder," and left Stephenson nearly penniless. The end of the affair was remarkable. When Stephenson's business was wound up, in London, it appeared that every creditor would be paid in full, with a surplus to Stephenson!—The first Railway Company in British India was organized by his son, R. Macdonald Stephenson, a man of ability, enterprise and probity.—M

rapid a rate, by fifty per cent, as during the last twenty or thirty years. The nobility of Great Britain, and the upper gentry, at least the gentry composing commonly the Lower House of Parliament,—appear latterly, to be doing everything in their power, to cut off the old strings, that used in better days, to connect them with the people at large. Only consider the life these fine folks lead.

Theodore. Why, I don't know how you could prevent people from living half the year in town.

Tickler. I have no objections to their living half the year in town, as you call it, if they can live in such a hell upon earth, of dust, noise, and misery. Only think of the Dolphin water in the solar microscope!

Theodore. I know nothing of the water of London personally.

Odoherly. Nor I; but I take it, we both have a notion of its brandy and water.

Tickler. 'Tis, in fact, their duty to be a good deal in London. But I'll tell you what I do object to, and what I rather think are evils of modern date, or at any rate of very rapid recent growth. First, I object to their living those months of the year in which it is *contra bonos mores* to be in London, not in their paternal mansions, but at those little bastardly abortionists, which they call watering-places—their Leamingtons, their Cheltenham, their Brighthelmston.

Theodore. Brighton, my dear rustic, Brighton!

Odoherly. Syncopice.

Shepherd. What's your wull, Sir Morgan! It does no staun wi' me.

Theodore. A horrid spot, certainly—but possessing large conveniences, sir, for particular purposes. For example, sir, the balcony on the drawing-room floor commonly runs on the same level all round the square—which in the Brighthelmston dialect, sir, means a three-sided figure. The advantage is obvious.

Shepherd. Och, sirs! och, sirs! what wull this world come to!

Theodore. The truth is, sir, that people *comme il faut* cannot well submit to the total change of society and manners implied in a removal from Whitehall or Mayfair to some absurd old antediluvian chateau, sir, boxed up among beeches and rooks. Sir, only think of the small Squires with the red faces, sir, and the grand white waistcoats down to their hips—and the Dames, sir, with their wigs, and their simpers, and their visible pockets—and the Damsels, blushing things in white muslin, with sky-blue sashes and ribbons, and mufflers and things—and the Sons, sir, the promising young gentlemen, sir—and the Doctor, and the Lawyer—and last, not least in horrification, the Parson.

Tickler. The Parson was not counted a bore in the better days of

* John Bull, when that honest old fellow wore a blue coat and leather breeches, and fumbled with the head of his stick whenever he saw two of his neighbors quarreling.

Macrabin. Fuimus Troes.

Theodore. Fuimus Tories, indeed! Ah! my dear fellow, we had no Philipotts in those days.* This claret is mighty nice.

Tickler. Confound the Cockneys. If any one remained unconverted, surely the late puffing and blowing in the *Times* about the projected enclosure of a corner of Hampstead Heath must have done his business. O Jupiter! what a row about the plaster-fiend making a lodgment in the *half-mountain region*.

Shepherd. I wonder what's a hail mountain wi' them.

Odoherty. Harrow, I suppose—or rather the Devil's Dyke at Brighton—an Alpine precipice, Hogg, such as you would make nothing of going down at the hand gallop, with Wallace and Clavers before you.

Tickler. This *Times* Cockney talks of all England rising in rebellion at the invasion of Hampstead Heath.† I suppose we shall then have the Cockney Melodies, Hunt, of course, being the Tyrtæus.

Shepherd. O, dinna blaspheme the dead! That puir man's cauld in his grave lang or now.

Odoherty. Leigh Hunt in his grave! Then he's the most comfortable ghost I ever heard of; for Theodore and I saw him not a week ago taking a shove in the mouth at old Mother Murly's in St. Martin's Lane, with two or three underlings of the gallery‡ about him—all in his glory; and pretty well he looked, didn't he?

Theodore. You have made some mistake, Sir Morgan; I was not present, sir—not I, indeed. So you disapprove of Brighton, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. Brighthelmstone, when I knew it, was a pleasant fishing village—what like it is now I know not; but what I detest in the

* Dr. Henry Phillpotts, then Rector of Stanhope, was appointed Bishop of Exeter in 1830.—The annual income of this bishopric is comparatively small—£2700 a year, while most of the others amount to £4000 a year. It is usual to allow the Bishop to hold another preferment *in commendam* with his see. When Phillpotts was appointed, by the Duke of Wellington, it was agreed that he should continue to hold the rectory of Stanhope, worth £4000 a year, *in commendam* with the see of Exeter. Phillpotts, as a Tory pamphleteer, had written many sharp things about and against the Whigs. The Duke of Wellington unexpectedly quitted office, (November 16, 1830,) before the necessary documents were completed. The Whigs came in and refused to sanction the arrangement, (a demonstration of petty personal spleen for which even most of his own party much condemned Earl Grey,) and Dr. Phillpotts, deprived of his £4000 a year Rectory, had only £2700 per annum, as Bishop, and with vastly increased expenses! Eventually he got a Prebend in Durham Cathedral, which added £2000 to his annual income. No wonder that he has been no very great friend to the Whigs, ever since they took such pains to provoke his enmity.—M.

† A very impudent attempt, which has since been repeated nearly every successive year, to obtain Parliamentary sanction to a scheme of Sir Thomas Marjory Wilson, to inclose a part of Hampstead Heath, in the suburbs of London, for building purposes—the profits to go into the pockets of the said Baronet!—M.

‡ The Parliamentary reporters for the London daily journals constitute that Fourth Estate of the Realm, called—THE GALLERY.—Many eminent men have been members of it, including Shiel, and Lord Campbell, the present Chief Justice of England.—M.

§ Brighthelmstone, better known by its modern name Brighton, was a small fishing-hamlet

great folks of your time, is, that insane selfishness which makes them prefer any place, however abominable, where they can herd together in their little exquisite coteries, to the noblest mansion surrounded with the noblest domains, where they cannot exist without being more or less exposed to the company of people not exactly belonging to their own particular *sect*. How can society hang together long in a country where the Corinthian capital takes so much pains to unrust itself from the pillar? Now-a-days, sir, your great lord, commonly speaking, spends but a month or six weeks in his ancestral abode; and even when he is there, he surrounds himself studiously with a cursed town-crew, a pack of St. James's-street fops, and Mayfair chatters and intriguers, who give themselves airs enough to turn the stomachs of the plain squirearchy and their womankind, and render a visit to the Castle a perfect nuisance.

Theodore, (aside to MULLION.) A prejudiced old prig!

Tickler. They seem to spare no pains to show that they consider the country as valuable merely for rent and game—the duties of the magistracy are a bore—County Meetings are a bore—a farce, I believe was the word—the assizes are a cursed bore—fox-hunting itself is a bore, unless in Leicestershire, where the noble sportsmen, from all the winds of heaven, cluster together, and think with ineffable contempt of the old-fashioned chase, in which the great man mingled with gentle and simple, and all comers—sporting is a bore, unless in regular *battue*, when a dozen lordlings murder pheasants by the thousand, without hearing the cock of one impatrician fowling-piece—except indeed some dandy poet, or philosopher, or punster, has been admitted to make sport for the Philistines. In short, every thing is a bore that brings the dons into personal collision of any kind with people that don't belong to the world.

Odoherthy. The world is getting pretty distinct from the nation, I admit, and I doubt if much love is lost between them.

Tickler. That was the main evil I foresaw in this Popery bill; that measure, sir, has alienated the hearts of the Clergy—the hearts of the real provincial squires and lairds—it has thoroughly disgusted the mass of the people.

Macrabin. Thou hast said it. The harm would have been comparatively trifling had the thing been the work of any one party in the State. The Protestant strength of the nation would have gath-

on the coast of Sussex, some 52 miles from London, when the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.) made it his summer residence, and built there, at vast expense, the magnificent and grotesque building, in the Chinese style, called the Pavilion:—it was lately purchased from the Crown, and is now a Museum, and place for lecturing. Royalty made the place known, and a city sprang up, which has now a large population. With the exception of the sea air, Brighton is actually London gone out of town—you meet your London friends there, as usual, and endeavor to think that you are happy. This is the general fault of fashionable watering-places.—M.

ered the more visibly round the banners of the opposite party; and although the measure, once carried, perhaps nobody would ever have attempted, or wished to undo it—we should have had a solid might arrayed through all classes of society, by way of safeguard against farther tricks of the same kidney. But now, where are we? The Whigs, and the Tories, and the Radicals, all laid their heads together; and the remnant that stood aloof, have neither numbers nor talent to command a hearty following.

Theodore. I concur in all you have said—yet it must be allowed that Sadler, Chandos, Vivyan, and Blandford, have done all that could have been desired.*

Tickler. I revere Mr. Sadler,

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent et hac defensa fuissent.

But what are these among so many!

Shepherd. That lang paper in the last Quarterly was a sair sign. Gd, it maun hae garr'd some folks cock their lugs to hear sic things frae them. Is it ken't wha wrote it?

Theodore. They spoke of Lord Doodle—but that, I take it for granted, was gammon. The Emperor sported quite diplomatic—didn't know—had not an idea.†

Odoherity. I believe that paper was nobody but Croker's—I don't know any other of their people who possess at once such a variety of knowledge, the talent to express it, the courage to wish to express such views there, and influence enough in certain places to be allowed to express them.

Theodore. He denies it.

Odoherity. Of course. The common report, however, is, that he is going out of office forthwith, and into Opposition.

Tickler. Very like. In the meantime, he has done a great service, for the Quarterly can't eat all *that*, and so there's one grand organ for trumpeting forth the doctrine divine, "whatever is, is right," shut up.

Mullion. Entirely *tant mieux*. Well, what next? Something must come.

Odoherity. Were I the Duke of Wellington, I would not halt at trifles now. Every human being sees clearly that reform in Parliament must come soon. If I were he, it should come *very soon*.

* Among the strongest parliamentary opponents of the Catholic Relief Bill were Michael Thomas Sadler, the Marquis of Chandos (now Duke of Buckingham), Sir Richard Vivyan, and the present Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford.—M.

† Lord Dudley wrote occasionally for the *Quarterly Review*, and, though he had a yearly income of £100,000, Gifford, and afterwards Lockhart, editorially insisted on his receiving the usual twenty guineas a sheet which was the ordinary payment for contributions. The rate was considerably greater in some cases. For some single articles Scott received one hundred guineas each.—John Murray, the fashionable publisher in Albemarle-street, was known in the Scott and Blackwood coteries as "The Emperor of the West."—M.

indeed. Every body sees that the Church of Ireland must go. Were I he, it should go to-morrow-morning.

Theodore. What? throw up all at once, *pardi*!

Odoherly. Throw up a fiddlestick! You have proclaimed the Popish religion to be no worse, as regards politics, than any other. Upon what pretence, then, shall the immense majority of the Irish people be denied their natural right to have their religion the established religion of their island? As sure as two and two make four, the Duke of Wellington's law, and the Protestant establishment, cannot live together.

Macraolin. I never met with any body who thought otherwise.

Shepherd. O weary me! and to hear hoo the ne'er-do-wells spouted about their sincere conviction that they were doin' the only thing for the gude of the Protestant establishment in Ireland! Hoo could they hae the face?

Tickler. The face?—poh—poh! My dear Shepherd, these gen try have face enough for any thing. Only hear Peel bragging about his purity and piety, and all the house *hear-hearing* him—the spinning spoon!*

Odoherly. How grand was his defence of the Swan job! He merely gave Tom a letter of introduction to Sir George Murray, recommending him to the receipt of "any facilities" in Sir George's power,—and attesting him to be a young man of most "respectable character," and "ample means," and his "relation." This, from one Minister to another, was a mere trifle, you observe;—and as to the Home Secretary himself having any share in the spoil, why the House surely could not think it necessary for *him* to offer any answer to such a contemptible libel?—No, no!—*Hear, hear—immense applause.*

Tickler. Meanwhile the real points, the *only* points, are passed wholly *sub silentio*. In point of fact, no human being ever dreamt that Mr. Robert Peel was to draw money for his own personal purse from this grant to his *relation*. Every body that knew any thing of the matter—certainly every one man in the House of Commons—knew perfectly well that Peel had acted merely on the Vicar of Wakefield's principle, who, if you remember, always took care to lend a five-pound note, or an old pony, or a new great-coat, to a

* The Tories—those of any thing like ancient descent—used to sneer at Peel, as having risen from the people, and familiarly would speak of him, among themselves, as "The Cotton Spinner." He showed how little he cared for the aristocracy of rank, by the article in his will, in which he earnestly requested none of his family to accept a peerage. This got known when Queen Victoria, anxious to honor his memory, sent to Lady Peel that she intended creating her a Countess in her own right, and wished to know from what place she would like to take the title. The expressed wish of Sir R. Peel was pleaded as his widow's excuse for declining a coronet.—When one of Peel's brothers married Lady Jane Moore, the present Earl of Mountcashell's sister, George IV., who did not much like his minister, sneeringly said, alluding to the manufacture by which the family had risen, "Ah, these Peels are still fond of the *Jennies*."—M.

troublesome kinsman, in the sure hope of never seeing his agreeable countenance again. And who blamed either the Vicar or the cad? The real charge was, that the grant to the respectable and wealthy second cousin of the political Bayard was a grant enormous in itself—650 *square miles of the best land* in the new colony—and that these 650 *square miles* were so situated as to interfere between the other settlers and the streams—the Swan river and the Canning—those two noble rivers, which unite their waters, as per map in the Quarterly, in the noble bay, over against the which lies, thanks to old Barrow's honest confession, the noble and well-named island of Rotten Nest—that is *Rat Nest*. On these points the kinsman of Thomas has as yet said nothing.

Odoherly. That was a poker in the last New Monthly. By jingo! he's getting it right and left now, however.

Macrabin. The press will soon put an end to *this* impostor. He has great conceit, but he has also great cowardice, and he will either die or go out.

Tickler. Just think of what his existence must have been all through last session—lying at the mere mercy of every man and mother's son? I own, I can't conceive how Sadler allowed the Swanney to escape.

Odoherly. Sadler's a Christian—and charitable. But what think ye of Brougham?

Theodore. The Rolls in his eye.* Some sop, however, sir.

Tickler. And what for no? as Meg Dod says. I think Brougham the worst used of men; if he doesn't get some good thing, some very, very good thing soon, very, very soon —

Odoherly. It is clear that Copley is on the move; whether the story of his going to India be true or not, I can't tell.

Tickler. To India! as what?

Odoherly. As Governor-General, to be sure. You know, if he wanted any law, he would have Lord Dalhousie at his elbow. But the story was not generally credited when I left town.†

Theodore. No, no. But there is some move on the tapis—that all agree about.

Tickler. More Whigs, I suppose—well, well —

Odoherly. The common belief is, that whenever Copley moves,

* In 1829, Sir John Leach was Master of the Rolls. As an equity judge he was noted for rarely assigning reasons for the decisions. He would listen, with marked patience, and even attention to a series of speeches throughout a whole day, and then say "This injunction is dissolved."—Brougham aspired to a higher station than Mastership of the Rolls. In 1830, he was made Lord Chancellor, with a peerage.—M.

† Copley, (Lord Lyndhurst,) was Chancellor in 1829, and discharged the duties of that office as well as a common-law barrister could.—There was a rumor that he was likely to take the governor-generalship of India, the emoluments being vast, and his debts pressing; but he continued on the woolsack until November, 1830, returned to it, under Peel, in 1834-5, and again in 1841-6.—M.

which *must* be before winter, either Leach or Wetherell is to have the seals.*

Tickler. Wetherell!—what! along with Peel?

Odoherly. And what for no? as Meg Dod says.

Tickler. I have no objection.

Odoherly. Wetherell is the King's candidate, and I should not wonder though the Duke were to gratify his Majesty about such a trivial matter as this. But the Whigs are strenuous for Leach; and there can be no doubt he is the man the Chancery Bar would be most pleased with. In fact, no other man in England has much pretension to fill that place now—and, alas! what will even he be after Old Bags?

Macrabin. That opens the Rolls to Brougham—very well indeed, Mr. Patriot.

Theodore. The Schoolmaster would then be at home.

Shepherd. Weel done, Dominie Hairy! Ye did wisely to keep your taws aff Peel yon time!

Odoherly. Speaking of the *taws*,† as you call them, have you seen Beranger's song on *Monsieur Judas*, 'Tickler?

Tickler. Not I—I've seen nothing of his these two years. Can you repeat it?

Odoherly. I can chant it, which is better. Here, Macrabin, take the poker and tongs, and tip me an accompaniment.

Macrabin. Sing on—I am ready.

ODOHERTY sings, (accompanied by MACRABIN.)

Monsieur Judas est un drôle
Qui soutient avec chaleur
Qu'il n'a joué qu'un seul rôle
Et n'a pris qu'une couleur.
Nous qui détestons les gens
Tantôt rouges, tantôt blancs,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Curieux et nouvelliste,
Cet observateur moral
Parfois se dit journaliste,
Et tranche du libéral;
Mais voulons nous réclamer
Le droit de tout imprimer,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Sans respect du caractère,
Souvent ce lâche effronté
Porte l'habit militaire
Avec la croix au côté.
Nous qui faisons volontiers
L'éloge de nos guerriers,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Enfin, sa bouche flétrie
Ose prendre un noble accent,
Et des maux de la patrie
Ne parle qu'en gémissant.
Nous qui faisons le procès
A tous les mauvais Français,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

* Neither Leach nor Wetherell did obtain the appointment of Lord Chancellor.—M.

† *Tawse*,—the leather strap used for chastisement of children in Scotland.—M.

Monsieur Judas, sans malice,
Tout haut vous dit ; " Mes amis,
Les limiers de la police
Sont à craindre en ce pays."
Mais nous, qui de mains brocards

Poursuivons jusqu'aux mouchards,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Theodore. Very good, indeed ; upon my word, Mr. Macrabin, you are a performer of very considerable gusto.

Macrabin. We've all heard a deal of your improvising. Pray, overset this off-hand, as the Deutchers say—do now, that's a good fellow.

Theodore. Let us sky a dragon, Sir Morgan, and be the chant with the loser.

Odoherty. Done—(*Skys a sovereign.*)—Unfortunate Signifer Dohertiades. Well,—here goes—Macrabin, resume the instrument.

ODOHERTY sings—(accompanied as before.)

Here Judas, with a face where shame
Or honor ne'er was known to be,
Maintaining he is still the same,
That he ne'er ratted—no—not he.*
But we must spurn the grovelling hack,
To-day all white—to-morrow black,
But hush ! he'll hear,
He'll hear, he'll hear ;
Iscariot's near—Iscariot's near !

4
The moral Surface swears to-day
Defiance to the priest and Pope ;
To-morrow, ready to betray
His brother churchmen to the rope.
But let us trust the hangman's string
Is spun for him—the recreant thing !
But hush ! &c.

All character that knave has lost ;—
Soon will the Neophyte appear,
By priestly hands bedipp'd, be-cross'd,
Begreased, bechrism'd, with holy
smear,

Soon may he reach his final home,
" A member of the Church of Rome."†
But hush, &c.

Now from his mouth polluted flows—
Snuffled in Joseph Surface tone—
Laments o'er hapless Ireland's woes,
O'er England's dangerous state a groan.
Ere long beneath the hands of Ketch,
Sigh for thyself, degraded wretch !
But hush, &c.

Judas ! till then the public fleece,
For kin and cousins scheme and job,
Rail against watchmen and police,‡
Inferior swindlers scourge or rob.
At last, another crowd before,
Thou shalt speak once—and speak no
more !

But hush ! he'll hear,
He'll hear, he'll hear ;
Iscariot's near—Iscariot's near.

Tickler. Your imitation, Baronet, is much fiercer than the original warrants.

* This parody, by Dr. Magian, (which was republished by every ultra-Protestant journal in the United Kingdom,) was levelled at Sir Robert Peel, who had brought in and carried Catholic Emancipation, to which the whole of his preceding twenty years of public life had been constantly and energetically opposed. Peel's own plea was that he was as Anti-Catholic as ever, but the crisis arose when he had to choose between Emancipation and Civil War, and he preferred the former.—M.

† The ordinary conclusion of a gallows speech in Ireland.—"I die an unworthy member of the Church of Rome."—M. O'D.

‡ When Irish Secretary, Peel established the constabulary force, by which Ireland is governed,—the members of it are familiarly called "Peelers." In 1829-30, when Home Secretary, he organized the present excellent police of London.—M.

Odoherly. It is not the worse for that. We are of a sterner cast. Though, indeed, Beranger is not a bad hand at polishing a fellow off, when he pleases.

Theodore. For my part, I like his gay and sprightly songs better than his political ones—for instance, *Roger Bontemps*, *Le petit homme gris*, and others of that kind. I do not know where we should look in English for songs of that particular species. There is a quiet humor about them, rather insinuated than expressed, which is quite charming.

Shepherd. Verra like my ain style. Ye a' mind my "It is a fac" —

Odoherly. One of these very songs is, however, political—I mean the "*Roi d'Yvetot*."

Theodore. Which made Bonaparte very angry;—the picture of the quiet king, who, "*Se levait tard, se couchait tot*," was a contrast with himself that was not commendable.

Tickler. Where is Beranger now?

Theodore. In jail.*

Tickler. A common case with wits.

Theodore. I wish some of you, gentlemen, would write an *Essay*, full of translations, on French songs—they are of much more importance in that country than here.

Tickler. And yet here, too, we have known songs to produce no small effect;† we do not forget the "Hunting the hare" —

"Maidens of Marybone, tricked out in articles," &c. &c.

Odoherly. An excellent song! What a capital verse that, beginning with,

"Next came the Dowager Countess of Tankerville" —

Or better still—

"Then the procession, I fear, it will never end,
Came with the others his homage to pay,
Honor'd by birth, by profession the reverend,
Neither by nature, the hypocrite Grey."

Shepherd. Oh! oh! that's capital. That Grey has, I'm told noo, some graun fat kirk in Lunnan.‡

Tickler. Ay! To have been the personal enemy of the king, is now a passport to preferment. He has succeeded Charles Bloomfield in the rich living of Bishopsgate.

Uno avulso non deficit alter,
Et simili frondescent Virga Metalla.

* This was in the last year of the reign of Charles X.—M.

† The songs here referred to, were written by Theodore Hook, and published in the John Bull newspaper, which he edited. They were satires on the persons who publicly took part with Queen Caroline, in 1820-1.—M.

‡ Dr. E. Grey, brother of Earl Grey, was made Bishop of Hereford in 1832.—When Lord Grey was Premier, even to bear his name was to be pretty sure of obtaining some government appointment!—M.

Without pretending to know who wrote that verse about Grey, I guess, by its *odium theologicum*, it was a brother parson, Macrabin—the Dean, probably. But to return. The old French government, it used to be said, was a despotism, *modérée par chansons*, and there is no style in which our neighbors have not succeeded.

Macrabin. Even in slang? Could a Frenchman, think you, ever write—

Go back to Brummagem, go back to Brummagem,*

Youth of that ancient and halfpenny town—

Maul manufacturers, rattle and rummage 'em,

Country swell'd nob's may swell your renown!

Shepherd. Or my ain—

Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillivray,

In and out and roundabout, needle them cleverly!

Odoherly. I do not know; the French are not a boxing people, a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for their cruel propensities; but they have slang songs—capital ones, too—for instance, look at my friend Vidocq's Memoirs.

Theodore. You allude, I suppose, to that excellent song, beginning with—

En roulant de vergue en vergue!

Odoherly. Yes.

Tickler. Here is the volume among old Kit's books here—he has marked that very song. I wish you would translate it, Sir Morgan.

Odoherly. To hear is to obey.—Fill all round.—Sheep-feeder, you are remiss in supplying.

Shepherd. Na, na, my laddie, ye shall no play Sergeant Kite wi' me, and drink twa glasses to my ane.

Odoherly (*sings*).†

As from ken(1) to ken I was going,

Doing a bit on the priggig lay(2)

Who should I meet, but a jolly blowen(3)

Tol lol, lol lol, tol derol, ay;

Who should I meet, but a jolly blowen,

Who was fly(4) to the time o' day.(5)

Who should I meet, but a jolly blowen,

Who was fly to the time o' day;

I pattered in flash(6) like a covey(7) knowing,

Tol lol, &c.

"Ay, bub or grubby(8) I say."

1 *Ken*—shop, house.

2 *Priggig lay*—thieving business.

3 *Blowen*—girl, strumpet, sweetheart.

4 *Fly*—(contraction of *flash*) awake, up to, practised in.

5 *Time o' day*—knowledge of business, thieving, &c.

6 *Pattered in flash*—spoke in slang.

7 *Covey*—man.

8 *Bub, grub*—drink, food.

* "Go back to Brummagem" was written by J. Hamilton Reynolds, (Tom Hood's brother-in-law,) and first appeared in his "Remains of Peter Corcoran."—M.

† En roulant de vergue en vergue, (1)

Pour apprendre à goupiner. (2)

J'ai rencontré la mercandière, (3)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Qui du pivois soliait, (4)

Lonfa malura dondè.

1 *City to city*.

2 *To work*.

3 *The Shopkeeper*.

4 *Sold wine*.

I pattered in flash, like a covey, knowing,

"Ay, bub or grubby, I say."—

"Lots of gatter," (9) quo she, "are flowing,

Tol lol, &c.

Lend me a lift in the family way. (10)

"Lots of gatter," quo she, "are flowing,

Lend me a lift in the family way.

You may have a crib to stow in,

Tol lol, &c.

Welcome, my pal, (12) as the flowers in May.

"You may have a bed to stow in;

Welcome, my pal, as the Flowers in May."

To her ken at once I go in,

Tol lol, &c.

Where in a corner out of the way.

To her ken at once I go in,

Where in a corner out of the way,

With his smeller, (13) a trumpet blowing,

Tol lol, &c.

A regular swell-cove (14) lushy (15) lay.

With his smeller a trumpet blowing,

A regular swell-cove lushy lay;

To his clies (16) my hooks (17) I throw in,

Tol lol, &c.

And collar his dragons (18) clear away.

of a sovereign is, or was, a figure of St. George and the dragon. The etymon of collar is obvious to all persons who know the taking-ways of Bow-street, and elsewhere. It is a whimsical coincidence, that the motto of the Marquis of Londonderry is, "*Metuenda corolla draconis.*" Ask the city of London, if "I fear I may not collar the dragons," would not be a fair translation.

J'ai rencontré la mercandière,

Qui du pivois solisait.

Je lui jaspine en bigorne, (5)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Qu'as-tu donc à morfiller? (6)

Lonfa malura dondé.

Je lui jaspine en bigorne

Qu'as-tu donc à morfiller?

J'ai du cheuu pivois sans lance (7)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Et du larton savonné, (8)

Lonfa malura dondé.

J'ai du cheuu pivois sans lance

Et du larton savonné

Une lourde, une tournante (9)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Et un pieu pour roupiller (10)

Lonfa malura dondé.

5 I ask him in slang.

6 To eat.

7 Good wine without water.

8 White bread.

9 A door and a key.

10 A bed to sleep upon.

Une lourde, un tournante

Et un pieu pour roupiller,

J'enquille dans sa cambriole (11)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Espérant de l'entifier (12)

Lonfa malura dondé.

J'enquille dans sa cambriole

Espérant de l'entifier

Je rembroque au coin du rifle (13)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Un messière qui pionçait (14)

Lonfa malura dondé.

Je rembroque au coin du rifle

Un messière qui pionçait;

J'ai sondé dans ses vallades, (15)

Lonfa malura dondaine,

Son carle j'ai pessigné (16)

Lonfa malura dondé.

11 I enter her chamber.

12 To make myself agreeable to her.

13 I observe in the corner of the room.

14 A man lying asleep.

15 Search his pockets.

16 I took his money.

9 Gatter—porter.

10 Family—the thieves in general. *The Family Way*—the thieving line.

11 Crib—bed.

12 Pal—friend, companion, paramour.

13 Smeller—nose. *Trumpet blowing* here is not slang, but poetry for snoring.

14 Swell-cove—gentleman, dandy.

15 Lushy—drunk.

16 Clies—pockets.

17 Hooks—fingers; in full, thieving hooks.

18 Collar his dragons—take his sovereigns; on the obverse his sovereigns and the dragon.

To his elies my books I throw in,
 And collar his dragons clear away;
 Then his ticker (19) I set agoing,
 Tol lol, &c.
 And his onions, (20) chain, and key.

Then his ticker I set agoing,
 With his onions, chain, and key.
 Next slipt off his bottom clo'ing,
 Tol lol, &c.
 And his gingerbread topper gay.

Next slipt off his bottom clo'ing,
 And his gingerbread topper gay,
 Then his other toggery (21) stowing,
 Tol lol, &c.
 All with the swag, (22) I sneak away.

Then his other toggery stowing,
 All with the swag, I sneak away,
 "Tramp it, tramp it, my jolly blowen,
 Tol lol, &c.
 Or be grabbed (23) by the beaks (24) we may;

"Tramp it, tramp it, my jolly blowen,
 Or be grabbed by the beaks we may,
 And we shall caper a-heel-and-toeing.
 Tol lol, &c.
 A Newgate hornpipe some fine day.

"And we shall caper a-heel-and-toeing,
 A Newgate hornpipe some fine day;
 With the mots, (25) their ogles (26) throwing,
 Tol lol, &c.
 And old Cotton (27) humming his pray. (28)

J'ai sondé dans ses vallades,
 Son carle j'ai pèssigué
 Son carle, aussi sa toquante (17)
 Lonfa malura dondaine,
 Et ses attaches de cé (18)
 Lonfa malura dondé.

Son carle, aussi sa toquante
 Et ses attaches de cé,
 Son coulant et sa montante (19)
 Lonfa malura dondaine.
 Et son ombre galuché (20)
 Lonfa malura dondé.

Son coulant et sa montante
 Et son ombre galuché,
 Son frusque, aussi sa lisette (21)
 Lonfa malura dondaine,
 Et ses tirants brodanchés (22)
 Lonfa malura dondé.

17 *His money and watch.*
 18 *His silver buckles.*
 19 *His chain and breeches.*
 20 *Gold-edged hat.*
 21 *His coat and waistcoat.*
 22 *Embroidered stockings.*

19 *Ticker*—watch. The
 French slang is *toquante*.
 20 *Onions*—seals.

21 *Toggery*—clothes [from
toga.]
 22 *Swag*—plunder.

23 *Grabbed*—taken.
 24 *Beaks*—police-officers.

25 *Mots*—girls.
 26 *Ogles*—eyes.
 27 *Old Cotton*—then Ordinary
 of Newgate.
 28 *Humming his pray*—say-
 ing his prayers.

Son frusque, aussi sa lisette
 Et ses tirants brodanchés.
 Crompe, crome, mercandière (23)
 Lonfa malura dondaine,
 Car nous serions bequillés (24)
 Lonfa malura dondé.

Crompe, crome, mercandière,
 Car nous serions bequillés
 Sur la placarde de vergne (25)
 Lonfa malura dondaine,
 Il nous faudrait gambillet (26)
 Lonfa malura dondé.

Sur la placarde de vergne
 Il nous faudrait gambillet
 Allumés de toutes ces largues (27)
 Lonfa malura dondaine.
 Et du trepe rassemblé (28)
 Lonfa malura dondé.
 23 *Take care of yourself, shopkeeper.*
 24 *Hanged.*
 25 *On the Place de Ville.*
 26 *To dance.*
 27 *Looked at by all these women,*
 28 *People.*

"With the mots their ogles throwing,
 And old Cotton humming his pray;
 And the fogle-hunters (29) doing,
 Tol lol, &c.
 Their morning fake [80] in the prigging lay."

29 *Fogle-hunters*—pickpock-
 ets.

80 *Morning fake*—morning
 thievery.

Odoherly. Well, I've sung my share of this night's singing in all conscience. Now, Theodore, *do* give us a twist.

Theodore. A Twiss—Heaven forefend! I don't deal in Horatian metres.*

Tickler. I should feel much obliged—

Theodore, (*going to the piano-forte*.) Oh! if it obliges you—(*aside to Odoherly*)—I had no idea that these savages had such a thing as a piano in their country. I took it for granted they played only on the pipes.

Odoherly, (*aside to Theodore*.) Or the fiddle—it is a national instrument.

Theodore, (*chanting*.)

Air—My Banks they are covered with Bees.

My left is adorn'd by a poet,
 Unrivalled in song and in grog,
 For the word is continually *go* it,
 'Tween the Muse, or the mug, and our Hogg.
 Mount Benger and Mador may show it,
 Of his doings they both keep a log.
 I'm rejoiced, and the world, sir, shall know it,
 That I've boozed at the elbow of Hogg.

Fal de rol, &c.

To the left of my Shepherd appears
 One who laughter and law is a dab in;
 Who respects neither parsons nor peers,
 When they cross the career of Macrabin.
 The Whigs are in funk for his jeers,
 Jolly Tories delight his confab in—
 And his eyes play the deuce wi' the dears,
 In the soft evening hours of Macrabin.

Fal de rol, &c.

Next to thee, thou prime maximist,† Morgan,
 The current of rhyming must flow;
 Of lampooning the great barrel-organ,
 Still grinding a chant on the foe.

Allumés de toutes ces largues
 Et du trepe rassemble,
 Et de ces charlatans bons drilles, (29)

Lonfa malura dondaine,
 Tous abolant goupiner (30)
 Lonfa malura dondé

29 *Thieves; good fellows.*

30 *All coming to rob.*

* Horace Twiss, who afterwards wrote the life of Lord Eldon.—M.

† No. I, of the "Maxims of Odoherly" was published in *Blackwood* for May:—No. II, in June:—No. III, which completed the series, in September, 1824. There were one hundred and forty-two Maxims, which filled thirty-five pages (in smaller type than ordinary) of the Magazine. Maginn considered them as among the best articles he had written, and boasted

Thou and I, most illustrious Baronet,
 Grand Masters are both in the trade;
 And our bosoms would each have a star on it,
 If a knighthood of libel were made.

Fal de rol, &c.

At the foot of the table, Sir Tickler,
 The bottle we see in his hand,
 For old rum and religion a stickler,
 In punch and in piety grand.
 Alas! for the Cockney suburbans,
 Who now are in fear for their heath,
 How Hampstead would shake in disturbance,
 If Zed's scimitar leapt from its sheath.

Fal de rol, &c.

O scribe of the witty, dear Mordy,
 Whose stamp coins Old Christopher's bullion,
 I am sure we should get very wordy
 In rehearsing the praises of Mullion;
 We can't count up the whole of his merits,
 But from North down to Ambrose's scullion,
 The lad who directs and inspires
 The whole Tory battalion is—Mullion.

Fal de rol, &c.

And now for applauses you look
 On a person whose qualities we adore;
 And you'll have it by hook or by crook,
 Quoth the modest and blush-mantled Theodore.
 Contradiction in this we'll not brook;
 No—that window should instantly be a door
 For the wretch who this dogma forsook,
 EARTH HOLDS NO IMPROVISER LIKE THEODORE!

Fal de rol, &c.

Hold—at present he's chain'd with the gout,
 But at Christopher's table we sit—
 And on no account must we leave out
 Our immortal old paymaster Kit.
 If he's sane, I confoundedly doubt—
 And *the world* never thought him a wit;
 But he's sending good Bourdeaux about,
 And so here goes a stanza and Kit.

Fal de rol, &c.

That will do for to-night.*

Shepherd. Charmin'—just wunnerfu'—eh, man! gie me a shake
 o' your hand; ye're just a brither amang us when North's awa, and
 we're at our ease.

Theodore. My dear Shepherd, I'm not such a Cockney but I can

that they were "downright and actual observations on human life." After Maginn's death, in 1843, Blackwood reprinted them from the Magazine, as a separate volume, and the edition was exhausted in a week.—Such a mixture of wit and common sense, recondite learning and knowledge of all classes of society, never emanated, before or since, from one mind.—M.

* This *chant* was written by Maginn.—M.

appreciate the squeeze of that hand. Come now, give us a taste of your quality.

Shepherd. My quality, hinny!

Tickler. He means a song of the true old Scottish cut—a genuine bud of the heather. Come, James.

Shepherd. Is that a' ? I'll mak and sing ane aff-hand—love never comes wrang to me.—(*Sings.*)

O, love's a bitter thing to bide,
The lad that drees it's to be pitied;
It blinds to a' the warld beside,
And maks a body dilde and dited;
It lies sae sair at my breast bane,
My heart is meltin saft and safter:
To dee outright I wad be fain,
Wer't no for fear what may be after.

I didna ken what course to steer,
I'm sae to dool an' daftness driven,
For ane sae lovely, sweet, an' dear,
Sure never breath'd the breeze o' heaven;
O there's a soul beams in her ee,
Ae blink o't maks ane's spirit gladder,
And ay the mair she gecks at me,
It pits me aye in love the madder.

Love winna heal, it winna thole,
You canna shun't even when you fear't;
An' O, this sickness o' the soul,
'Tis past the power o' man to bear it!
And yet to mak o' her a wife,
I couldna square it wi' my duty,
I'd like to see her a' her life
Remain a virgin in her beauty;

As pure, as bonny as she's now,
The walks of human life adorning;
As blithe as bird upon the bough,
As sweet as breeze of summer morning.
Love paints the earth, it paints the sky,
An' tints each lovely hue of Nature,
And makes to the enchanted eye
An angel of a mortal creature.

Theodore. Exquisite—mighty good, really—why, Hogg, Velluti's a joke to you.*

Tickler. Very well indeed, James. Pass the bottle, Mullion—and Macrabin—why, what are you about, Macrabin?

Macrabin. Mr. Hogg, may I crave a bumper?

* Velluti, with his peculiar voice, (he had been a singer in the Pope's chapel at Rome.) must have had execution in a manner not at all like Hogg's.—M.

Shepherd. Wi' right good wull. Gentlemen, nae skylights—the Advocate's toast.

Macrabin. In rising, sir, upon this occasion, I may safely assure you, that I do not leave my seat without very considerable agitation. I do not allude, sir, to that agitation which is now convulsing Ireland—that agitation which a dastardly minister of a degraded crown vainly hoped to extinguish forever by truckling to that treason, which it was his bounden, and sacred and most imperative and holy duty, sir, as a man, and a Christian, and a Briton, to have trampled—no, sir, I allude to nothing of this nature, however in itself momentous. My business at present is nearer home. I allude, sir, in a word, to that internal agitation which a modest individual may easily claim credit for harboring within his bosom of bosoms, at the moment when he rises to address himself to such an assemblage of intellect, of genius, and of virtue, as I now behold congregated around this festive board. (*Hear, hear.*) Sir, we live in extraordinary times. A great crisis is indubitably on the anvil. The clouds, my lords, are thickening around the horizon of Great Britain—they are conglomerated in portentous and inevitable gloom; and the awful, the appalling, the irresistible, and most important burst already quivers in the balance. Every symptom, sir, conspires to give omen and indication of the approaching horrors. The GREAT UNKNOWN is no more. Those dark, and atrocious, and altogether unjustifiable suspicions, to which I need not more particularly allude, disturb no longer the midnight pillows of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Thomas Scott, and Mr. George Forbes. (*Hear, hear.*) The private accounts of the Corporation of London are openly demanded in the Parliament of England. (*Hear, hear.*) A son is born unto the Mandarin—the lamentable story of Lord Londonderry and the coal-tax need not detain us here. Mr. Jeffrey is Dean*—(*Hear, hear.*)—Mr. John Tate is Sheriff-depute of Clackmannan and Kinross. The dissolution of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, the utter ruin of the wilful king, the demolition, in other words, of the Siljukians, Atabeks, Kharisimians, and Turks, who have so long been in possession of the præfecture of the East, as typified by the little increasing horn, is at hand. (*Hear! hear!*) Mr. George Bankes has been defeated at Cambridge, and the sixth vial is on the very eve of being poured out on the great river Euphrates. (*Hear! hear!*) The friend of Caroline, and the second of Dunearn,† is actually in the cabinet, and rumors are rife of Althorp, and Graham, and Stanley, and even—shall I utter the degrading fact?—of Sir James Mackintosh. (*Hear!*

* Of the Faculty of Advocates, in Edinburgh. In 1830, he was made Lord Advocate, (or first law-officer of the Crown,) under the Grey Ministry, and, in 1834, was promoted to the Scottish Bench.—M.

† The Earl of Rosslyn was one of the seconds to Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, in the duel with Sir Alexander Boswell, which cost the latter his life.—M.

hear! hear!) Young Gibb sleeps with his father—the Battle of Waterloo is forgotten in the coming thunders of the Battle of Armageddon. Spitalfields are deserted. Paisley is full of woe. Sir Masseh Manasseh Lopez sold Westbury to the Right Honorable Robert Peel, for the enormous sum of six thousand pounds sterling. (*Hear! hear!)* Birmingham is acquitted and remains with Captain Ives. A great iron mine has just been opened at Orebro, in Sweden—the progress of the lead mines in the dominions of the Catholic King, is alarming in no trifling degree to Lord and Lady Stafford, who have advanced three hundred thousand to the Marquis of Anglesea—Captain Basil Hall's travels are stereotyped—Lord Lyndhurst is mentioned for Grand Mogul!—Mrs. Thomas Peel has been refused a ticket to the great ball at Almacks! (*Hear! hear!)* The Rev. Edward Irving has been refused admission to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland—Mr. Trotter of Ballendean has been in vain proposed for Provost—Metternich trembles at the announcement of a personal rencontre with Arthur the Great—Lord Ellenborough advertises his villa at Putney in the columns of the Morning Post—Sir William Rae* is talked of for a shelf—Sir Henry Halford is in daily attendance at Bushy—the King appeared at Ascot Races in a brown hat—Mr. Galt has returned at this very moment from Canada—and Mr. Thomas Fretley's letters have shaken the Court of Chancery to its centre—Lord Cringellie's interlocutor—Lord Mackenzie's *ad avisandum*—the silence of L. E. L.—and the dulness of the John Bull during the last fortnight—these, sir, are signs of the times to which I shall merely point your attention. (*Hear! hear!)* On the whole, I think it will not be disputed, that I have made out a very triumphant case—the issue is with you. But I venture to propose a bumper, fully relying upon your candor—I venture to propose a bumper which, under existing circumstances, I am sure you will not refuse—a bumper to the health and prosperity of our distinguished friend and guest now in my eye, Mr. Theodore. (*Great applause.*)

Omnes. Mr. Theodore!!! !!! !!! Three times three. (*Air—Saw ye Johnnie coming?*)

Theodore, (jumps to the piano-forte and chants.)

Air—Eveleen's Bower.

I hope, Mrs. Muse,
You will stiffly refuse
To respond in your strains to Macrabin's heart;
Who scruples not to say,
That the devil is to pay,
And the glory of Britain's upon the start.

* Lord Advocate of Scotland, in 1829.—M.

Our poor population
 Being given to propagation,
 He looks to the rates with an eye of woe—
 As for plans of emigration,
 And bog cultivation,
 He abandons them to Sadler, Wilmot Horton, and Co.

He would think it a miracle,
 If much longer in curricule,
 Church and State, *more patrum*, continued to go—
 Their alliance undone
 By an operative's son;
 Ætna's flames on his head—in his heart her snow.

But when lately a void
 Was created by Lloyd,
 And the breast of Phillpotts with hope beat high—
 Even the Duke refused that
 To the reverend rat,
 And promoted old Bagot*—the King knows why.

Then the King said nay,
 To all mention of Grey;
 And though General Rosslyn obtained the place,
 The Sovereign rump'd him,
 With a visage so grim,
 It gave sore tribulation unto HIS GRACE.

Then, the brave Cumberland
 Seems determined to stand—
 Spite of all their manœuvres—by his post:
 Which gives much ado
 To the Prince Waterloo,
 Who was minded for ever to rule our roast.

O declare, I beseech!
 Is it Wetherell or Leach,
 That is destined to shine in Lyndhurst's seat?
 And where will Lyndhurst go?
 And who will be the beau
 To defray the expenses of that retreat?

I'm perplex'd from my soul
 'Bout the Seagrave coal,
 And Lord Brecknock retiring for Castlereagh—
 Nor can I understand,
 Why a martyr so grand
 George Banks should be deem'd—since he stooped to stay.

Billy Holmes† don't conceal
 That the conduct of Peel
 Has put knot after knot in his Master's yarn;

* Dr. Bagot was made Bishop of Oxford in 1829—translated to Bath and Wells in 1845, and died in 1854.—M.

† William Holmes was the Tory whipper-in of the House of Commons for many years.—M.

And that Bob must skip
From the weavership,
Is a fact which his kindred with grief discern.

O weep for the day,
When from place and pay,
Back to roost in his Rochdale the false Lord goes;
Sure the worst of the bad
Have a kick for the Cad
Who by treason falls, as by cant he rose.

'Tis my trust that the King,
Understanding the thing,
Will ere long cheer his friends, and confound his foes;
"The Man-wot" o'erwhelm,
Summon Bags to the helm,
And a new House of Commons for Lord Chandos.

Better prospects arise
Before loyal eyes,
And in merrier mood than I close my strain;
Fill a bumper I pray,
To the coming day,
When the King shall enjoy his own again. (*Great applause.*)

Odoherly, (*aside to Macrabin.*) Do you give it up?
Macrabin, (*aside to Odoherly.*) Confound his glibness! My dear Theodore, you have outdone yourself. Sir Morgan is really quite jealous.

Shepherd. Haud awa, haud awa wi' sic havers—ye're a' grand chieils in your ain gait—and now I think Tickler's beginning to look a thought yaup. Sall we hae ben the cauld heads, Mr. Timothy?

Tickler. By all means. (*Rings—enter AMBROSE.*) Supper immediately. The boar's head, the sheep's head, some lobsters, the strawberries and cream, and a bottle of champagne.

(*Exit AMBROSE.*)

Mullion. Drooping nature really begins to call for some refreshment. (*Enter the tray.*) Aye, aye, Ambrose was ready.

Shepherd. How bonnily they've dressed up the cauld porker! My eye, Mr. Awmrose, but you've made a perfect flower-bob of him. Shall I help you, Theodore?

Theodore. So be it. By Jupiter, this garniture is perfectly Hopkinsonian! Give me the ear also. Pray, do—*merci*.

Tickler. Hopkinsonian? Non intelligo.

Theodore. Ha! ha! well, I thought you must have heard the story, I protest. You must know, my friend Hertford, walking one day near his own shop in Piccadilly, happened to meet one Mr. Hopkinson, an eminent brewer, I believe. Upon my word, this is better cold than hot, however—and the conversation naturally

enough turned upon some late dinner at the Albion, Aldersgate street—nobody appreciates a real city dinner better than Monsieur le Marquis—and so on, till the old brewer mentioned, *par hazard*, that he had just received a noble specimen of wild pig from a friend in Frankfort, adding, that he had a very particular party, God knows how many aldermen, to dinner—half the East India Direction, I believe—and that he was something puzzled touching the cookery. “Pooh!” says Hertford,* “send in your porker to my man, and he’ll do it for you *à merveille*.” The brewer was a grateful man—the pork came—and went back again. Well, a week after my lord met his friend, and, by the way, “Hopkinson,” says he, “how did the boar concern go off?” “O, beautifully,” says the brewer; “I can never sufficiently thank your lordship; nothing could do better. We should never have got on at all without your lordship’s kind assistance.” “The thing gave satisfaction then, Hopkinson?” “O, great satisfaction, my lord marquis. To be sure we did think it rather queer at first—in fact, not being up to them there things, we considered it as deucedly stringy—to say the truth, we should never have thought of eating it cold.” “Cold!” says Hertford; “did you eat the ham cold?” “Oh dear yes, my lord, to be sure we did—we eat it just as your lordship’s gentleman sent it.” “Why, my dear Mr. Alderman,” says Hertford, “my cook only prepared it for the spit.” Well, I shall never forget how the poor dear Duke of York laughed!

Shepherd. O the heathens! did they really eat the meat raw?

Theodore. As raw as you sit there, my hearty. Come, another slice.

Macrabin. Ha! a cork started! Quick, Mullion! The champagne! Tumblers! Ambrose, more of that.

. (N. B. Conversation for
. some time not audible
. in the cupboard.)

Odoherly. This is the right sort. Except John at the Salopian,† I really don’t know any body to compare with you in a hot bowl.

Tickler. I pique myself more on the cold—but that you Munsterians never appreciate.

Shepherd. Thraw the wand when it’s green, Timotheus.

Tickler. Now hand me the cigars—do you prefer the pipe or the naked beauties, Theodore?

Theodore. I never smoke—(*fugh!*)—This punch is blameless, sir. This does you honor—you would corrupt me, if I stayed among you long—you would corrupt me—I protest—quite delicious—

* The profligate Marquis of Hertford, the original of Thackeray’s oft-repeated Marquis of Steyne.—M.

† John was a waiter in the Salopian Coffee-house, London, famous for making good punch, and for recollecting, at once, the face of every man who had ever slept in the house.—M.

Shepherd. Corrupt you! my certy, we wad do you a great deal o' gude, my man; we wad clean cure you o' the fine gentleman, 'at we would—and we would gar ye shew your teeth in anither fashion. A man just gets a bairn for the matter o' birr and venom when he bides lang up yonder—ye're just naething ava' noo to what ye were when ye first comed hame.

Tickler. Nonsense—we all adapt ourselves unconsciously to the circle we mix in. Every place has its own tone—and Edinburgh and London are four hundred miles apart.

Macrabin. Thank God!

Theodore. Inverness, I presume, is still nearer the centre of civilization. Well, I can't stand this any longer—hand me the cigars—self-defence is a duty—you may send round the jug, too, Mr. Tickler.

Shepherd. There's a man—now, dinna be blawin' ower fass at the beginning—there—gently, gently, a sma' quiet sook, hardly mair nor the natural breathin'—look at me.

Theodore. A perfect zephyr.

Shepherd. Look at him—as I sall answer, he can send the smoke out at his nostrils—na, losh keep us! he's up to every thing—there it's puffin' out at the lug next!

Theodore. Teach the Patriarchs, and multiply.

Tickler. Fill, Odoherty—and pass. Are you and Theodore going into the Highlands?

Odoherty. Not we, truly—we have other fish to fry. I say, with Old Captain Morris,

“The sweet shady side of Pall-Mall”—

I'm off to town again, next steamboat; the approaching Dissolution will not permit any further extension of our tour just at present.

Tickler. What did you think of the result?

Odoherty. O, a roaring Protestant House of Commons, as sure as a gun—a good strong Tory government, without which, indeed, the eountry cannot and will not hang together for many months more. The King enjoying his own again, and Liberalism at a discount in Westminster as much as everywhere else—the Church is mustering all her strength, and woe to the Papists when the tussle comes!

Tickler. You may flatter yourself as you please—my opinion is, that the utter want of Talent, Courage, and Union, which has caused the present condition of the Tory party, will keep it where it is. With grief do I say it, I adhered to that party, boy and man, through evil report and through good report, for sixty years, sir; I served it zealously with tongue and pen, and bayonet and halbert too, and it never did any thing for me, Heaven knows; and I adhere to it still—I share its discomfiture—I cannot share your hopes; it is down, down, down, for my time, at any rate. You are young men—you may live to see better times.

Theodore. You must all be delighted to know that the King is well—really well. I was near his person half-an-hour on Thursday, at Ascot, and I give you my honor his Majesty never looked better in my remembrance; complexion clear, eye bright, the whole presence and bearing as full of life and vigor as of grace and dignity. This is one great consolation to us all.*

Odoherty. His life is worth two of the Duke of Clarence's. But still, the question of the Regency begins to be an anxious one. People must be expected, in these times, to look a leetle beyond their noses.

Tickler. Why, how can there be any question? Upon what pretence could the Duke of Cumberland be passed over,—the next in order; the first, certainly in talent; and, without all doubt, the steadiest in principle among those of his royal line who would then be left to us?

Odoherty. Why, you are aware, he would then be King of Hanover.

Tickler. And is that an objection? His son, of course, marries the Princess Victoria.† I hope they'll alter that outlandish name, by the way.

Odoherty. My dear friend, *there's* the rub. Young Cumberland, or young Cambridge? On one side, the royal family (with one exception, of course) and the people of England—and the people of Hanover, too, (for they're not such spoons as to wish to be left to the tender mercies of Prussia); on the other, the Duke! Do you begin to see daylight?

Theodore. Aye, you've laid your hand on the point now.

Shepherd. An' sud na the King himsell settle a' the like o' that?

Odoherty. Before the flood, Ireland was a potato-garden. Fill my glass. You see, sir, here is a delicate business, rather, for rough practitioners. And you will admit, on the whole, that the whiskered Duke has some pretty considerable cause to be in no great hurry about returning to Berlin?

Tickler. They talked of his having the Horse Guards.

Odoherty. Stuff, my dear, stuff. Nobody will have the Horse Guards—as THE OLD TIMES truly said when the Prince of Waterloo's reign began—except some Lord Hill,‡ or Lord Dale, that his Highness can canter over, as seemeth good to his spurs. Perhaps the good-natured Duke of Cambridge, influenced, as he must be, by certain considerations already touched upon, might be reckoned suffi-

* It happened, however, that George IV. died in June, 1830, and the Duke of Clarence, who then became William IV., survived him seven years.—M.

† The Duke of Cumberland was not made Regent, (he became King of Hanover on the death of William IV., in 1837;) and Victoria, who preserves her "outlandish name," did not marry her cousin of Cumberland, nor yet of Cambridge. At this time, when the Ambrosians were speculating on her marriage, the little lady was ten years old!—M.

‡ Lord Hill had the Horse Guards, as Commander-in-chief, from 1828 to 1842.—M.

ciently *en tenue*, for an experiment at last. But who, that looks to the great question we have been talking of, and looks also to the noble, correct, and vigorous appearance* of that true *get* of George the Third himself personally, will ever dream for a moment of the Duke of Cumberland having the Horse Guards, while the Duke of Wellington has Downing-street—I beg his Grace's pardon—has England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and all other dependencies thereunto belonging? The Duke will have no other voice but his own any where—and I'm sure, after all that has come and gone, you'll be sorry to hear that the enormous fatigue to which he is condemned by his system of keeping all *vous* but his own at a distance, is already telling visibly—most visibly—even on that iron frame. He looks ten years older at this hour than he did when the Duke of Rutland's speech killed poor Canning.

Tickler. No speeches will kill him.

Odoherty. No, truly—but this overwork—he's at it, I hear, full sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty, and plays dandy besides—this horrid overwork will act even on his nerves;† and thoroughly as he may despise the talking of the House of Commons, and the jabber of the press, I cannot easily believe that his proud heart will endure long the marked dislike of his master, and the settled coldness of the Tory aristocracy. Nobody knows better than he where the real pith of England lies—nobody need tell him, that the only party which at present gives his government *any* support, is the very party which, for forty years at least, has been identified with the principle of *revolution*—nobody need tell him what *must* be the consequences of a continued and effective alliance with that party, opposed fiercely by all the more zealous of the other, and aided by none of the other, (for I count a few cowardly place-holders and place-hunters at their worth.)

Tickler. The Duke must have made up his mind.

Odoherty. Yes, to one of three things; either to identify himself thoroughly with the Whigs—which he cannot do without giving them *the* places—which he cannot do without turning out the Peels, Herrieses, Goulburns—in themselves nobodies at all times, and now mere nobodies, so making room for Brougham, Mackintosh, and the

* With his immense white moustaches, forests of whiskers, shaggy eyebrows, and sinister look, the Duke of Cumberland was one of the most un-English looking men in London, at that time; but he was a rabid politician, and extreme Tory, and the Ambrosians puffed him accordingly.—M.

† The prophecies at the Noctes were very unfortunate. Few of them were fulfilled. In 1829, the Duke of Wellington was sixty years old:—if "overwork" killed him, it must have been by very slow degrees, for he survived until September, 1852, a period of twenty-three years!—In 1835, when the *Globe* newspaper, in very bad taste, remarked that Peel was looking ill and haggard from the difficulties of his position, all the Conservative journals attacked it, for imagining and desiring Peel's death; one and all had forgotten how *Blackwood* had alluded, in like manner, to their favorite Wellington.—M.

rest of the fry, and admitting old Grey to at least a subordinate consulate;* or to get back the Tories, which he cannot do without turning out all the inferior Rats, and filling his cabinet with the Eldons, the Sadlers, the Chandoses—in other words, returning to the point from which he started! or, lastly, attempt to carry on the existing system, which he well knows he cannot do through another session of Parliament, without taking some effectual means to strengthen his hands in the Commons—in other words, take Huskisson and his tail again into favor.

Tickler. Why, no doubt, Husky would now be preferred to Peel.†

Odoherly. By all parties. He has talents—he *has* tact—he *could* manage a decently manageable House of Commons very fairly, I don't question—and indeed, if I saw a pure Tory Government forming to-morrow, I should be sorry if Huskisson were not allowed to eat some of his theories, and make part of it.

Theodore. He has had his lesson, and would not again tamper, as he used to do, with good old Liverpool—"running about," as Sam Rogers said, "with a resignation at half-cock in his pocket."

Odoherly. No—no; but then there's Palmerston—who, by the by, has lately shown himself to be a much cleverer fellow than I used to take him for—and there's Charles Grant—a lazy sump, but a good speaker, and not to be openly spurned by *Husky* for many reasons—and Lord Dudley—cleverer than them all put together, and every way more influential.‡ You perceive this crew could not be got in without a sad scattering of the incumbency—

Tickler. Which heaven send us! We could never be worse, any how. But the Chancellor—

Odoherly. Pooh! pooh! that cook will make no fight. Whatever happens as to others, he's gone—gone—gone. The whole of the bar are against him to a man, and the Duke is not the lad to brave a body like that (even were there nothing more,) without a tangible *quid pro quo*. In God's name, what strength can any government derive from a man, whose character did not sink one peg in public estimation, upon the commission of perhaps the most flagrant act of rattery exemplified in human biography,|| Peel's excepted?

Shepherd. Weel, I hope we'll hae a gude harvest. Od sirs, if

* Lord Grey would not have a subordinate situation. He attacked Canning, in 1827, for taking the Premiership, which he (Grey) looked for as his own party inheritance.—M.

† Except by the ultra-liberals, who identified him with Free Trade, of which he was the advocate, Huskisson would have been welcomed back into office by nobody.—M.

‡ Palmerston has fulfilled the expectations here expressed. Charles Grant went into office in 1830, but did little—his habits of laziness were unconquerable—and eventually retired on a peerage (as Lord Glenelly) and a pension.—Lord Dudley, with great talents, was occasionally *non compos mentis*.—M.

|| Copley was originally a strong Liberal. Accepting place, he adopted Tory principles, and, up to the close of 1828, violently opposed Catholic Emancipation. In 1827, as Chancellor under Canning, he became Lord Lyndhurst. Retained in office by "The Duke," he defended Catholic Emancipation, in 1829, as warmly as he had previously resisted it.—M.

ye'll fill our waims weel, we puir bodies will e'en let your kings and a' their creatures sink or swim as they list. Let's hae anither bowl, however.

Macrabin. Mr. Chairman, I move the standing order, that the cupboard of this house be now cleared!

No. XLVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1829.

Sederunt—CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.; TIMOTHY TICKLER, Esq.;
THE SHEPHERD; PETER MACRABIN, Esq.; REV. DR. WODROW.

North. It is very well for old fellows like you and me, Timotheus, to croon away in this fashion—the burden of our song being, in sum and substance, no more than poor Vinny Bourne's

“Sunt res humanæ flebile ludibrium” —

But here is the Doctor, honest man, with two strapping youngers on his hands—what is he to do with them?

Macrabin. A practical question, my cock, and one not to be answered with an *ochone*.

Tickler. Pass the bottle, Kit.

Wodrow. Aye, aye, Mr. North—there's the rub—what's to be done wi' them? There's Jemmy has won I kenna how mony prizes, and noo the Natural class is over, it really comes to be a matter o' downright necessity for me to determine on something. He's not indisposed for the ministry, that I allow; but Tammas is only a year and a half behint him, and he's very delicate. Tam always was a weakly thing in the body from his verra cradle, as I may say—he's just keen for the kirk again. And now, ye see, Mr. North, the case is this. I was tutor to Sir John, uncle to the present Sir John, and that was the way I got the presentation; and I dinna doubt, that if I had a son a preacher, and weel spoken of, belyve, as years are wearing awa' wi' us a', heh, sirs! Sir John, I daur say, would not be indisposed to let him come in as assistant and successor. I have no positive promise, sir, but I think I have reason to consider this as pretty certain.

North. No doubt at all, Doctor.

Wodrow. But then, Mr. North, there's the question again—if they baith gaed to the Hall, and were licensed in due season, which o' them would get the place? and what might come o' the other?

Shepherd. Aye, doctor, there's mony an ill tredd; but a black coat without the bands is the very puirest o' the haill tot.

Macrabin. A doubtful case—and a deep—nor to be settled without all due appliances and means.

Tickler. How many chalders did the last augmentation come to, Doctor?

Wodrow. Why, Mr. Tickler, I certainly thought I was entitled to sixteen chalders,* and Mr. Jeemes Moncrieff—(I beg pardon, I mean Lord Moncrieff—but he was then only Mr. Jeemes—for it was in Sir Harry's time, honest man)—Lord Moncrieff, he was clearly of that opinion: and indeed Lord Pitmilly took notice of one circumstance that one would have thought might have satisfied any unprejudiced understanding, namely, ye see, sir, that Mr. Blackie, of Middlecairn, the very next incumbent, sir, wi' a considerably smaller parish, a population decidedly inferior in amount, sir, and comparatively speaking, no style is necessary to be supported—for there's no resident proprietor in Middlecairn aboon the degree of a bonnet-laird, as we say—Mr. Blackie, sir, as Lord Pitmilly observed, had fourteen chalders, and a glebe of thirty acres, all fine arable. But ye see, sir, in the Teind Court noo-a-days, business is often run through in a very hurried ramshakely fashion—I believe that's allowed. I would not misca' no man, nor no court, sir, with my will—but really when the haill fifteen are together, there's such a crushing and bustle that the most important affairs are occasionally, as it were, treated in a very lightly go-the-by sort of a fashion, sir. It's owre true.

Tickler. What did they give ye, Doctor! Pass the bottle, Hogg.

Wodrow. Very excellent good claret wine, indeed, Mr. North!—hem!—hem! And then, as I was saying, Lord Craigie he remarked—he was always a sound-headed man, that—that it consisted with his knowledge, that a minister in so large a parish as Betherellstane, aboundin' in sic a respectable circle o' families, boud to and must have charges to meet entirely beyond what could fall on the incumbent of Middlecairn, where all the land is the Duke's, as you know, an' be not a few little portioners on the Blae Burnside. And then Lord Balgray, honest gentleman—Mr. Dauvid Williamson that was,—he aye likes his joke; he said, quo' he, he didna pretend to be ony great critic as to sermons, but he could answer for ae thing, that there was ne'er a minister in the Carse gied a better dinner than the Minister o' Betherellstane—ha! ha! ha!—and then Lord Meadowbank, the young man that noo is, he jogget his neighbor and leugh—and my Lord President he leugh, and Justice Clerk he grunted too, and blew himself up and hotched again—and Lord Gillies he flung himself back in his chair, and winked his een, and then fixed them on the roof, and then he yawnit before the haill fifteen†—ance, twice, thrice, as if he was ettled to rive his very jaw off—and Lord

* Of grain,—the Scottish clergy being paid in kind (or by a commutation) and a certain quantity of glebe land; so a good harvest impoverishes clergymen.—M.

† The Fifteen; the whole Judicial staff of Scotland.—M.

Corehouse there he sat up as stiff and prim as a poker, his round gleg een twinkle-twinkl' back and forrit, and his face and lips as plaucid as a print o' butter—and then —

Tickler. The interlocutor, Doctor, the interlocutor.

Macrabin. I am astonished at your proceedings, Mr. Tickler. Sir, we have not yet heard the statement of the other side of the bar. I appeal to Mr. North, if we can expect to come to a fair view of this question—this very delicate, I must say, and important question, unless my reverend father on my right be permitted to go on *seriatim*—step by step.

Tickler. O, a thousand pardons—I meant nothing of the kind—perge, Doctor.

Shepherd. What is the stipend, Dr. Wodrow?—and, I'm saying, help yoursell, hinny.

Wodrow. Exceeding delicate claret wine, certainly!—hem. Weel, gentlemen, ye may think it does not set the like o' us to be complèenin' about sic like things, but I've a sair pinch to gar the tway ends meet sometimes, that I promise ye. What wi' my wife's wee black beukie, and the tax-loons, sirs, and the tailor and shoe-maker, and Mr. Albert Cay's account—for I maun aye hae a bottle of good port and sherry i' the Manse—we could never thole to want that—and the tway callant in by at the college here a' winter, though I'm sure I would never even them to ony thing like an extravagance—really, Mr. Hogg, what with ae thing and anither, sma' and great—and I must observe, by-the-by, that I think it's a sin to gar Ministers' sons pay fees at ony University.

Macrabin. I quite agree wi' you as to the fees, Doctor. Why not try an overture?

Hogg. But the stipend—the stipend?

Wodrow. Aye, true, I forgot that. Well, Mr. Hogg, would ye believe it? they gave me after all only twelve chalder, and my glebe is a mere kail-yard to the like of Middlecairn—no aboon eighteen acre, and weet, plashy dirt of ground, the maist feck o't—wadna bring ten shillings an acre, as I shall answer.

North. There is nothing that surprises me more than the successful manner in which our Scotch clergy contend against fortune—the *res angusta domi*, I mean—in bringing up their families. Look to what walk of life you will, not only here at home, but all over the colonies, and indeed I might say in England itself too, and you shall find no class more honorably represented than the bairns of the Manse.

Wodrow. It's very true, Mr. North. We hae a hard tussle, but the event shows, under God's good blessing, that it's no spurring the dead horse. Weel, wha kens what my tway lads may come to yet? I'm sometimes thinking o' breeding Jeemes to the bar, but

they've been raising the fees sairly of late, and I'm told it's a lang time ere amaisht ony o' them can win their bread, do as they will.

Tickler. The raising of the fees of admittance was considered necessary, Doctor, because my own body, the W. S.'s, had raised theirs. In particular cases, the change will, no doubt, operate to the disadvantage of the bar and the public; but, on the whole, it would not have done to have the bar cheaper of entrance than the inferior branch of the law, as Mr. Macrabin here would call it.

North. God knows, they are both far enough below what you and I can remember them.

Tickler. Yes, truly. Nothing can stop that. We are but following here, as everywhere else, in the footsteps of our neighbors. The English Bar is degenerating *à vue d'œil*—woefully—sinking fast into a mere trade. Did you read some capital paragraphs on that head in the Standard lately?

North. I read every thing that is in THE STANDARD. That paper, sirs, is an honor to the country—the ablest that I ever remember to have seen—and, I think, as upright as able. The command of knowledge, deep, accurate, and pat as pancakes, on every topic that turns up, is truly surprising; the strong, plain, masculine English of the Doctor's style,* presents as great a contrast to the usual vein of our leading-article-mongers, as a pillar in Westminster Abbey does to a plaster pilaster in Regent-street. I read the passages you mention with great interest, and, remembering the days of my youth, when I hung out for a season in the Temple Gardens, with considerable pain. But, as you say, we have the same work going on before our eyes here in the Parliament House.

Tickler. Plenty of clever working Attorneys among the rising brood of Advocates—but devil a one—beg your pardon, Doctor—not one that I have heard of, of the real old cut—uniting the range of the scholar with the tact of the pleader. The people of my own old calling tell me they gain little or nothing nowadays by consultations, and only a mouthpiece for their own memorials when the affair comes into Court—hence the system they are adopting. I hear, Macrabin, that it is quite the custom for an Agent to clap a gown on the back of one of his apprentices, or clerks, and so walk him into the Parliament House to do his business, upon a private understanding as to the *quantulum* of fees.

Macrabin. So they say—God knows.

North. This won't go on long without telling visibly on the character of the profession. Come some really great case—such a one as the Douglas cause, now—and where should we be? Cranstoun, Moncrieff, Fullarton, are all on the bench—John More must be so forthwith—Jeffrey, with all his talents and eloquence, is no lawyer

* *The Standard*,—London evening paper, edited by Dr. Lees Giffard and Dr. Maginn.—M.
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to speak of—but he'll be on the bench too—and, in fact, upon my word, I don't know where one would look.

Tickler. Macrabin, confound ye, ye don't read enough, man; if you did, you might fit yourself for any thing in three years.

Macrabin. Pass the Bordeaux. If I had a son old enough, I should prefer making him a W. S., I admit.

North. Why, go where one may, they certainly seem to be getting the soil of old Mother Caledonia into their clutches. By Jupiter! in fifty years more, if this goes on the doers will have uprooted the *Terrarum Domini*.

Macrabin. And small the scaith. A poor set. Totally devoid of all real pride and independence of spirit. Only look at our county representation. Had those lads been chosen by free-hearted electors—had they had the fear of a day of reckoning with honest men before their eyes, would they have dared, think ye, to wheel round as they did, at the first tap of the Duke's drum? I think there were forty-one sheer rats—and rats "yard-long-tailed," *ut Homericus loquar*—among our beautiful forty-five.

Shepherd. That has aye been a sair number for auld Scotland. Weel, weel, what signifies speaking? The writer's son, Peter, will be just sic another laird as the right heir wad hae been. It's wonderfu' how easily fok tak to that trade.

Tickler. I ascribe the evil—for, begging the Shepherd's pardon, it is, and will be found to be, a great evil—I ascribe it mainly to the Union. That accursed measure has done Scotland no good—I know it is the fashion to talk and write quite otherwise, even among those who pass with others, and perhaps with themselves, for the *Scotissimi Scotorum*. But such is my belief, and I have watched the operation of the affair much longer than any of those that nowadays lift up tongue and pen in its laudation.

North. Why, the Union has certainly done us much harm—but does not the good overbalance that,—candidly now?—Capital introduced—trade encouraged. But you know the whole story as well as I, Timothy.

Tickler. Peradventure. Capital introduced? when? how?—I know of no English capital worth talking about, that ever was introduced into Scotland, except indeed by Scotsmen, who made fortunes in the south, and then came home again. But they might, and would have done all that, though there had been no Union. Then as to trade—why, the English did every thing to prevent our having any access to a colonial market. Need I refer to the black and bloody tale of Darien? And then, only look at the whole management of Our Colonial Empire—I say *our*, for *ours* it is—British, not English. Have not our neighbors studiously and diligently acted *ab ovo* on the principle of their being not British, but English? Look

at their laws—their church establishments—where have they any? Why, even in the army and navy—don't I remember, only thirty years ago, I believe later, it was the law of the land, that every gentleman, on receiving the King of Great Britain's commission, should qualify by taking the sacrament according to the ritual of the Church of England. Could insult—could injustice be more glaring?

North. That's done away with, however.

Tickler. Aye; not, however, out of any growing liberality as to Old Scotland—but only out of that growing indifference to every thing connected with churches in general, in other words, to the Christian Religion, which may be traced as palpably in almost every other department of recent legislation. Trade encouraged, indeed! why, look to the Bank of England—founded in the teeth of all the English prejudices of the time by an immortal Scotsman—is it not a standing order with the National Establishment, that no Scotsman shall be employed within its walls—none—from the Chairman's seat to the Porter's. *We*, and we only, are excluded from all and every thing.

North. And good enough reason why. They know if we got our nose once in, we would soon draw our tails after us. They have but to look over the way to the India House, where we went in like the acorn and have grown like the oak, till now we fill the whole concern at home and abroad, and the birds of the air do nestle in our pleasant boughs—Gangetic and Ultra-Gangetic. But that's the way everywhere. In spite of their laws, we have taken two-thirds of all the colonies, rump and stump, to ourselves.

Tickler. Why, in truth, we need hardly pretend that we have not had—by hook or by crook, no matter—our own share of the fat things—India, army, navy, council, bench, and direction, are pretty well ours. In the West Indies we are the drivers most universally, and our planters are at least half and half. Nova Scotia—the name speaks for itself—and as for Canada, why, it's as Scotch as Lochaber—whatever of it is not French, I mean. Even omitting our friend John Galt, have we not *hodie* our Bishop Macdonell for the Papists—our Archdeacon Strachan for the Episcopalists—and our Tiger Dunlop for the Presbyterians? and 'tis the same, I believe, all downwards.

North. If there were one public department in which *a priori* one might have expected to find Scotland poorly put off, I think it will be admitted that was the admiralty. Well, look to the result. Lord Melville—Sir George Clerk—Sir George Cockburn—three Scotchmen out of the five—

Macrabin. You may almost count Lord Castlereagh too, for 'tis well known the present high and mighty Lord Londonderry's grandfather was a packman callant from the Isle of Bute.

Tickler. I believe from Saltcoats—which modern men or monkeys name Ardrossan. But what's all this to the purpose? Had there been no Union, hang it, we should have had a swapping Admiralty long ago of our own here at Leith.

Wodrow. Well, sirs, the Irishers seem to be keen set on having back their own Parliament, and if that act be dung owre, wha can tell? maybe ours may follow the same gait!

Macrabin. I doubt that. The Irish loons will get whatever they like to ask for—*Experientia docet*—But we have no agitators—no O'Connells—Heaven bless the mark, that we should have come to bemoan that loss!

Tickler. The evil—for it is an evil, I say—is of much longer standing in our case—our spirit has been worked out of us long ago—we are a province, and a contented province—*quà* such—yet, as the Doctor says, there's no telling what may turn up among the marvels of such a period as is, and is to be; and one thing I can answer for, that if I live to see the Irish Union repealed, there shall be at least a tussle for knocking over our own abomination too.

Macrabin. You'll make Maga speak out, Mr. Timothy?

Tickler. That she shall, *Christophero volente*—but that's not all—I am rich enough, Peter, not to be pinched for buying half-a-dozen Cornish boroughs—and by Jupiter, I will purchase them—and I will sit myself, and cause younger men to sit likewise. You, Macrabin, will you be one of the Southside members?

Shepherd. I hae nae objections for ane.

Macrabin. The salary?

Wodrow. Hootawa, hootawa! ha! ha! ha!—Advocate, ye had him there!

Tickler. To be serious, my friends; in losing our independent Parliament we lost every thing that made this nation a nation, and we have been countyfying ever since. But what made the business twenty times worse than it would otherwise have been, was, that the Union took place between us and a much larger and wealthier kingdom. It was bad enough to deprive us of our own nobility and upper gentry, as residents for the best part of the year—the most of them all but entirely—that was bad enough. It was bad enough to shut out all our young men from the chances of distinction in public life, excepting those few, very few, who were likely to find access to such distinction in the south. All this was bad enough—but the worst remains behind. Our *magnates* have been Englistified in all their notions, and that to their own ruin, and to ours.

North. A few great families. What matter, my dear Timotheus?

Tickler. Considerable matter, sir. They soon lost all conceit of their home and its fashions—and mark the consequences downwards—for downwards the base infection was not slow to creep.

Hence, I say, a scorn and contempt gradually engendered among the Scottish gentry for the Scottish Church—there's to begin with. What laird, even of a paltry thousand a-year, breeds his second or third son to the kirk now-a-days? Let Dr. Wodrow answer.

Wodrow. There was Sir Harry, honest man—and —

Tickler. Aye, and there's yourself, Doctor—and it would be easy to name a dozen more, perhaps—but what are these out of a thousand? In fact there is no denying it—the Church in Scotland has come to be all but exclusively a plebeian profession. Hence it has lost its influence with the upper classes of society, and has its strength, except perhaps in the west country, almost entirely among the middling order—the burgesses and farmers. The gentry are Episcopalian on the whole.

Wodrow. Wae's me! it's owre true a tale.

Tickler. As for the nobility—we all know the king has rarely been able even to find a poor Presbyterian Lord to send down as his commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Kirk. Even the great families that took the lead in the establishment of the Reformed Kirk—and, by-the-by, took the lead also in the plunder of her Catholic dam—even they have deserted the Blue Banner, to a Coronet.

Wodrow. It's a' true, Mr. Tickler. It's a' true.

Tickler. The Quarterly bragged some time ago, that two thirds of the land in Scotland are held by members of the Episcopal Church. I was nettled when I read the insolent vaunt, and consulted various persons, likely to be well informed as to various districts of the country; and, confound him! I had reason to suspect that the Laureate was not far out in his reckoning for once.

Wodrow. This accounts for the shameful appearance we made lately as a Christian and a protestant nation. Wha, that ken the Scotland of our grandsires, wad hae expected the Papist Bill to be carried with hardly a voice lifted up against it? I'm no forgetting what you, Mr. North, did in your ain way—and you, too, Mr. Macrabin, in yours. Oh, sirs!

Tickler. It will account for many blots besides that, Doctor, on what was once, as a Scottish bard sung—

“Ane gallant scutcheon fair and braid, to flee
Upon the borders of the Northern sea—
Ane glorious shield of ehivalry but mate,
Ane maiden bannier non-contaminate.”

So quoth old Struan—your chieftain, by-the-by, Macrabin.

Macrabin. Agnosco—one of the

“Magnanimi heroes nati Toryoribus annis.”

North. Well, I think, for my part, the Kirk has gained as much

by the Church as she has lost. That great establishment has borne the other in countenance throughout—and but for her solid weight overawing our squirearchy as well as her own, I believe John Knox's foundation might have had a third shake before now.

Tickler. All that good might have been, and would have been, and more of it also, had there been no Union. I protest I can see no purpose that will bear being even named that has been really answered by this detestable measure, save and except that the Ministers of England have thereby been enabled to rule the roast more easily to themselves—at less expense of brain and bother, in short. It comes all to that.

North. Well, and don't we all know that they are an overworked set of men, even as things are?

Tickler. I know no such thing. They are a most egregiously underworked body of asses. No doubt the body occasionally boasts an overworked head—a Pitt—a Castlereagh—a Canning—a Wellington. But that comes of nothing but the silly vanity, or the grasping ambition of the said head.

North. As for example—Castlereagh.

Tickler. My Lord Castlereagh, honored be his name, worked himself to death—of that there is no doubt; and to my regret of the occurrence there is no bound. But he did so, simply because his ambition was unbridled, and he preferred any overworking to the possible consequences of introducing more men of calibre equal to real work into the cabinet which people so absurdly used to call Lord Liverpool's. For instance, he has had lessons enough of what it was to have a Canning cheek-for-jole with him.

North. Yes, indeed —

Tickler. Mr. Canning himself, poor man, died of vanity—in two ways. First of all he fancied that no man in England could do any thing *well* in any department, but himself—he would not trust any of the rest of his crew—and it must be owned they were a sweet set—with even a common letter. I only wonder he did not take the Laureateship to himself too. He wrote every scrap himself, and re- and re- and re-wrote it, till he wrought himself into a nervous habit of body, that made it all but certain that a violent shock of any kind would overturn him. And the shock came with a vengeance—he found himself spurned and insulted by the Aristocracy of England*—his blood boiled, his heart rattled—and he tried a thousand remedies, some better and some worse—and George Canning died.* The Duke of Wellington has no nerves, and, I dare say, no vanity; but he has some ambition, it is commonly allowed, and no matter what the reason may be, such is the fact, he at this moment is doing all the work of the country. We shall see how ho

* Led by Earl Grey, a professed Liberal, who afterwards carried the Reform Bill !—M.

stands it. I confess he is not likely to be beat up so soon as either of his predecessors. Well, there are overworked men for you ; but where is the overworked body of men ? Is Lord Lyndhurst overworked ?

Macrabin. He looks nothing like it : he has the air of a most dégaçée lord. I say *Lord*, for certainly there is not a man in the house on whom Nature has set a plainer mark of nobility.

Tickler. A good acute head, as I remember. Well, who else is overworked. Peel ?

Macrabin. He has not brains enough to be turned.*

Tickler. Go over all the official squadron, and if you don't find them a sleek, fat-headed, cob-trotting, good-dinner-eating, ball-going, cheery-faced, broad-hipped assortment of gentlemen—all I shall say, my dear, is, that they don't much resemble any of the sets that I remember in their august places. Never was such quackery, my friend. Any well employed doctor or lawyer goes through more real tearing fatigue, bodily and mental, in a year, than would serve the best of official folk, bating Premiers, if you will, for the Siege of Troy.

North. Well, take all this. As to the present set in particular, I am free to admit that it would be an unchristian thing to look for caracoles from a team of cart-horses. It must serve us to hear the driver's whip whistle, and their bells, poor dumb things, jingle, as they urge on the ponderous machine.

Tickler. You are out—it would stop, if the wagoner himself did not push like to break his back behind, as well as skelping away at them before.

North. Well, well. But what has all this to do with the Scotch Union and the prophecies of Lord Belhaven ?

Tickler. Bide a wee, Kit—we're coming to that belyve. But I think the doctor here's getting shy of the claret.

Wodrow. Aye, indeed, Mr. North ; a body's stomach, that's used to whisky toddy for the most part, or port, at least, finds the like o' this rather cauld in the upshot.

Shepherd. I've been scunnerin' at it, too, this half hour. Come, Doctor, we'se hae a bowl. (*Rings ; enter AMBROSE and catching the SHEPHERD'S glance, exit instanter.*) Now we'll soon be provided. My certie, it's easier to get back the Punch than the Parliament.

Tickler. Fear nothing. They will either be beaten into giving up both the Unions, or into doing what I honestly confess I should consider as nearly as good—perhaps, after the lapse of three generations, in our own case, on the whole, the better thing of the twain.

Shepherd. And what's that ? (*Enter Punch.*)—Noo, Doctor Wodrow, in wi' your glass—the meikle big ane o' the three—this

* Another instance of the injustice which partisanship yields to opponents.—M.

will gar your inside lowp. And what's your projec, Mr. Tickler, I was spearin'.

Tickler. A very simple project. Let them keep one session of Parliament here and two in Dublin for every three that they hold in Westminster, and the devil's in it —

Wodrow. Hoot fie, Southside—and you an Elder! —

Tickler. Peccavi! give me a tumbler of your punch for sconce. Well, I say, the mischief's in it, if the two Sister Capitals do not take a spring to astonish the world—aye, and the Sister Kingdoms too. Why, even the King's bit jaunt did more good than I can tell. It was *elixir vitæ* to us for a twelvemonth; and had not Lord Castlereagh gone off just then, and the liberal reign begun in earnest, it's my fancy we should have been speaking of that fortnight to this day. But the ne'er-do-weels spoiled all with their conundrums.

North. And that was his Grace of Wellington's own opinion *once*.

Macrabin. Granting all other obstacles were overcome, how do you propose to carry on the machinery of Government? Where are to be the public offices here in Auld Reekie? Where are we to lodge the Ministers? And how are all the Members of the two Houses and their families to be put up?

Tickler. Never fear; where the carcass is, thither will the eagles gather fast enough. The King has no house in London, nor has had this many a day, by half so comfortable, as well as magnificent, as the Baron of Ballendean could turn out old Holyrood* at three months' notice. The great lords and dukes—there's not so many of them after all—would be very well contented with such dwellings as bankrupt Writers to the Signet are in the habit of erecting for their own accommodation in Moray Place and elsewhere—shoving the Septentrionic Jurisconsults back to their proper quarters in the Old Town; the Assembly Rooms would do very well for the Treasury; in short, the deuce a fear but we would find room for them all.

Macrabin. The mere clerkage, man, hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, how would you bring them down, and where would you stow them?

Tickler. Contract with the United Kingdom, to be sure,—fetch them all down in two or three voyages, at two pounds a-bottom; and there's the Castle Barracks, I would board and lodge the tinklers there, better than ever they were in their dirty lives before, at seven and sixpence aweek.

Shepherd. As for the Whigs, I suppose billets on Dr. Knox, and others in and about Surgeon Square, would overcome every difficulty.

* The Duke of Hamilton is hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace, which has been repaired for the reception of Queen Victoria.—M.

Tickler. My eye! what a reformation one such session would bring about among our vain, silly, doomed and doited gentry!

Macrabin. Purification of domestic morals, I presume—a new sense of divine truth awakened.

Tickler. Havers—havers. But I'll tell you what there would be. Our gentry have been ruined *thus*: Our nobility being wiled away (to all substantial purposes) by the Southron, the lairds have been left to themselves, and, no examples of really great wealth being before their eyes to overawe them, they have all, forsooth, entered into a deliberate system of competition with each other in point of show and expense. One laird has £3000 a-year, we shall say—and how few Scottish lairds ever had any such rental, we all know; he has such and such a house, and such and such an establishment, and gives such and such entertainments. Next parish glorifies itself in a brother squire of £2000 a-year, but with quite as long a pedigree. It immediately ensues, that he claps a back jam to his old house, in order that it may be as big as his neighbor's, and peradventure he erects a pepper-box at each angle, and *points* his staircase window, and battlements his garrets—behold *the castle or the priory*. Then comes the butler and the under-butler—how could he do without them? and a suitable train of coxcombs in blue and crimson—and then comes company to admire all this—and then crack goes the champagne—and then comes pay-day—and then in goes the laird to Edinburgh, to crack over his affairs with his excellent and right trusty friends Messrs. Bondison and Macrichaye,—and so another year goes off—and another—and the laird's sons are getting up—and an election is at hand—and Lord So-and-so's in the Admiralty—or Mr. So-and-so's in the East India Direction—or General So-and-so is a great friend of Lord Fitzroy,* or some other great gun at the Horse-Guards—and the County Collector has had a touch of palsy lately—and the young laird has settled in his own mind, that in case of Bell, or L'Amy, or Clephane going to the Bench, it would be no bad thing to have even so small a matter as a Sheriffship, ay, and until the old laird be gathered unto his grandfathers. Do you smoke them, Doctor!

Wodrow. There is no soundness in them. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!

Tickler. This species of folly is comparatively unknown in the south. The spectacle of princely magnificence, obviously unattainable, and inimitable, being constantly before smaller people's eyes, they begin to let their vanity run in another and a more wholesome channel; and pique themselves, in fact, on a systematic modesty

* Lord Fitzroy Somerset, for many years military Secretary to the Commander-in-chief, created Lord Raglan in 1852, and sent to Turkey, in chief command of the British forces, in 1854.—M.

and moderation. Anybody that has ever spent a summer in Yorkshire, will back me throughout, I am certain. A man with £8 or £10,000 a-year of good fat land, all in a ring-fence, in the West Riding, lives in every respect more plainly than e'er a proud Scotsman with a *nominal* £3000 of rental even, from Dan to Beersheba.

Wodrow. And you are seriously of opinion that the splendor of the great Englishers would dazzle our lairds' een, so that they would see clearly the propriety of living within their means?

Tickler. It would help, I think, and help not a little—even that. But this is not the effective style of operation I contemplate. Look, after all, to the situation of the Scotch magnates in their dear South. Their pedigrees are among the finest in Europe,—that is admitted—those of the English peerage, taken as a body, are among the poorest in Europe —

North. I admit that—it has been the policy of the most recent ministers to degrade the peerage; and if they had had the power of making new peers in Scotland, we may easily guess what they would have done here in that way also, when we look at their Baronetage.

Tickler. Yes, yes—nevertheless, the fact is certain, that the English nobility turn up their noses at the Scotch. Nothing under a Duke is admitted as of right among the haute noblesse there. Our Earls and all downwards are practically considered as belonging to an inferior order—something half-way, perhaps, between the English title of the same sound and an Irish one.

Macrabin. I have even known a Scotch Duke sneered at as a questionable sort of animal.

North. Ay,—Brummell cut a certain worthy old friend of ours in St. James's-street—having the preceding autumn spent six weeks at Dunkeld and Blair, shooting deer and supping Atholebrose all the time like a hero.

Macrabin. Money—money—money.

Tickler. Chiefly so—but not entirely. Two things are necessary—or at least one or other of the two—close connection with some of the real grandes of England, who intermarry *à la* *Banyan*—or enormous wealth.

Macrabin. That last will cover all defects. Thanks to Mr. Pitt.

North. Thanks rather to the necessities of Mr. Pitt's time. Had he not extended the peerage as he did, the accursed proud little knot of stinking Whigs would have had every thing their own way. Charley Fox would have been Mogul, and England would have been revolutionized as sure as the Bastille was overthrown.

Tickler. Yes, yes. But Pitt could not achieve that necessary good without the accompaniment of great, and, I fear, lasting evil.

The peerage of England has been thoroughly degraded. Money buys boroughs, and boroughs may command any thing under a dukedom; and a peerage bottomed on pounds, shillings, and pence, can do things that a true nobility durst not think of.

Macrabin. Rat, for example—*rat*.

Tickler. Thou hast said it. This degraded order, however, tramples on the Scottish peerage, who are base enough to prefer such usage to remaining as princes of the land here at home. And what I was coming to is this—that were Parliament held here now and then, these peers of ours would find themselves, now and then, in possession of precedence as to rank over their habitual despisers; they would, moreover, find themselves now and then able to display more magnificence than these. Here they would have their fine places, for example; and having their estates at hand, they would be able to live much better every way than they ever can afford to do four hundred miles away. After all, they would be the cocks of the walk here;—and what between the sense of self-respect thus re-awakened among them, and the sobering influences already alluded to operating on the order just below them, I do not think it too much to say, that great good would and must be produced.

North. Why, perhaps, if they know that Edinburgh was to be the capital once every three, four, or even five years, they might learn to content themselves with that, and lie by in the interim. Any thing that should tend to keep them out of London would unquestionably be beneficial.

Tickler. Aye—and not to Scotland, or to Ireland alone, but to England herself. What is London to grow to? When James the Sixth went up, the population of London was about what that of Edinburgh is now—not more. In two centuries it has risen from 150,000 to 1,400,000 at the least.* Is that to go on *ad infinitum*? Can it go on without destroying the country? Can it go on without sapping the strength of the provinces? Can it go on without causing some consummating convulsion in the great Babylon itself? I consider that the indifference with which Parliament after Parliament goes on contemplating this ruinous growth, is a phenomenon of absurdity—of insanity. And I know of no method by which the evil can be checked, except by throwing the weight of government and fashion, *perforce*, occasionally into the scales of Dublin and Edinburgh.

Macrabin. A young and active Sovereign might take the hint.†

Tickler. I expect no absurdities. It would be as ridiculous to transplant his present Majesty, God bless him! to the North, as it

* And exceeds 2,500,000 in the year 1854.—M.

† Queen Victoria has paid several short visits to Dublin and Edinburgh, and spends the autumn in Aberdeenshire.—M.

would be to remove me from beneath the shadow of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, to a snug villa in the Alpha Road. (I think I have heard the name of such an abomination.)

North. Situated close to the Paddington canal, and sung repeatedly by Signor Le Hunto, Gloria di Cocagna.

Macrabin. As was also the Zeta* rod, I believe.

Tickler. From a kingdom, we have already sunk into a province; let the thing go on much longer, and from a province we shall fall to a colony—one of "the dominions thereunto belonging!" They are knocking our old entail law to pieces as fast as they can, and the English capitalists and our Glossins between them, will, before many days pass, have the soil to themselves—unless something be done—and I for one shall do *mon possible*.

Macrabin. Trecenti juravimus.

Shepherd. Weel, if the gentry lose the land, the Highland anes at ony rate, it will only be the Lord's righteous judgment on them for having dispossessed the people before them. Ah! wae's me—I hear the Duke of Hamilton's cottars are a' gaun away, man and mither's son, frae the Isle o' Arran. Pity on us! was there a bonnier sight in the warld, than to sail by yon green shores on a braw summer's evening, and see the smoke risin' frae the puir bodies' bit shielings, ilk ane wi' its peatstack and its twa three auld donnerd pines, or saughs, or elms, sugh—sughin' owre the thack in the gloamin' breeze?

North. By-the-by, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine now in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of whom could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sung heaps of our old Highland oar-songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own, Gaelic too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties—shall I try how it will croon?

Omnes. O, by all means—by all means.

North. Very well, ye'll easily catch the air, and be sure you tip me vigor at the chorus. (*Chants.*)

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

From the Gaelic.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father

Sing long ago the song of other shores—

Listen to me, and then in chorus gather

All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

* The severest attacks on Leigh Hunt were over the signature "Z."—M.

Chorus.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas —
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansman true, and stern claymore —
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

Shepherd. Hech me! that's really a very affectin' thing, now.
Weel, Doctor, what say you? Another bowl?

Wodrow. Weel, Mr. Hogg, if ye will have it—but really the evening's advancing—and wi' a' your wise discourse, friends, ye've given me very little light yet about my tway callants.

Tickler. Doctor Wodrow, there's nothing for it but colonization. Wilmot Horton for ever, say I. If I were a stout carl like you, with a parcel of strapping olive plants rising about my table, by the Ghost of Nebuchadnezzar I would roup off, turn every thing into cash, and make interest with Peel for a few thousand square miles of improvable land somewhere in Australia. I'll be hanged if I would not.

Wodrow. I'm owre auld, Mr. Tickler, I'm owre auld.

Tickler. You! you're not sixty—here am I, seventy-six come Candlemas, and it would take but little to persuade me to join your venture. What say you, North? could we move you to such a tramp?

North. Why, I've been thinking of the like already. Let political affairs go on here in their present course for another session or so, and Great Britain will be no place for the like of us to leave our bones in. We may as well lie by a little while longer, and then, by Jupiter, and then—if nothing turns up—why, the best thing we can do will, I devoutly believe, be to pack up bag and baggage, and endeavor to found a free and Christian state somewhere of our own.

Shepherd. I'll gang wi' ye, sir. I'll be ready at half a year's notice—gin ye'll gie me a grand estate or a good post.

North. Done! you shall choose for yourself, James.

Shepherd. Na, na! I'll be weel content wi' ony thing ye appoint. And you, Macrabin, will ye bear to stand at the pier o' Leith, and see us a' sailin' awa'?

Macrabin. Not I, indeed. I have made up my mind to be your Chief Justice, Judge Admiral, and Lord High Chancellor, all in one.

Tickler. As I am the Senior, and also the chief capitalist, I intend to be Governor, or Cacique, or whatever else we may fix on for title. You, North, shall be my First Lord of the Treasury; and honest Mullion my Secretary of State. Odoherly will be forthcoming for Commander-in-Chief. I shall offer the Admiralty to Basil Hall, I think. He is certainly the most courageous Argonaut going, for he has stereotyped the first edition of his book*—and on the whole, I consider this compliment as due to him. You, Macrabin, as you judiciously propose, shall have the law arrangements on your shoulders—you shall be at once our Solon and our Sugden—

Macrabin. Your Justinian, and your Justice Clerk —

Tickler. Our Rhadamanthus and our Rae —

Macrabin. Your Lycurgus, your Lyndhurst, and your L'Amy—
(hear.)

Tickler. Our Plato, our Plunket, and our Pitmilly—(hear.)

Macrabin. Your Cato, your Coke, and your Keay—(hear, hear.)

Tickler. Our Meadowbank, our Minos, and our Macneil—(hear.)

Macrabin. Your Draco, your Demosthenes, and your Dickson—
(hear, hear.)

Shepherd. Our Halkerstone, our Houp, and our Hangie—(hear, hear, hear.)

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

Tickler. By the way, Doctor, we've been forgetting the Church Establishment. Of course you'll be our Bishop?

Wodrow. Me a Bishop, Mr. Tickler! I'm a Calvinist to the backbone. Presbyterian pawrity for me wherever I gang.

Macrabin. I have a more solid objection. The Scripture has ruled that a Bishop must be the husband of only one wife, and I submit that such a character would be wholly out of place in a new settle-

* A very unusual process with the first Edition of any book, in any part of Europe.—M.

ment, such as we are about to organize. I am therefore inclined, as Amicus Curiae, to suggest that we should adhere to the Presbyterian model; in which case, our worthy friend here might comply with the spirit of our patriarchal institutions, and have just as many Mrs. Pawrity-Wodrows as he might happen to find convenient under existing circumstances.

Shepherd. Aye, man? and how many Mrs. Macrabins is there to be o' them?

Macrabin. Hogg, the answer to that question is still in the womb of time. As well might I ask how many Mrs. Hoggs, Mrs. Ticklers, or Mrs. Norths. Such inquiries, Hogg, at the present stage of this business, must be considered as rash, premature, and irrelevant. But sure I am, (*rising*) that, sitting there as you do, you can have no doubt with regard to the principle, gentlemen, the broad, the just, the liberal, and the salutary principle, on which I have ventured to bottom the hingeing and cardinal features of this case! No, Hogg; is it to be endured that we, a patriotic band, fleeing to the uttermost parts of the earth, in order that we may no longer be the witnesses of the political, the moral, and the religious degradation, insecurity, and oppression of a once proud, and virtuous, and truly Protestant country—is it to be borne, I say, and I repeat, that we, my Luds,—that we, the heroic victims of this tyranny, the noble eschewers of this abomination, the self-exiled confessors of the great and holy cause of British Protestantism—is it to be endured even for a moment, that we, my Luds, should be held bound to carry with us into those new, wide, and virgin regions, over which we seem destined to diffuse and establish the great principles of light, and law, and liberty,—is it to be endured, my Luds, that we should hamper our wings in this great, gallant, and glorious excursion, with any of those most inapplicable impediments and most unsuitable entanglements, which, rendered necessary in old thickly peopled territories by the inevitable march of circumstances, and sanctioned accordingly in such territories by the denunciations at once of the press, the pulpit, and the pillory, could under other circumstances be attended with no consequence but that of hampering the infant movements of the social principle in a manner alike impertinent, my Luds, impolitic, and unpleasant?—(*Hear, hear!*)—No, sir; far from us be such narrow, illiberal, and unphilosophical bigotry! Let us not assimilate ourselves in our minds' eyes to the poor haltered mill-horses, who stump their eternal round within the never-varying circle of outworn formalities! Let us, O my Hogg, take a wider, a nobler, and a more aerial range in our aspirations!—(*Hear, hear!*)—Let us dwell rather on the great precursors and founders of the existing societies now degrading and degraded, within the ancient hemisphere of this terrestrial globe. Let us assimilate ourselves rather to the Patriarchs

of old—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—Let us go forth into the wilderness of the New World, able and willing to exert all our faculties in the noble task of founding a wise, a free, an independent, a moral, a just, an obedient, and a populous nation. (*Hear, hear!*) Let the people grow, and let the rulers thereof abound and flourish. (*Hear, hear, hear!*) Let us spread ourselves in a full and fertilizing stream, from the borders of the great river, even the river TICKLER, unto the wilderness of WODROW on the right hand, and unto the huge cedar-clad mountains of the MACRABINIAN chain upon the left! (*Hear, hear!*) Let our Shepherd bequeath his name and his blood to all the dwellers in a valley like unto the valley of Egypt. Yea, let the HOGGS of that land be as numerous as the Howtowdies of this! And let NORTHOPOLIS extend her walls and her towers, until Imperial Rome, in comparison to her, be voted a rat-hole, Nineveh a nook, Babylon a baby-house, and Peking the paltriest pile of the Pigmies! In a word, I, like this reverend and revered father, am opposed *Mordicus* to the adoption of the Episcopalian ritual and discipline in the infant state. In its application to our meditated polity, I foresee a long concatenation of insuperable and even disgusting evils; I say with our Wodrow—

“Let Love be Liberty, and Nature Law!” (*Hear, hear, hear.*)

And I beg leave to propose a health to the wives and sweethearts of the colonists of NEW ST. KIR’S—(*three times three.*)

Tickler. I hereby give my sanction to that name. NEW ST. KIR’S let it be.

North. Thank ye—well, I think we have settled most other things pretty decently—where are we to get the cash?

Tickler. Cash? Pooh, pooh! Cash, Corn, and Catholics—all shall be forthcoming. Why, I don’t wish to take things at a high estimate; but, surely, what with my land and *lands* in the West Country, my stock here, in France, and in the United States—North’s plum—and what the rest of you may scrape together, we may count one way or another on some—let me see—some millions—or so. Not enough, you will say?—well, it will make a beginning, however, and when once we’re afloat, no fears—we shall have constant accessions. Protestant capital will soon pour in upon us.

Macrabin. I look much to the influence of the liberal laws I shall take care to establish, I shall give every encouragement to newcomers, I promise you; and what with London bankers, and Edinburgh Writers-to-the-Signet, and other accidental contributors, I think our Magazine is, in fact, like to be troubled with a “press of matter.”

Tickler. According to the recent averages, we may count on, at

least, one of each of those classes of *emigrés* yearly—they'll certainly prefer New St. Kit's to the United States, or even to *La Belle France*.

Wodrow. I thought you had wished an exclusively moral population—now really, gentlemen, fugitive bankers—swindling doers—people that, in fact, can't well, when detected thoroughly, be allowed to remain even among the Whigs of the old country—with submission, I can't but have my doubts how these folk would amalgamate.

Tickler. Be not over curious. Our motto must be *quoad capital, All's fish that comes to the net*—come pike—come gudgeon!

Macrabin. Remember the origin of Rome, Doctor—the brazen wolf, the Horatii and Curiatii, Bos locutus est, the Sabine ladies, and other points of learning. Come, fill your glasses—tingle-lingling—hear ye the music o' the spoon, Doctor?

Shepherd (*sings, accompanied by MACRABIN on the trombone.*)

Let them cant about Adam and Eve—frae my saul
I'm mair gien to lamenting Beëlzebub's fall,
Though the beasts were a' tame, and the streams were a' clear,
And the bowers were in blossom a' through the lang year—
Our ain warld wad serve me for an Eden atweel,
An it were na for fear o' the Meikle Black Deil.

Chorus—"Our ain warld," &c.

I was born to a lairdship on sweet Teviot side,
My hills they are green, and my holms they are wide,
I hae ewes by the hundred, and kye by the score,
And there's meal, and there's maut, and there's whisky galore—
And this warld wad serve me for an Eden atweel,
An it were na for fear o' the Meikle Black Deil.

Chorus—"Our ain warld," &c.

There is Jenny, jimp Jenny—and blythe bonny Kate,
There is Susan the slec—and there's Bauby the blate,
There is Jessy, my darling that kaims back her hair,
And wee frighten'd Meg, that I met at the fair—
And this warld would serve me for an Eden atweel,
An it were na for fear o' the Meikle Black Deil.

Chorus—"Our ain warld," &c.

Wodrow. O fie—O fie—Mr. Hogg! Mr. Hogg! Mr. Hogg! —
(*Exit.*)

Macrabin. Come, now the old cock's off at last—let's have in the cigars, and begin work seriously.
(*Left smoking.*)

No. XLVII.—DECEMBER, 1829.

The Snuggery—Time, seven o'clock.—NORTH and the Shepherd.

Shepherd. O, sir! but there's something delightfu' in coal-fire glimmerin' and gloomin', breakin' out every noo and then into a flickerin' bleeze; and whenever ane uses the poker into a sudden illumination, vivifyin' the pictured paper on the wa's, and settin' a' the range o' lookin'-glasses a-low, like sae many beacons kindled on the taps o' hills, burnin' awa' to ane anither owre a' the kintra side, on the birth-day night o' the Duke o' Buccleuch, or that o' his marriage wi' that fair English Leddy*—God bless them baith, and send them in gude time a circle o' bauld sons and bonny dochters, to uphaud the stately an' noble house o' the King o' the Border.

North. Amen. James—a caulker.

Shepherd. That speerit's far aboon proof. There's little difference atween awka veety and awka fortis. Aye, ma man, that gars your een water. Dicht them wi' the doylez, and then tak a mouthfu' out o' the jug to moderate the intensity o' the pure cretur. Haud, haud! it's no sma' yill, but strong toddy, sir: The body 'll be fu' afore aught o'clock. (*Aside.*)

North. This jug, James, is rather wisby-washy; confound me if I don't suspect it is milk and water!

Shepherd. Plowp in some speerit. Let me try't. It'll do noo, sir. That's capital boiling water, and tholes dooble it's ain wecht o' cauld Glenlivet. Let's dook in the thermometer. Up, you see, to twa hunder and twunt, just the proper toddy pitch. It's mirawulous!

North. What sort of a night out of doors, James?

Shepherd. A fine nicht, sir, and like the season. The wund's due east, and I'se waurant the ships at anchor in the roads are a' rather coggly, wi' their nebs doon the Firth, like sae many rocking-hooses. On turnin' the corner o' Picardy, a blash o' sleet like a verra snaw-ba' amaisht knocked my head aff my shouthers; and as for my hat, if it meet with nae interruption, it maun be weel on to West-Craigs by this time, for it flew aff in a whirlwind. Ye canna see the sleet for the harr; the ghastly lamps are amaisht entirely overpoored by

* The Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury (born in 1806) married a daughter of the Marquis of Bath. He had been a member of Peel's Cabinet in 1841-46, and *she* was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria.—M.

the whustlin' darkness; and as for moon and stars, they're a' dead and buried, and we never may wutness their resurrection. Auld women frae chimley-taps are cleytin' wi' a crash into every area, and the deevil's tirlin' the kirks outowre a' the Synods o' Scotland. Whisht! is that thunner?

North. I fear scarcely—but the roar in the vent is good, James, and tells of tempest. Would to heaven I were at sea!

Shepherd. That's impious. Yet you micht aiblins be safe aneuch in a bit cockle-shell o' an open boat—for some folk are born no to be drooned —

North. There goes another old woman!

Shepherd. O but the Yarrow wull be a' ae red roar the noo, frae the Loch to the Ettrick. Yet wee Jamie's soun' asleep in his crib by this time, and dreamin', it may be, o' paddlin' amang the mennows in the silver sand-banks o' simmer, whare the glassy stream is nae higher than his knee; or o' chasin' amang the broom the young linties sent by the sunshine, afore their wings are weel feathered, frae their mossy cradle in the briar-bush, and able to flee just weel aneuch to wile awa' on and on, after their chirpin flutter, my dear wee canty callant, chasin' first ane and then anither, on wings just like their ain, the wings o' joy, love, and hope; fauldin' them, in a disappointment free frae ony taint o' bitterness, when a' the burdies hae disappeared, and his een, as he sits doon on the knowe, fix themselves wi' a new pleasure on the bonny bands o' gowans croodin' round his feet.

North. A bumper, my dear Shepherd, to Mount Benger.

Shepherd. Thank ye, sir, thank ye. Oh! my dear sir, but ye hae a gude heart, sound at the core as an apple on the sunny southside o' the tree—and ruddy as an apple, sir, is your cheek —

North. Yes, James, a life of temperance preserves —

Shepherd. Help yoursel', and put owre the jug. There's twuntty gude years o' wear and tear in you yet, Mr. North—but what for wunna ye marry? Dinna be frightened—it's naething ava—and it aften grieves my heart to think o' you lyin' your lane in that state-bed, which canna be less than seven feet wide, when the General's widow —

North. I have long wished for an opportunity of confiding to you a secret, which —

Shepherd. A saret! Tell nae saret to me—for I never a' my life could sleep wi' a saret in my head, ony mair than wi' the lug-ache. But if you're merely gaun to tell me that ye hae skrewed up your courage at last to marry her, say't, du't and be dune wi't, for she's a comely and a cozey cretur, yon Mrs. Gentle, and it'll do my een gude to see you marchin' up wi' her, haun an' haun to the Hy-meneal Altar.

North. On Christmas day, my dear James, we shall be one spirit.

Shepherd. And æ flesh. Hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Gies your haun' on that, my auld hearty! What a gran' echo's in yon corner o' the roof! hear till't smackin' loofs after us, as if Cupid himsel' were in the cornice!

North. You must write our Epithalamium.

Shepherd. That I wull, wi' a' my birr, and sæ wull Delta, and sæ wull the Doctor,* and sæ, I'm sure, wull Mr. Wudsworth; and I can answer for Sir Walter —

North. Who has kindly promised to give away the Bride.

Shepherd. I could greet to think that I canna be the Best Man.†

North. Tickler has —

Shepherd. Capital—capital! I see him—look, there he is—wi' his speck-and-span-new sky-blue coat wi' siller buttons, snaw-white waistcoat wi' gracefu' flaps, licht casimer knee-breeks wi' lang ties, flesh-colored silk-stockings wi' flowered gushets, pumps brushed up to a perfect polish a' roun' the buckles crystal-set, a dash o' powther in his hair, een bricht as diamonds, the face o' him like the verra sun, chin shaven smooth as satin, mouth—saw ye ever sic teeth in a man's head at his time o' life—mantling wi' jocund benisons, and the haill feegar o' the incomparable fallow, frae tap to tae, sax feet fowre inches and a hawf gude measure, instinck wi' condolence and congratulation, as if at times he were almost believing Buchanan Lodge was Southside—that he was changin' places wi' you, in a sweet sort o' jookery-pawkery—that he was Christopher North, and Mrs. Gentle on the verra brink o' becoming Mrs. Tickler?

North. James, you make me jealous.

Shepherd. For Heaven's sake, sir, dinna split on that rock. Remember Othello, and hoo he smothered his wife wi' the bowster. But saft lie the bowster aneath your twa happy heads, and pleasantly may your goold watch keep tickin' throughout the night, in accompaniment wi' the beatin's o' your twa worthy and wedded hearts.

North. Methinks, James, the wind has shifted round to the —

Shepherd. O' a' the airts the wund can blaw,
I dearly loe the west,
For there the bonny widow lives,
The ane that I loe best!

North. Let us endeavor to change the subject. How many poets, think ye, James, at the present moment, may be in Edinburgh?

Shepherd. Baith sexes! Were I appointed, during a season o' distress, to the head o' the Commissawriat Department in a great

* Maoniah.—M.

† *Best Man* :—The Bridegroom's friend at the wedding.—M

Bane-Soup-Dispensary, for behoof and in behalf o' the inspired pairt o' the poppilation o' Embro', I think it wad na be safe to take the average—supposing the dole to each beggar to be twice a-day—aneath twunt' thousand rawtions.

North. The existence of such a class of persons really becomes matter of serious consideration to the State.

Shepherd. Wad ye be for pittin' them down by the strong arm o' the Law?

North. Why, you see, James, before we could reach them it would be necessary to alter the whole Criminal Jurisprudence of Scotland.

Shepherd. I dinna see that ava'. Let it just be enacted, neist session o' Parliament, that the punishment o' the first offence shall be sax months' imprisonment on crowdy, o' the second Botany,* and the third death without benefit o' clergy. But stop awee—cut aff the hinner end o' that last claws, and let the meenisters o' religion be admitted to the condemned cells.

North. Define "First Offence."

Shepherd. Aye, that gars ane scourt their head. I begin to see into the difficulties o' Pænal Legislation.

North. Then, James, think on the folly of rewarding a miserable Driveller, for his first offence, with board and lodging for six months!

Shepherd. We maun gie up the crowdy. Let the first offence, then, be Botany.

North. We are then brought to the discussion of one of the most puzzling problems in the whole range of—

Shepherd. Just to prevent that, for the solution o' sic a puzzling problem would be a national nuisance, let us mercifully substitute, at ance and to be dune wi't, for the verra first offence o' the kind, however sina', and however inaccurately defined, neither maun we be verra pernickety about evidence, the punishment o' death.

North. I fear hanging would not answer the desired end.

Shepherd. Answer the end?

North. A sort of spurious sympathy might be created in the souls of the silly ones, with the poor poetasters following one another, with mincing steps, up the scaffold-ladder, and then looking round upon the crowd with their "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," and perhaps giving Hangy their last speeches and dying words to distribute, in the shape of sonnets, odes, and elegies, all the while looking at once Jemmy-Jessamyish and Jacky-Lackadaisical, with the collars of their shirts, for the nonce, a-la-Byron, and their tuneful throats, white as those of so many Boarding-School-Misses, most piteous to behold, too rudely visited by a hempen neckcloth. There would be a powerful and dangerous reaction.

* In those days, convicts were transported to Botany Bay, New South Wales.—M

Shepherd. I see farther and farther ben intil the darkness o' Pænal Legislation. There is but ae resource left. Tak the punishment into your ain hands. The nation expects it, sir. Gie them THE KNOT.

North. I will.

Shepherd. Horridly concease!

North. Unroll a few yards of yonder List, James, and read off the first fifty names.

Shepherd. Mercy on us! Lang as the signatures of the Roman Catholic Petition, or the Address to Queen Caroline. How far wad it reach!

North. It is not so long as you imagine, James. It is precisely as long as the front of the Lodge.

Shepherd. Forty yards! A hunder and twenty feet o' the names o' Poets a' flourishin' in Embro' at ae era!

North. Read awa, James.

Shepherd. A' arranged alphabetically, as I hope to be shaved! Puir fallow A A A! Little did your father think, when he was haudin' ye up in lang frocks, a skirlin' babby, to be chrissen'd after your uncle and your granpawpa, that in less than twuntty years, you were to be rebaptized in bluid, under the Knout o' ane without bowels and without ruth! (*Letting the List full out of his hands.*) I hae nae heart to get beyond thae three maist misfortunate and ill-chosen initials! I'm gettin' a wee sick—whare's the Glenlivet? Hech! But I'm better noo. Puir chiel, I wuss I hadna ken't him; but it's no twa months back sin' he was at Mount Benger, and left wi' me a series o' Sonnets on Puddock-stools, on the model o' Milton's.

North. No invidious appeal to my mercy, James.

Shepherd. Let it at least temper your justice; yet sure aneuch never was there sic a screed o' vermin.

North. Never since the Egyptian plague of flies and lice.

Shepherd. Dinna be too severe, sir, dinna be too severe. Rather ca' them froggies.

North. Be it so. As when, according to Cowper—

A race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were covered with the pest; the streets were fill'd;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers 'scaped;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

Shepherd. The land stank! Cowper meant there, a' Egypt. But in Embro', where The Land means, ye ken, a Tenement or Tene-ments, a batch o' houses, a continuous series o' lodgings, the expres-

sion "the land stank," is fearsomely intensified to the nostrils o' the imagination o' ilka individual either in the New or the Auld Town.

North. It must have brought down the price of lodgings.

Shepherd. Mony o' them wunna let at a'. You canna gang down a close without jostlin' again' the vermin. Shoals keep perpetually pourin' doon the common-stairs. Wantin' to hae a gude sight o' the sea, last time I was here, I gaed up to the Calton Hill. There was half-a-dizzen decided anes crawlin' aneath the pillars o' the Parthenion—and I afterwards stumbled on as mony mair on the tap o' Neelson's Monument.

North. It is shocking to think that our churches are infested by —

Shepherd. Na, what's waur than that, this very evenin' I met ane loupin' doon Ambrose's main staircase. Tappytoorie had luckily met him on his way up; and having the poker in his haun—he had been ripein' the ribs o' the Snuggery—Tappy charged him like a lancer, and ye never saw sic spangs as the cretur, when I met him, was makin' towards the front door.

North. A very few young men of true poetical genius, and more of true poetical feeling, we have among us, James, nevertheless; and then, some day soon, I propose to praise —

Shepherd. Without pleasin' them—for unless you lay't on six inches think—the butter I mean—no the knowt—they'll misca' you ahint your back for a niggard. Then, hoo they butter ane anither—and their ain sells! Genius—genius—that's aye their watchword and reply—but a's no gowd that glitters—paste's no pearls—a Scotch pebble's no a Golconda gem—neither is a bit glass bead a diamond—nor a leaf o' tinsy a burnished sheet o' the ore for which kingdoms are bought and sold, and the human conscience sent into thrall to the powers o' darkness.

North. Modest merit must be encouraged and fostered.

Shepherd. Where wull ye find it?

North. Why there, for example, are our four countrymen—and I might notice others. Pringle, and Malcolm, and Hetherington.*

Shepherd. Fine fallows, a' the Fowre. Here's to them!

North. The night improves, and must be almost at its best. That

* Thomas Pringle was a Scotchman who, after various literary essays, was Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was commenced in April, 1817. He was a decided Liberal in politics, Blackwood was a Tory. They separated, Pringle going over to *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, Blackwood remaining with *Maga.* After this, Pringle emigrated to South Africa (and eventually published an interesting account of his Residence there) but he returned to England, where he became Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, and conducted "Friendship's Offering," a popular annual, for many years. He died in 1834.—John Malcolm, who had been an officer in the British army, wrote a good deal for *Annals* and *Magazines*, published two volumes of poetry, and died at Edinburgh.—William Hetherington was a small *litterateur*, who flattered among the periodicals, chiefly as a writer of verses.—M.

is a first rate howl! Well done, hail. I pity the poor hot-houses. The stones cannot be less than sugar-almonds.

Shepherd. Shogger-awmons! They're like guse-eggs. If the lozeus were na pawtent plate, lang ere noo they would hae a' flown into flinders. But they're ball-proof. They wudna break though you were to let aff a pistol.

North. What, James, is your favorite weather?

Shepherd. A clear, hard, black frost. Sky without a clud—sun bright, but almost cold—earth firm aneath your feet as a rock—trees silent, but not asleep wi' their budded branches—ice-edged rivers amaisht mute and motionless, yet wimplin' awee, and murmuring dozingly as in a dream—the air or atmosphere sae rarified by the mysterious alchemy o' that wonderfu' Wuzard, Wunter, that when ye draw in your breath, ye're no sensible o' hu'in ony lungs; wi' sic a celestial coolness does the spirit o' the middle region pervade and permeate the totality o' ane's hail created existence, sowle and body being but ae essence, the pulses o' ane indistinguishable frae the feelin's o' the ither, materialism and immaterialism just ane and the same thing, without ony perceptible shade o' difference, and the immortality o' the sowle felt in as sure a faith as the now of its being, sae that ilka thocht is as pious as a prayer, and the happy habitude o' the entire man an absolute religion.

North. James, my dear friend, you have fine eyes and a noble forehead. Has Mr. Combe* ever manipulated your caput?

Shepherd. Ou, aye. A' my thretty-three organs or fauculties are—enormous.

North. In my development wonder is very large; and therefore you may suppose how I am astonished. But, my dear weather-wise-acre, proceed with your description.

Shepherd. Then, sir, what a glorious appetee in a black frost! Corned beef and greens send up in their steam your soul to heaven. The greediest gluttony is satisfied and becomes a virtue. Eating, for eating's sake, and in oblivion o' its feenal cause, is then the most sacred o' household duties. The sweat-drops that stand on your brow, while your jaws are clunkling, are beautifu' as the dew on the mountain at sunrise—as poetical as the foam-bells on the bosom o' the glitterin' river. The music o' knives and forks is like that o' "flutes and saft recorders," "breathing deliberate valor;" and think, sir, oh think! hoo the imagination is roosed by the power o' con-

* George Combe, a surgeon in Edinburgh, was one of Spurzheim's earliest adherents in Great Britain, and has done more by his Lectures and writings, to elevate Phrenology to a Science than most persons of his time. In this he was assisted by his brother, the late Dr. Andrew Combe, one of the founders of the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, to whose published Transactions, and in other organs of communication with the Ma'y, he contributed many and able articles. In 1827 he was elected President of the Phrenological Society. He died in 1847, (he had visited the United States in the preceding summer,) and his writings on Phrenology and Physiology have obtained him a very extended reputation.—M.

trast between the gor-cock lyin' wi' his buttered breast on the braid o' his back upon a bed o' brown toasted breed, and whurrin' awa' in vain doon the wund afore the death-shot, and then tapselteerry head over heels, on the blue lift, and doon on the greensward or the blooming heather, a battered and bluidy bunch o' plumage, gorgeous and glorious still in the dead-thraws, your only bird of Paradise!—Death and destruction!

(The small oriel window of the Snuggery is blown in with a tremendous crash. NORTH and the SHEPHERD prostrated among the ruins.)

North. Are you among the survivors, James? wounded or dead! *(An awful pause.)* Alas! alas! who will write my Epithalamium? And must I live to see the day on which, O gentle Shepherd, these withered hands of mine must falter thy Epicedia!

Shepherd. O, tell me, sir, if the toddy jug has been upset in this catastrophe, or the Tower of Babel and a' the speerits!

North, (supporting himself on his elbow, and eyeing the festal board.) Jug and Tower are both miraculously preserved amidst the ruins!

Shepherd. Then am I a dead man, and lyin' in a pool o' bluid. Oh! dear me! Oh! dear me! a bit broken lozen has cut my jugular!

North. Don't yet give yourself up, my dear, dear Shepherd, for a dead man. Aye—here's my crutch—I shall be on my legs presently, surely they cannot both be broken; and if I can but get at my tape-garter, I do not despair of being able to tie up the carotid.

Shepherd. Pu' the bell for a needle and thread. What's this? I'm fentin'!

(SHEPHERD faints away; and NORTH having recovered his feet, and rung the bell violently, enter MR. AMBROSE, MON. CADET, SIR DAVID GAM, KING PEPIN, and TAPPYTOURIE, cum multis aliis.)

North. Away for Liston—one and all of you, away like lightning for Liston. You alone, Ambrose, support Mr. Hogg in this, I fear, mortal swoon. Don't take him by the feet, Ambrose, but lift up his head, and support it on your knee.

(MR. AMBROSE, greatly flurried, but with much tenderness, obeys the mandate.)

Shepherd, (opening his eyes.) Are you come hither, too, Awwrose? 'Tis a dreadful place. What a fire? But let us speak loud. or Cloutie 'll hear us. Is he ben the hoose? Oh! Mr. North, pity me the day, are you here too, and has a' our daffin' come to this at last!

North. Where, my dear James, do you think you are? In the Hotel?

Shepherd. Aye, aye, hothell indeed. I swarfed awa' in a bluidy swoon, and hae awaukened in a fearfu' eternity. Noctes Ambrosianæ, indeed! And whare! oh! whare is the puir, short-haun'd, harmless body, Gurney? Hae we pu'd him doon wi' us to the bot-tomless pit?

North. Mr. Ambrose, let me support his head, while you bring the Tower of Babel.

(MR. AMBROSE brings the Tower of Babel, and applies the battlements to the SHEPHERD's lips.)

Shepherd. Whusky here? I daurna taste it, for it can be naething but melted sulphur. Yet let me just preet. It has a maist un-earthly similitude to Glenlivet. Oh! Mr. North—Mr. North—tak aff thae horns frae your head, for they're awfu' fearsome. Hae you gotten a tail, too? And are you, or are you not, answer me that single question, an Imp o' Darkness?

North. Bear a hand, Mr. Ambrose, and give Mr. Hogg London-carries to his chair.

(NORTH and AMBROSE mutually cross wrists, and bear the SHEPHERD to his seat.)

Shepherd. Hoo the wund sughs through the lozenless wundow, awaukenin' into tenfold fury the Blast Furnace:

Re-enter MON. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, and TAPPYTOURIE.

Mon. Cadet. Mr. Liston has left town to attend the Perth Break-neck, which has had an overturn on Queensferry Hill—and 'tis said many legs and heads are fractured.

Tappytourie. He'll no be back afore midnight.

Ambrose, (chastising TAPPY.) How dare you speak, sir?

North. Most unlucky that the capsizes had not been delayed for ten minutes. How do you feel now, James?

Shepherd. Feel! I never was better in my life. But what's the matter wi' your nose, sir? About half way doon the middle, it has taken a turn at right angles towards your left lug. Ane o' the splinter-bars o' the window has bashed it frae the line o' propriety, and you're a fright for life. Only look at him, gentlemen, saw ye ever siccan a pheesiognomy?

North. Tarriers, begone!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

Shepherd. We're twa daft fules—that's sùre aneuch—and did the public ken o' this, the idiowits wad cry out, "Buffoonery—Buffoon-ery!" But we can never sit here without lozens.

Re-enter MR. AMBROSE, and a carpenter, with a new window-frame.

North. Let me adjust the pulleys. It fits to a hair. Well done, deacon. Expedition's the soul of business—off with your caulker—Thank you—Good night.

(MR. AMBROSE and carpenter exeunt with the debris.)

Shepherd. Joking and jinks apart, Mr. North, there's bluid on your nose. Let me pit a bit o' black stickin' plaister on't. There—Mrs. Gentle wud think you unko killin' wi' that beauty spot on your neb.

North. Hush. Pray, James, do you believe in the Devil?

Shepherd. Just as firmly as I believe in you, sir. Yet, I confess, I never could see the sin in abusin' the neer-do-weel; whereas, mony folk, no ower and abune religious, in ither respects, haud up their hauns and the whites o' their een whenever you satireeze Satan—and cry, "Whisht, whisht!" My mind never yet has a' my days got rid o' ony early impression; and against baith reason and revelation, I canna think o' the Deevil even yet, without seein' him wi' great big goggle fiery een, a mouth like a foumart-trap, the horns o' a Lancashire kyloe, and a tufted tail atween that o' a bill's, a lion's, and a teeger's. Let me see him when I wull, sleepin' or waukin', he's aye the verra leevin' image o' a wood-cut.

North. Mr. Southey, in some of his inimitable ballads, has turned him into such ridicule, that he has laid his tail entirely aside, screwed off his horns, hid his hoofs in Wellingtons, and appeared, of late years, in shape and garb more worthy of the Prince of the Air.* I have seen such people turn up the whites of their eyes at the Laureate's profanity—forgetting that wit and humor are never better employed than against superstition.

Shepherd. Aye, Mr. Soothey's a real wutty man, forbye being a great poet. But do you ken, for a' that, my hair stands on end o' it's tinglin' roots; and my skin amaisit crawls aff my body, whenever, by a blink o' the storm-drivin' moon, in a mirk nicht, I chance to for-gather wi' auld Cloutie, Hornie, and Tuft-Tail, in the middle o' some wide moor, amang hags, and peat-mosses, and quagmires, nae house within mony miles, and the uncertain weather-gleam, blackened by some auld wood, swingin' and sughin' to the wind, as if hotchin' wi' warlocks.

North. Poo—I should at once take the bull by the horns—or seizing him by the tail, drive him with my crutch into the nearest loch.

Shepherd. It's easy speakin'. But you see, sir, he never appears to a man that's no frightened aforehaun out o' his seven senses—and imagination is the greatest cooaid on earth, breakin' out into a cauld sweat, his heart loup, loupin' like a fish in a creel, and the retina o' his ee representin' a' things, mair especially them that's ony way infernal, in gruesome features, dreadfully disordered; till reason is shaken by the same panic, judgment lost, and the haill sowle

* Southey represented him as attired in "his Sunday best," and, after mentioning the colors of his coat and nether garments, informs us that, in the latter, "there was a hole where his tail came through."—M.

distracted in the insanity o' Fear, till you're nae better than a stark-staring madman.

North. Good—James—good.

Shepherd. In sic a mood could ony Christian cretur, even Mr. Soothey himsel', tak' haud o' the deil either by the horns or the tail!—mair likely that in frenzied desperation you loup wi' a spang on the bristly back o' the Evil Ane, wha gallops aff wi' you demented into some loch, where you are found floatin' in the mornin', a swollen corp, wi' the mark o' claws on your hawse, your een hangin' out o' their sockets; your head scalped wi' something waur than a tammie hawk, and no a single hane in your body that's no ground to mash like a malefactor's on the wheel, for haviu' curst the Holy Inquisition.

North. Why, my dear Shepherd, genius, I feel, can render terrible even the meanest superstition.

Shepherd. Meanness and majesty signify naething in the supernatural. I've seen an expression in the een o' a pyet, wi' its head turned to the ae side, and though in general a shy bird, no carin' for you though you present your rung at it as if you were gaun to shoot it wi' a gun, that has made my verra heartstrings crunkle up wi' the thochts o' some indefinite evil comin' I kent not frae what quarter o' the lowerin' heavens. For pyets, at certain times and places, are no canny, and their nebs look as if they were peckin' at mort-cloths.

North. Cross him out, James—cross him out.

Shepherd. A raven ruggin' at the boeels o' a dead horse is naething; but ane sittin' a' by himsel' on a rock, in some lanely glen, and croak croakin', naebody can think why, noo lookin' savagely up at the sun, and noo tearin', no in hunger, for his crap's fu' o' car-
rion, but in anger and rage, the moss aneath him wi' beak or taw-
lons; and though you shout at him wi' a' your micht, never steerin'
a single fit frae his stance, but absolutely lauchin' at you wi' an
horrid guller in the sooty throat o' him, in derision o' you, ane o'
God's reasonable creaturs—I say, sir, that sic a bird, wi' sic unac-
coontable conduct, in sic an inhuman solitude, is a frichtsomen
demon; and that when you see him hop, hoppin' awa', wi' great
jumps in amang the region o' rocks, you wudna follow him into his
auncient lair for ony consideration whatsoever, but turn your face
doon the glen, and thank God at the soun o' some distant bagpipe.
A' men are augurs. Yet sittin' here, what care I for a raven mair
than for a howtowdy?

North. The devil in Scotland, during the days of witchcraft, was
a most contemptible character.

Shepherd. Sae muckle the better. It showed that sin maun be a
low base state, when a superstitious age could embody it in nae

mair imposing impersonation. I should like to ken, distinckly, the origin o' Scottish witchcraft. Was't altogether indigenous, think ye, sir? or coft or borrowed frae other kintras?

North. I am writing a series of articles on witchcraft, James, and must not forestall myself at a Noctes.

Shepherd. Keep it a' yoursel', and nae loss. Had I been born then and chosen to play the deevil —

North. You could not have done so more effectually than you did some dozen years ago, by writing the Chaldee Manuscript.

Shepherd. Hoots!—I wadna hae condescended to let auld flae-bitten wutches kiss —

North. That practice certainly showed the devil to be no gentleman. But, pray, whoever thought he was one?

Shepherd. Didna Milton?

North. No, James. Milton makes Satan—Lucifer himself—Prince of the Morning—squat down a toad by the ear of Eve asleep in Adam's bosom in the nuptial-bower of Paradise.

Shepherd. An eavesdropper. Nae mair despicable character on earth or in hell.

North. And afterwards, James, in the hall of that dark consistory, in the presence-chamber of Pandemonium, when suddenly to the startled gaze of all his assembled peers, their great Sultaun, with "fulgent head," "star-bright appears," and godlike addresses the demons!—what happens? a dismal universal hiss—and all are serpents?

Shepherd. Gran' is the passage—and out o' a' bounds magnificent, ayont any ither imagination o' a' the sons o' men.

North. Yes, my dear James—the devil, depend upon it, is *intus et in cute*—a poor pitiful scoundrel.

Shepherd. Yet I canna quite agree wi' Young in his Night Thoughts, who says, "Satan, thou art a *dunce*!" I canna picture him to my mind's ee sittin' wi' his finger in his mouth, at the doup o' the furm—Booby.

North. Yet you must allow that his education has been very much neglected—that his knowledge, though miscellaneous, is superficial—that he sifs no subject thoroughly—and never gets to the bottom of any thing.

Shepherd. No even o' his ain pit. But it wadna be fair to blame him for that, for it has nane.

North. Then he is such a poltroon, that a child can frighten him into hysterics.

Shepherd. True—true. It can do that, just by kneelin' down at the bedside, fauldin' its hauns together, wee bit pawm to wee bit pawm, turnin' up its blue een to heaven, and whusperin' the Lord's Prayer. That sets Satan into a fit—like a great big he-goat in the

staggers—aff he sets owre the bogs—and wee Jamie, never suspekkin' that it's the smell o' sulphur, blaws out the lang-wick'd caunle that has been dreepin' its creesh on the table, and creeps into a warm sleep within his father's bosom.

North. I have sometimes amused myself with conjecturing, James, what may be his opinion of the Magazine.

Shepherd. Him read the Magazine! It would be wormwood to him, sir. Waur than thae bonny red-cheeked aipples that turned within his mouth into sand and ashes. Yet I wuss he would become a regular subscriber—and tak it in. Wha kens that, it mightna reclaim him—and

"I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Even for his sake!"

North. Having given the devil his due—what think ye, James, of these proposed prosecutions of the Press?

Shepherd. Wha's gaun to tak the law o' Blackwood noo?

North. Not Blackwood, but the newspaper-press, with the Standard—so 'tis said—and the Morning Journal, at the head.

Shepherd. I never heard tell o't afore. Wha's the public persecutor?

North. The Duke of Wellington.

Shepherd. That's a confounded lee, if ever there was ane tauld in this world.

North. James, look at me, I am serious. The crime laid to their charge is that of having endeavored to bring the government into contempt.*

Shepherd. If a crime be great in proportion as it's diffiecult, I am free tae confess, as they say in Parliament, that the bringin' o' the government o' this kintra into contempt, maun be a misdemeanor o' nae muckle magnitude.

North. Perhaps it is wrong to despise any thing; and certainly, in the highest Christian light, it is so. Wordsworth finely says, "He who feels contempt for any living thing, has faculties which he has never used."

Shepherd. Then Wudsworth has faculties in abundance that he has never used; for he feels contempt for every leevin' thing, in the shape either o' man or woman, that can write as gude or better poetry than himsel—which I alloo is no easy; but still it's possible, and has been dunc, and will be dunc again by me and ithers. But

* The charge was made, and at the instance of Wellington and Peel. (who were angry with him for denouncing what he called their abandonment of principle in granting Catholic Emancipation,) Mr. Robert Alexander, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Journal*, a London morning paper, which had taken the place of *The New Times*, was proceeded against on the part of the Crown, by Sir James Scarlett, the Attorney-General. Alexander was convicted and imprisoned in Newgate, where he vainly attempted to conduct his newspaper. In a short time the *Journal* died, and he was liberated—the real object having been to silence him.—*M*

that's rinnin' awa frae the subject. Sae it's actionable to despise the government! In that case, no a word o' politics this night. Do ye admire the government?

North. Sweet are the uses of adversity, "That, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Shepherd. But admittin' the aptitude o' the first pairt o' the similitude, has the present government a precious jewel in its head? I doot it—although the Duke o' Wellington may, for ony thing I ken to the contrar, hae like Hazlitt—and like him deny it too—a carbunkle on his nose.

North. If the government bring actions against the Standard and the Morning Journal, it must, then, to be consistent, instantly afterwards institute an action of a very singular and peculiar kind—an action against itself.

Shepherd. Eh?

North. For having not only endeavored, but beyond all expectation of the most sanguine, succeeded in overwhelming itself beneath a load of contempt, from which all the spades and shovels of all the ministerial hirelings, whether Englishmen feeding on roast beef and plum-puddings, or Irishmen on "wetuns" and praes, or Scotchmen on brose, butter, and brimstone, will never, between this date and the Millennium, supposing some thousands of the most slavish of the three nations working extra hours, succeed in disinterring it, nor, dig till they die, ever come within a myriad cubic feet of its putrefying skeleton.

Shepherd. But surely the Duke wull haud the hauns o' the Whig attorney?

North. The Duke, who has stood in a hundred battles, calm as a tree, in the fire of a park of French artillery, cannot surely, James, I agree with you, turn pale at a shower of paper pellets.

Shepherd. No pale wi' fear, but aiblins wi' anger. *Ira furor brevis.*

North. Better Latin than any of Hazlitt's quotations.

Shepherd. It is Latin. But do you really think that he's mad?

North. I admire the apophthegm, James.

Shepherd. I'll lay a hoggit o' whusky to a saucer o' salloop, that the government never brings its actions against the Stannard and Jurnal.

North. But there's no salloop in Scotland, James—and were I to lose my wager, I must import a saucer-full from Cockaigne—which would be attended with considerable expense—as neither smack nor wagon would take it on board, and I should have to send a special messenger, perhaps an express, to Mr. Leigh Hunt.

Shepherd. What are the ither papers sayin' till't?

North. All on fire, and blazing away with a proper British spirit

—Globe, Examiner, and all—except “yon trembling coward who forsook his master,” the shameful yet shameless slave, the apostatizing Courier, whose unnatural love of tergiversation is so deep, and black-grained, and intense, that once a quarter he is seen turning his back upon himself, in a style justifying a much-ridiculed but most felicitous phrase of the late Lord Castlereagh; so that the few coffee-house readers, who occasionally witness his transformations, have long given up in despair the hopeless task of trying to discover his brazen face from his wooden posteriors, and let the *luxus naturæ*, with all its monstrosities, lie below the table bespitten and bespurned, in *seculâ seculorum*.

Shepherd. That’s a maist sweepin’ and sonorous specimen o’ oral vituperation.

North. The Liberty of the Press can never be perfectly pure from licentiousness. If it were, I should propose calling it the Slavery of the Press. What sense is there in telling any set of men by all manner of means to speak out boldly about their governors and their grievances, for that such is the birthright of Britons—to open their mouths barn-door wide, and roar aloud to the heavens with the lungs of which the machinery is worked by steam, a high-pressure engine—and yet the moment they begin to bawl beyond the birthright of Britons, what justice is there in not only commanding the aforesaid barn-door-wide mouths to be shut, bolted, locked, and the keyhole hermetically sealed, but in punishing the bawling Britons for having, in the enthusiasm of vociferation, abused their birthright of crying aloud to the winds of heaven against their real or imaginary tyrants and oppressors, by fine, imprisonment, expatriation, or not impossibly—death?

Shepherd. Sic conduct can proceed only frae a maist consummate ignorance o’ the nature o’ the human mind, and a wilfu’ and wicked non-understanding o’ that auncient apophthegm, “Give an inch and you’ll tak an ell?” Noo, I say, debar them the inch by an ack o’ the legislature, if you wull; but if you allow them the inch, wull you flee in the face o’ a’ experience, fine them for a foot, and hang them for an ell? That’s sumphish.

North. James, I shall certainly put you into Parliament next dissolution.

Shepherd. But I’ll no gang. For although I’m complete maister o’ the English language and idiom, I’ve gotten a slicht Scottish accent that might seem singular to the Southrons: and confoun’ me gin I could bear to be lauchen at by the stammerin’ coofs that hum and ha yonner like sae mony boobies tryin’ to repeat by heart their lessons frae the horn-book. My pride couldna submit to their “Hear—hear—hears!” by way o’ derision, and I wud-be apt to

shut my nieve, and gie some o' them a douss on the chafts, or a clink on the side o' the head, contrar to the rules o' Parliament.

North. With scarcely an exception—now that Brougham is mute—save Sadler and Huskisson, who in very different styles speak admirably,* the Lower House are a pack partly of pert praters, shallow, superficial, coxcombical, and pedantic,—yes, James, absolutely pedantic—and partly of drawling dunces, who dole out a vast fund of facts, one and all of which have figured for weeks, months, years, in all the newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, and have ceased to be familiar to Wilkie's Village Politicians.

Shepherd. I ax pardon, sir, for interruptin' you; but did you see Mr. Wulkie when he was in Scotland this time—and if you did, hoo is he—and what for did he no come out by to Mount Bengier?

North. The Prince of Painters is as the whole world would wish, well and happy, and in social converse delightful as ever—simple yet original—plain yet profound—calm yet enthusiastic—and his whole character *composed* by the thoughtfulness of a genius, that in his art works his way slowly and surely through many a multitude of conceptions to the final idea which with consummate skill he embodies in immortal forms. And may the colors be immortal too—works one and all, laborious though they be, of inspiration!

Shepherd. But what for didna he come out by this time to Mount Bengier? I weel remember George Tamson bringin' him out in the hairst o' 1817, and me readin' till them pairt o' The Manuscripp.

North. What! the Chaldee?

* Michael Thomas Sadler was a good speaker—too fond, sometimes, of the abomination of delivering cut-and-dry orations which he had carefully elaborated beforehand. His delivery was good, and his language not only clear, but elegant. On the contrary, William Huskisson was a heavy speaker. He had ideas and a large amount of commercial information, but his sentences were awkwardly constructed, he was addicted to "villainous iteration," and could not make the simplest statement under less than from 40 minutes to an hour. He has been triumphantly boasted of by the highest Free Trade party, as a patriot of the first water. I shall state some of his claims to that high title. The late Duke of Sutherland, when Lord Gower, was English Ambassador to Paris in 1793, picked up with Huskisson, who was not only a member of the Jacobin Club, but a prominent speaker there. His familiarity with the French language made him useful to Lord Gower, with whom he went back to England. Lord Gower introduced him to Pitt and Dundas, and, thus patronized, Mr. Huskisson became a Member of Parliament, and Under Secretary of State for the Colonial Department. In 1801, Pitt and Dundas went out of office; so did Huskisson, who, however bargained with Addington, (the late Lord Sedmouth,) the new Premier, for a pension of £1200. As he was only thirty years old, when this job was perpetrated, and had some 40 years expectancy of life, there was an amount of nearly £50,000 (to say nothing of the interest) literally given to this man. And for what?—simply for having been in a well-paid office! Nor was this all: it was stated by Mr. Calcraft in Parliament, in Huskisson's presence, and by him not denied, that he (Huskisson,) could not obtain his marriage settlement until he had secured, not his £1200 a year for his own life, but also a pension of £615 for his wife, to commence on his death. There was a further bargain that whenever he should enjoy an office of the annual value of £2,000, the pension was to be suspended.—to be resumed on quitting office. He also obtained the agency of the Island of Ceylon, worth £700 a year, and held this with the office of Secretary of the Treasury, (then worth £4,000 a year) which he held for years. He subsequently was a Cabinet minister, at £5,000 a year. He was killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and, on his death, his wife came in for her pension of £615,—already she has received £15,000 from this source. Not that she wants it, for she was wealthy on her marriage, has a palatial residence in Carlton Gardens, London, and a country seat in Sussex (Earham House, Petworth,) the centre of her extensive landed estates. Is Mr. Huskisson, thus pensioned, with reversion to his wife, really entitled to the name of Patriot?—M.

Shepherd. What else? Hoo they lyeuch!

North. Bad as was the haranguing, and good the humming and ha'in' at the Edinburgh Forum of old, James, where first you "fulmined over Greece," yet for evendown right hammering stupidity, St. Stephens exceeds the Forum far. Nor was yon queer comical body, James, the wee bit smug-faced, smooth-haired, low-browed, pug-nosed, cock-chin'd, bandy-legged, hump-backed Precentor to the Chapel rejoicing in the Auld Light, in Libberton's Wynd, who used occasionally to open the question, the tenth-part so tiresome, after the ludicrousness of the exhibition had got stale, as Sir Thomas Leatherbreeches, stinking of Zummerset, looking from him with a face as free from one single grain of meaning as a clean-swept barn-floor, laboring to apply to speech a mouth manifestly made by gracious nature for the exclusive purpose of bolting bacon, vainly wagging in a frothy syllabub of words a tongue in its thickness admirably adapted, and then only felicitously employed, for lapping up the lollipops, ever and anon with a pair of awful paws raking up the coarse bristle of his poll, so that, along with the grunt of the greedy pig, you are presented with the quills of the fretful porcupine; and since the then and the there alluded to, gobbling up his own words—for meanings had he never none—like a turkey-cock his own voidings; and giving the lie direct to the whole of his past political life, public and private, if indeed political life it may be called, which was but like the diseased doze of a drunkard dreaming through a stomach dark and deep as the cider-cellar.

Shepherd. To my lugs, sir, the maist shocking epithet in our language is—Apostate. Soon as you hear it, you see a man sellin' his sowle to the deevil.

North. To Mammon.

Shepherd. Belial or Beelzebub. I look to the mountains, Mr. North, and stern they staun' in a glorious gloom, for the sun is strugglin' wi' a thunder-cloud, and facing him a faint but fast-brightenin' rainbow. The ancient spirit o' Scotland comes on me frae the skf; and the sowle within me reswears in silence the oath o' the Covenant. There they are—the Covenanters—a' gather'd thegither, no in fear and tremblin, but wi' Bibles in their bosoms, and swords by their sides, in a glen deep as the sea, and still as death, but for the soun' o' a stream and the cry o' an eagle. "Let us sing, to the praise and glory o' God, the hundred psalm," quoth a loud clear voice, though it be the voice o' an auld man; and up to Heaven hauds he his strang wither'd hauns, and in the gracious wunds o' heaven are flying abroad his gray hairs, or say rather, white as the silver or the snaw.

North. O, for Wilkie!

Shepherd. The eagle and the stream are silent, and the heavens

and the earth are brocht close thegither by that triumphin' psalm. Aye, the clouds cease their sailing and lie still; the mountains bow their heads; and the crags, do they not seem to listen, as in that remote place the hour o' the delighted day is filled with a holy hymn to the Lord God o' Israel!

North. My dear Shepherd!

Shepherd. Oh! if there should be sittin' there—even in that congregation on which, like God's own eye, looketh down the meridian sun, now shinin' in the blue region—an Apostate!

North. The thought is terrible.

Shepherd. But na, na, na! See that bonny blue-ee'd, rosy cheeked, gowden-haired lassie,—only a thought paler than usual, sweet lily that she is,—half sittin' half lyin' on the greensward, as she leans on the knees o' her stalwart grandfather—for the sermon's begun, and all eyes are fastened on the preacher—look at her till your heart melts as if she were your ain, and God had given you that beautifu' wee image o' her sainted mother, and tell me if you think that a' the tortures that cruelty could devise to inflict, would ever ring frae thae sweet innocent lips ae word o' abjuration o' the faith in which the flower is growing up amang the dew-drops o' her native hills?

North. Never—never—never!

Shepherd. She proved it, sir, in death. Tied to a stake on the sea-sands she stood; and first she heard, and then she saw, the white roarin' o' the tide. But the smile forsook not her face; it brichten'd in her een when the water reach'd her knee; calmer and calmer was her voice of prayer, as it beat against her bonny breast; nae shriek when a wave closed her lips forever; and methinks, sir,—for ages on ages hae lapsed awa' sin' that martyrdom, and therefore Imagination may without blame dally wi' grief—methinks, sir, that as her golden head disappeared, 'twas like a star sinkin' in the sea!

North. God bless you, my dearest James! shake hands.

Shepherd. When I think on these things—in olden times the produce o' the common day—and look aroun' me noo, I could wush to steek my een in the darkness o' death; for dearly as I love it still, alas! alas! I am ashamed o' my country.

North. What an outéry, in such a predicament, would have been made by Leatherbreeches!

Shepherd. Bubble and squeak like a pig plotted. But what waur is he than our ain Forty-Five? O, they mak me scunner!

North. Does not the Duke of Wellington know that mortal hatred of the "Great Measure" is in the hearts of millions of his subjects?

Shepherd. His subjects?

North. Yes, James, his subjects; for I am not now speaking of

* The number of Members from Scotland, in the House of Commons, before the Reform Bill of 1832, by which the number was increased to 53.—M.

his slaves. His subjects; and if he has that horror at the idea of being thought ambitious of being King, which he chooses to evince by the prosecution of the Press, and an attack on its long-established liberties, then must he be at this hour the most miserable of men. For at this hour, he is the King. No King of England, but himself, could I verily believe, even if they would, have carried the Catholic Question.*

Shepherd. We had better cry on Gurney no to tak doon this, for I jalouse it's actionable, na, for ony thing I ken, treasonable; and we may be baith hanged.

North. No, James, we are loyal to the backbone. Till the day of my death will I raise up my feeble voice in honor of the hero of Waterloo. He saved Europe—the world. Twin-stars in England's sky, immortally shall burn the deified spirits of Nelson and Wellington.

Shepherd. Your wards gar me a' grue.

North. But of noble minds ambition is both the first and the last infirmity; an infirmity it must, even in its most glorious mood, be called in all noble minds, except that of Alfred. In war, Wellington, the Gaul-humbler, is a greater name, immeasurably greater than Alfred, the Dane-destroyer. But in peace—too, too painful would it be to pursue the parallel——

Shepherd. And therefore shove across the jug; dicht your broo, for you're sweatin'; look less fierce and gloomy; and, wi' your permission, here's "The Kirk o' Scotland!"

North. Aye, let the Church of England prepare her pillars for an earthquake, for I hear a sound louder than all her organs; but our Kirk, small and simple though it be, is built upon a rock that Vulcan himself may not undermine; let the storm rage as loud as may, her little bells will cheerfully tinkle in the hurly-burly; no sacrilegious hands shall ever fling her pews and pulpits into a bonfire; on her roofs shall ever fall the dews and the sunshine of Peace; Time may dilapidate, but Piety will rebuild her holy altars; and her cornerstone shall endure till Christianity has prepared Earth for melting away into Heaven.

Shepherd. A kin o' cauldness, and then a fit o' heat's chasin' ane another through my body; is the jug wi' me? I ax your pardon.

North. Well, then, James, millions abhor the Great Measure. And in their abhorrence, must they be dumb? No. They will speak; and it may be, louder and longer too than Napoleon's batteries. Wellington himself cannot silence their fire. And if their engine—their organ—the Press, speak trumpet-tongued against the Great Measure, and the Great Man who carried it by stealing a

* George IV. was hostile to it, and actually wept when assured that if not granted, there must be civil war.—M.

march on the Friends of the Constitution, so as to take them fatally on flank, and by bribing its enemies, so as to bring them down in formidable array in front of the army of the Faithful surprised in their position—does he hope, powerful as he is in Place, in Genius, and in Fame, to carry by siege, by sap, or by storm, that Battery which ere now has played upon Thrones till they sunk in ruins, and their crowned Kings fled eleemosynary pensioners into foreign lands!

Shepherd. I didna ken, sir, you had thocht sae highly o' the Gentlemen o' the Periodical Press.

North. Periodical! Time is not an element, James, that can enter into any just judgment on the merits of such a question. The same minds are at work for the Press all over Britain, whatever may be the seasons of their appearance in print. I do think very highly of many of the Gentlemen of the Press. Nor does it matter one iota with me, whether they set the Press agoing once a year or once a-day.

Shepherd. I see there's nae essential distinction.

North. With all my reverence for Mr. Southey, I cannot help thinking; that by speaking so bitterly and contemptuously in some passages of his admirable "Progress and Prospects of Society," of magazines and newspapers, he has glanced aside from the truth, and been guilty of not a little discourtesy to his literary brethren.

Shepherd. He shou'dna hae done that—but ye maunna be angry at Mr. Soothey.

North. Nor am I. Why, James, the self-same men who write in the Quarterly Review, of which, next and equal to the accomplished and powerful editor, Mr. Southey is the ornament and support, write, and that too not by fits and starts, but regularly, and for both fame and bread, in magazines and newspapers. For many years, the editor of the Quarterly Review, along with our friend the Professor,* who still lends me his aid—contributed, as Mr. Southey and all the world know, largely to the Magazine which I have the honor of feebly editing; and so did and do some of Mr. Southey's most esteemed personal friends, such as Mr. Lamb and Mr. Coleridge. Indeed I could show Mr. Southey a contribution list of names that would make him stare—from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Peter Nimmo.

Shepherd. Mr. Southey maun hae meant to accept Blackwood.

North. I fear not, James.

Shepherd. That's stoopit.

North. The editor of Colburn's Magazine is illustrious over Europe—the best critic, and one of the best poets of his age,† and many of his contributors are, elsewhere, successful and influential

* Wilson.—M.

† Thomas Campbell.—M.

authors. In brief, I would beg leave to say most kindly to the Laureate, that as much, and perhaps more, varied talent is shown in those two magazines every month, than in that Review every quarter; and that, without any disparagement to the best of all Quarterly Reviews.

Shepherd. I confess I canna help agreein' wi' you, sir, though, at the same time, it's kittlier to write in the Quarterly than in *Maga*. At any rate, Lockhart ay sends me back my articles——

North. Which I never do.

Shepherd. Dinna ye? um.

North. True, we of *Maga* are not so pompous, authoritative, dogmatical, doctorial, (perhaps, however, fully more professorial,) as ye of the Quarterly; we have not the same satisfaction in constantly wearing wigs, and occasionally shovel-hats; nor do we, like ye, at all times, every man's son of you, indite our articles with a huge pile of books encumbering our table, in a room surrounded by maps, and empty of all bottles save one of eye-water. Our mice do not come from mountains in labor, but out of small chinks and crannies behind the chimney-cheeks of our parturient fancies. When our mountains are in travail they produce mammoths. Absurd, trifling, and ridiculous, we often—too often are—ye never; but dull, heavy, nay, stupid ye sometimes are, while with us these are universally admitted to be the most impossible of all impossible events in nature. In mere information—or what is called knowledge—learning, and all that—facts, and so forth—we willingly give ye the *pas*: but neither are we ignorant; on the contrary, we are well acquainted with arts and literature, and in the ways of the world, up both to trap and to snuff, which, save your reverences, you are not always to the degree your best friends could wish. You have a notion in your wise heads, that you are always walking in advance of the public; we have a notion in our foolish ones, that we are often running in the rear. Ye would fain lead; we are contented to drive. As to divinity, ye are all doctors, some of you perhaps bishops; we, at the best, but licensed preachers. Ye are all Episcopalians, and proud ye are of showing it; we are all, or nearly all, Presbyterians, and think no shame to own it. Whether ye or we are the more or the less bigoted to our respective creeds, it is not for us to say; but we do not scruple to think, that on this point we have greatly the advantage over our brethren of the south. Anti-Catholics we both are—and at the risk, perhaps, of some little tautology, we add—Christians. In politics we are steady as the pole-star; so perhaps are ye; but clouds never obscure our brightness; whereas, for some few years past, such is the dense gloom in which it has been hidden, your pole-star has, to the eyes of midnight mariners, been invisible in the sky. To sum up all in one short and pithy

sentence, the Quarterly Review is the best periodical in the world except Blackwood's Magazine, and Blackwood's Magazine is the best periodical in the world except the Quarterly Review.

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw!—maist capital! O, sir, but you're beginnin' to wax wutty. You were rather a wee prosy about an hour sin' syne, but the toddy, I'm thinkin', 's beginnin' to work, and after a few jugs you tauk like an Opium-eater.

North. Opium-eater! "Where has he hid his many-color'd head?"

Shepherd. I kenna. But he's like the lave o' the Lakers—when he wons in Westmoreland, he forgets Maga, and a' the rest o' the civileezed warld.

North. Now, James, all this being the case, why will Mr. Southey sneer, or worse than sneer, at Moon-Maga, and her Star-satellites?

Shepherd. We maun alloo a great man his crotchets. There's nae perfection in mortal man; but gin I were to look for it ony where, 'twould be in the life, character, and warks o' Robert Soothey.

North. With respect, again, to Newspapers—generally speaking—they are conducted with extraordinary talent. I'll be shot if Junius, were he alive now, would set the world on the rave, as he did some half century ago. Many of the London daily scribes write as well as ever he did, and some better; witness Dr. Gifford and Dr. Maginn, in that incomparable paper the Standard, or Laabrum; and hundreds, not greatly inferior to Junius, write in the same sort of cutting, trenchant style of that celebrated assassin. Times, Chronicle, Globe, Examiner, Herald, Sun, Atlas, Spectator, one of the most able, honest, and independent of all the weeklies, are frequently distinguished by most admirable writing; and the Morning Journal, though often rather lengthy, and sometimes unnecessarily warm, constantly exhibits specimens of most powerful composition. The Morning Post, too, instead of being what it once was, a mere record of fashionable movements, is a political paper now, full, for the most part, of a truly British spirit, expressed with truly British talent. If Zeta* be really hanged, the editor of the Morning Journal should let him alone; if he be really unchanged, he ought to give the able editor of the Morning Journal a good hiding.

Shepherd. He's aiblins no fit. But what's the meanin' o' that?

North. Confound me, James, if I know.

Shepherd. Mr. Southey, though, I'm thinkin', does not deny tawlent to the daily or weekly Press; he anathemateeses their pernicious principles.

North. True. But does he not greatly exaggerate the evil? Most

* "Zeta" was an anonymous letter-writer in the *Morning Post*. It was even said that Lord Ellenborough was the author.—M.

pernicious principles some of them do, with a truly wicked pertinacity, disseminate; but those which love and spread truth, though perhaps fewer in number, are greater in power; and even were it not so, truth is stronger than falsehood, and will ultimately prevail against her, and that too at no remote time. Besides, I do not know of any newspaper that is devoted to the sole worship of falsehood. We must allow some, nay, even great differences of opinion in men's minds, even on the most solemn and most sacred subjects; we ought not to think every thing wicked which our understanding or conscience cannot embrace; as there is sometimes found by ourselves, to our own dismay, much bad in *our* good, so, if we look with clear, bright, unjaundiced eyes, we may often see much good in *their* bad; nay, not unfrequently we shall then see, that what we were too willing to think utterly bad, because it was in the broad sheet of an enemy, is entirely good, and feel, not without compunction and self-reproach,

“Fas est et ab hoste doceri.”

Shepherd. Are you no in danger o' becomin' ower candid the noo, sir; in danger o' rather trimmin'?

North. No, James; I am merely trimming the vessel of my own moral reason—removing to the centre the shifted ballast, that, on my voyage to the distant shores of truth, she may not, by making lee-way, drift out of her course, and fall in among the breakers; and then, after putting and seeing all right, I return like a good pilot to the wheel, and, with all sail set, work up, with my merry crew, in the wind's eye, to the safest harbor in all the land of promise.

Shepherd. That's a weel-supported simile. You aye speak wi' uncommon smeddum on nowtical affairs.

North. Question—Who are the dangerous writers of the day? Answer—Demagogues and infidels; there being included in the latter, and indeed also in the former,—so, in truth, there is no such distinction—Deists and Atheists. The lowest and the worst demagogues are mostly all dunces, and therefore, I must opine, not alarmingly dangerous to the stability of the state, or the well-being of the people. Still they are pests! they pollute ale-houses, and make more disgusting gin-shops; the contagion of their bad thoughts sometimes sickens the honest poor man with his humble inge—irritates his weary heart, confuses his aching head, and makes him an unhappy subject, fit, and ripe, and ready for sedition. Luckily the members of this gang occasionally commit overt acts of which the law can take hold; and, instead of writing them down, which, from the utter debasement of their understandings, as well as that of all their unwashed proselytes, is below the province of the Press, and indeed impossible, you tie them down in a cell, and order them to be well

privately whipt, or you make them mount the treadmill, and insist on their continuing to reason, step by step, in a circle.

Shepherd. Besides, many o' them, sir, get hanged for crimes not at all of a literary character, if indeed you except forgery—profligacy kills many more by horrid diseases—and multitudes run away to America, or are sent to Sydney-Cove, or the “still vexed Bermoothes.” Sae I houp the breed's on the decline by consumption, and will afore long rin clean out, dregs an' a'.

North. I agree with Mr. Southey, however, in believing that in London, and all large towns, the number of such ruffians is very great. Let the police do its duty.

Shepherd. But, sir, ye maun ascend a few grawds up the scale o' iniquity.

North. I do—and find some men of good education and small talent, and more men of bad or no education, and considerable talent—demagogues—that is to say, wretches who, from love of mischief would instigate the ignorant to their own ruin, in the ruin of the state. They write and they speak with fluency and glibness, and the filthy and fetid stream flows widely over poor men's dwellings, especially those who are given to reading, and deposits in work-shop, kitchen, parlor, and bedroom, a slime whose exhalation is poison and death. They have publications of their own, and they gloat over and steal and spread everything that is bad and suited to their ends in the publications of some other people, who, while they would scorn their alliance, do nevertheless often purposely contribute aid, to their evil designs and machinations. To such charge too large a portion of what is called the Liberal Press must plead guilty, or perhaps they would glory in the charge. This pollution of the press can only be cleansed by the pure waters of Truth showered over it by such men as Mr. Southey himself; or swept away, if you prefer the image, by besoms in the hands of the righteous, who, for the sake of those who suffer, shun not the nauseous office even of fuilzie-men to keep clean and sweet the high-ways and by-ways, the streets and alleys of social life.

Shepherd. Such a righteous besom-brandisher is Christopher North, the terror of traitors and the—

North. And thus, Jaines, are we “led another grawd up the scale of iniquity,” and reach the Liberal Press. It works much evil, and, I fear not to say, much good.

Shepherd. Say rather some good, sir. Lay the emphasis on *some*.

North. *Much good.* For it is not to be denied that men may be bigotedly and blindly attached to the right cause. Old institutions seem sacred to their imaginations, beyond the sanctity inherent in their frame. Time-hallowed, they are improvement-proof. But the

new may be, and often is, holier than the old—the work of a single day better than that of a thousand years. The soul of

“The fond adorer of departed fame”

sometimes falls asleep on the tomb of the good and great of other times, to the oblivion of far higher living worth; or dozes over the inscription graven there by the gratitude of a former age, instead of more wisely recording the triumphs of contemporary genius or virtue. Reason must be awakened from her slumbers or her dreams in the arms of imagination that loves to haunt old places, and to walk in reveries among the shades of antiquity. The Liberal Press—I take the word as I find it in general use—often breaks these delusions; for they often are delusions, and it oftener shows us to distinguish shadow from substance—fiction from truth—superstition from devotion. It thus does good at times when perhaps it is intending evil; but at times it intends good—does good—and therefore is strictly entitled to unqualified and fervent praise. Such praise I give it now, James—and if Gurney be not asleep, it will ring in the ears of the public, who will ratify the award.

Shepherd. But are you sure that the evil doesna greatly preponderate in the scale?

North. I am sure it does preponderate—but let us, the Illiberals, fling in good into the good, and we restore the balance.

Shepherd. That's incorreck. The evil, light in comparison, kicks the beam—and the good in the other bucket o' the balance remains, for the use o' man, steady on a rock.

North. And here it is that Southey's self authorizes me to contradict Southey. While he, and others like him—a few, perhaps, his equals, at least in power, such as Sir Walter, S. T. Coleridge, and William Wordsworth—and not a few, his inferiors indeed in power, but nevertheless his equals in zeal and sincerity—and the many who, without any very surpassing talents, do yet acquire force from faith, and have reliance on religion—I say, James, while that sacred band moves on in firm and united phalanx, in discipline meet to their valor, nor in bright array wanting their music-bands vocal and instrumental, to hymn them on in the march to victory—who will fear the issue of the battle, or doubt that beneath the Champions of the Cross the Hosts of the Misbelievers will sustain a signal and fatal overthrow?

Shepherd. You've been speakin', sir, I perceive, by implication, o' infidels, that's deists and atheists, a' the time you were discussin' demagogues; but hae ye ony thing mair particularly to say o' infidels by themselves, as being sometimes a separate gang? Let's hear't.

North. I believe, James, that there are many, too many, conscien-

tious deists—deists on conviction—on conviction consequent on candid and extensive, but not philosophical and profound inquiry into the evidences, internal and external, of Christianity.

Shepherd. Ah! sir. That's scarcely possible.

North. It is true. But such men do not often—they very rarely seek to disturb the faith of others—and few of them carry their creed on with them to old age, for the Lamp of Revelation burns more brightly before eyes that feel the dimness of years shrouding all mortal things. In meridian manhood, it seems to them that the Sun of Natural Theology irradiates all being, and in that blaze the Star of Revelation seems to fade away and be hidden. But as they approach the close of life, they come to know that the Sun of Natural Theology—and it is a Sun—had shone upon them with a borrowed light, and that the Book of Nature had never been so read by them but for the Book of God. They live Deists, and they die Christians.

Shepherd. In gude truth, sir, I hae kent some affecting cases o' that kind.

North. Now observe the inconsistent conduct of such men; an inconsistency, I believe, must attach to the character of every virtuous deist in a country where Christianity prevails in its Protestant purity, and is the faith of an enlightened national intellect. Rarely, indeed, if ever, do they teach their children their own creed. Their disbelief, therefore, cannot be an utter disbelief. For, if it were, a good and conscientious man—and I am supposing the deist to be such—could not make a sacrifice of the truth for the sake of them he dearly loved; such sacrifice, indeed, would be the height of folly and wickedness. For if he knows Christianity to be an imposture, beautiful though the imposture be—and no human heart ever yet denied its beauty,—conscience, God's vicegerent here below, would command him to begin with exposing the imposture to the wife of his bosom, and the children of their common blood. But all unknown perhaps to himself, or but faintly known, the day-spring from on high has with gracious glimpses of light visited his conscience, and that conscience, heaven-touched, trembles to disown the source from which comes that gentle visiting, and, with its still small voice, more divine than he is aware of, whispers him not to initiate in another faith the hearts of the guileless and the innocent, by nature open to receive the words of eternal life. And thus,

While Virtue's self and Genius did adorn
With a sad charm the blinded deist's scorn,
Religion's self, by moral goodness won,
Hath smiled forgiving on her skeptic son!

Shepherd. They are muckle to be pitied, my dear sir; and it's

neither for you nor me, nor ony body else, to be hard upon them ; and I'll answer for Mr. Soothey, that were ony such to visit him in his ain hoose at Keswick, he wad be as kind to him as he was in the autumn o' aughteen hunder and fourteen to mysell, show him his beautifu' and maist astonishing leebrary, toast breed for him at breakfast wi' his ain hauns, wi' that lang-shank'd fork, and tak an oar wi' him in a boat roun the isles, and into the bays o' Derwent-water Loch, amusin' him wi' his wut, and instructin' him wi' his wisdom.

North. I know he would, James. From such deists, then, though their existence is to be deplored, little or no danger need be feared to revealed religion. But there are many more deists of a different stamp; the shallow, superficial, insensible, and conceited—the profligate, and the brutal, and the wicked. I hardly know which are in the most hopeless condition. Argument is thrown away on both—for the eyes of the one are too weak to bear the light; and those of the other love only darkness. “They hate the light because their deeds are dark.” The former fade like insects; the latter perish like beasts. But the insects flutter away their lives among weeds and flowers, and are of a sort that sting nobody, though they may tease in the twilight; while the beasts bellow, and gore, and toss, and therefore must be hoodwinked with boards,—the tips of their horns must be sawed off, a chain passed through their noses—they must be driven from the green pastures by the living waters, on to the bare brown common; and, unfit for the shambles, must be knocked on the head, and sold to the hounds—“down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.”

Shepherd. There are owre mony o' the insecks in Scotland; but, thank God, but few o' the beasts.

North. Because in Scotland, James, the Church, as Wordsworth well says, holds over us “the strong hand of its purity;” and thus infidelity has been chiefly confined to philosophers who would not suffer the Church to catch hold; while, as the beasts I speak of are most likely to arise among the lower orders, the Church being omnipotent there, the bulls of Bashan are but a scant breed. In England, from many causes, some of them inevitable in a land so rich, and populous, and many citied, and some of them existing in neglect of duties secular and religious, the beasts are seen of a larger size, and in larger droves; but providentially, by a law of Nature, the bulls calved have always been in the proportion of a hundred to one to the cows; and as that proportion is always increasing, we may even hope that in half a century the last quye will expire, and then the male monsters will soon become utterly extinct.

Shepherd. Od man, I never heard you so feegurative as you are

the nicht; yet I maun alloo that maist part o' them's capital, and but few very muckle amiss.

North. Now, James, with such infidels as these how are we to deal? First of all they are doomed, living and dying, to universal loathing, ignominy, scorn, and execration. All that is good. It curses them into hatred of their species—and that curse is intensified by the conviction that their hatred is of little or no avail to hurt the hair of any one Christian's head. Further, their books—for they sometimes write books—are smashed, pounded into pulp, and flung into their faces till they are blind. Groping in their darkness, they pick the pulp up—spread it out again, and dry it in the sun, whose Maker they blaspheme; and over and over again, after each repetition of the blow—the blush on their eyes—they re-commence their manufacture of blotted paper, and scrawl it over with the same impious and senseless scribble, all the while assured of the same result, yet instigated by the master they serve, the Devil. The more they are baffled, the more wickedly they persevere, till the snuff of their wretched life goes out, like Tom Paine's, in a stink, and some Cobbett completes their infamy, by his consecration of their bones.

Shepherd. Yet I fear, sir, Tom Paine worked great evil, even in Scotland.

North. No, James; very little indeed. The times were then troubled, and ripe for mischief. Paine's blasphemy caused the boil to burst. A wise and humane physician, the illustrious and immortal Richard Watson, Lord Bishop of Llandaff, applied a sacred salve to the sore—the wound healed kindly, soon cicatrized, and the patient made whole again, bounded in joy and liberty like a deer upon the hills.*

Shepherd. Feegar after feegar—in troops, bands, and shoals! What a teeming and prolific imagination! And in auldest age may it never be effete!

North. Your affection for your father, my dear son James, sees in my eye, and hears in my voice, meanings which exist not in them—but the light and the breath touch your spirit, and from its soil arise flowers and shrubs indigenous to the blessed soil of our ain dear Scotland.

Shepherd. Is the theme exhausted—the well run dry—the last

* When Cobbett returned to England, from the United States, in 1819, he brought with him what he said were the bones of Tom Paine—there are strong grounds for believing that they were the remains of some other person. Cobbett did this with the design of indicating his own high opinion of Paine, as a political and financial writer. In England, however, Paine had chiefly been known as one who had written against the Bible, and Cobbett injured himself much by what he had done. In 1796 Bishop Watson, (who twenty years before, had published "An Apology for Christianity," in reply to Gibbon,) undertook to refute Paine's theological book, and produced his "Apology for the Bible." Notwithstanding the praise given to it by North, Watson's was really so weak, that a wit suggested that it should be called "The Fourth part of 'The Age of Reason,' by Richard, Bishop of Llandaff."—M.

leaf shaken frae the tree—wull the string no haud another pearl, or is the diver tired—has your croon gotten on the centre-tap the feenal and consummatin' diamond, or do the dark unfathomed caves o' ocean bear nae mair—can the rim roun' it support na great wecht o' gowd, or is the mine wrought out—wull the plumes o' thocht that form the soarin' crest aboon your coronet no admit anither feather frae the train o' the bird o' Paradise, or is the bird itsell flown awa' into the heart o' the Garden o' Eden? Answer me that mony-feegar'd interrogatory in the conceeseness o' a single word, or in the diffusion o' a thousan'—let your voice be as the monotones of the simplest Scottish melody, or as the multitudinousness of the maist complex German harmony, the ain like takin' a few short easy steps up a green gowany brae, and the ither like rinnin' up, and down endless flights o' stairs leading through a' the mazes o' some immense cathedral, frae the gloom o' cells and oratories on the grun-floor, or even aneath the rock-foundation, to the roof open within its battlements to the night-circle o' the blue boundless heavens, with their moon and stars. There's a touch for you, ye auld conceited carle o' the picturesque, the beautifu', and shooblime; nor ever dare to think, much less say again, that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, am not a poet equal to a' the three pitten thegither, Ramsay, Kinnigham, and Burns, though they, I acknowledge, till the star of Mount Benger arose, were the *Tria Lumina Scotorum* of our northern sky. But I, sir, I am the great flashing, rustling Aurora Borealis, that gars a' the Three "pale their ineffectual fires" in my electrical blaze, till the een o' our millions are dazzled wi' the coruscations; and earth wonders, and o' its wonderin' finds no end, at the troublous glory o' the incomprehensible heaven. There's a touch o' the magnificent for you, ye auld wicked scoonrel! Equal that, and I'll pay the bill out o' my ain pouch, and fling a dollar for himsell to Tappytourie, without askin' for the change. Eh!

North. The evil done by the infidel writings you alluded to, James, was not of long duration, and out of it sprang great good. Many, it is true, suffered the filth of Paine to defile their Bibles.* But ere a few moons went up and down the sky, their hearts smote them on account of the insult done to the holy leaves; tears of remorse, contrition, and repentance, washed out the stain; every renewed page seemed then to shine with a purer and diviner lustre—they clasped and unclasped with a more reverent hand

"The big ha' Bible, since thei' Fathers' pride."

Its black cloth cover was thenceforth more sacred to the eyes of all the family; with more pious care was it replaced by husband and

* Strangely enough, it was in religious, Bible-reading Scotland, that Paine's "Age of Reason" had the greatest circulation and popularity. This was proved by undeniable evidence.
—M.

wife, after morning and evening worship, in the chest beside the bridal linen destined to be their shroud. Search, now, all the cottages of Scotland through, and not one single copy of the Age of Reason will you find; but you will find a Bible in the shieling of the loneliest herdsman.

Shepherd. You speak God's truth, for I ken Scotland weel! and sae do you, for I hae heard you was a wonderfu' walker in your youth; and for the last twenty years, to my certain knowledge, you hae ridden on a race o' surefooted pownies, far better than ony Spanish or Portuguese mules, a' through amang the mountains, by kittle bridle-paths; and I'm only astonished that you never brak your neck.

North. The main causes of infidelity lie in ignorance and misery, especially in that worst of all misery—guilt. But poverty, brought on by either the profligacy of the laboring classes, or by the ignorance or folly of their rulers, embitters the heart into sullen or fierce disbelief. A wise Political Economy, therefore, is one of the strongest and happiest safeguards of religion.

Shepherd. I canna understaun' it ava. Ricardo's as obscure as Ezekiel.

North. Though dealing directly but with temporal things, it bears, James, on those that are eternal. Statist, statesman, philosopher, and priest, if they know their duty and discharge it, all work together for one great end.

Shepherd. That's geyan like common sense.

North. When the social state of a people is disturbed by the disarrangement of the natural order, and changes of the natural course of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, will not morality and religion, my dear James, sink with the sinking prosperity of the country?

Shepherd. They wull that.

North. The domestic virtues cannot live through the winter, round a starved board and a cold hearth. Sound sleep shuns not a hard bed—but no eye can long remain closed on a truckle which next day may see in a pauper's roup at the city-cross.

Shepherd. An' what's the drift o' a' thae vera true and excellent observations?

North. That much of the worst spirit which we deplore in the people, though it may be cruelly exasperated and exacerbated by demagogues and infidels, owes to them neither its origin nor chief growth and nature, but springs out of the very frame and constitution of society in all great kingdoms.

Shepherd. And is that a consoling doctrine, think ye, sir, or one that gars us despair for our species?

North. What! shall I despair of my species, because I see long

periods in the history of my own and other countries, when the moral condition of the people has been withered or blasted by the curse of an incapable, unfeeling, or unprincipled government?

Shepherd. But that's no the character of the present Government o' our kintra, Mr. North?

North. It must strengthen their hands and hearts, James, to know that you are not in opposition. But to return for one moment more to the subject of the infidelity of the lower orders, how beautifully, my dear James, do all the best domestic affections, when suffered to enjoy themselves even in tolerable repose and peace, blend into, and, as it were, become one and the same with religion! Let human nature have but fair play in life—let but his physical necessities be duly supplied—and all its moral sympathies and religious aspirations kindle and aspire. What other religion but Christianity was ever the religion of the poor? But the poor sometimes cease to be Christians, and curse their existence. And Mr. Huskisson would be shocked to see and hear how that happens, were he to make an occasional pilgrimage and sojourn in Spitalfields, instead of abusing its wretched dwellers.

Shepherd. It's very unfair, I see, sir, to lay the blame o' the irreligion of the poor when they are irreligious, as there's but owre mony o' them, according to Mr. Soothey and you, in England at his present era, on the shootherers o' the priesthood. What gude wull preachin' and prayin' do them, when folks are starvin' o' cauld, and hae naethin' either to eat or drink?

North. I have known a poor old sailor, James, who had eat nothin' for two days, dismissed from her door by a pious lady, not with a loaf in his pouch—for she referred him to the parish—but—a Bible.

Shepherd. That was very wicked. Let the body be attended to first, and the sowle afterwards, or you're fleein' in the face o' the Ten Commandments. That, I dinna doot, was the pious leddy's ain case; for wasna she a widow wi' a gude jointure, fat, frowsy, and forty, wi' great big peony-rose knots o' ribbons a' roun' her mutch, and about to try it on again, in the way o' marriage wi' a strappin' Methody preacher?

North. Before the consummation of that event she died of a surfeit from an inordinate guzzle on a prize-haggis. Much as she talked about the Bible, she showed in practice, that she preferred the precepts of Meg Dods.* Cookery was, in fact, her Christianity, and hers a kitchen creed; yet I heard her funeral sermon preached by a great greasy villain, with long black, lank, oily hair, and the most sensual face ever seen on earth since Silenus, who nauseously whined

* The inimitable old Scots landlady of the Cleikum Inn, in "St. Ronan's Well."—M

away about her single-mindedness, (two husbands, remember, and within a week of a third,) her——

Shepherd. Od rot baith her and him, are ye gaun to gar mespew?

North. But take it at the worst, James, and let us believe, with Mr. Southey, that the Press is now a mighty engine of evil in the hand of the lovers of evil. What then? It is the Press against the Press. Wherein lies our trust? In the mighty array that might be—that is, on the side of heaven. Where are the twenty thousand ministers of religion, more or less? And in their cures and benefices, rich or poor, what are they about? Are they all broad awake, up, stirring and at work? If so, they are more than a match for the miscellaneous muster of infidels, the lumbering levyen-mass of the godless, who, when brought into action, present the singular appearance of a whole large army consisting entirely of an awkward squad.

Shepherd. And if any considerable number o' the clergy snore awa' the week days weel on to eleven o'clock, and set the congregation asnore baith forenoon and afternoon ilka Sabbath, showin' that they think bapteezin', and buryin', and marryin', and prayin', and preechin', a sair drawback and doondracht on the comforts o' a rectory; then, I say, let them be ca'd owre the coals by the bishop, and if incorrigible frae natural stupidity or acquired inveteracy o' habit, let them be deposed and pensioned aff the stipen' o' their successors wi' some fiftety a-year, aneuch to leeve on in sma' seaport towns, where fish and coals are cheap; and then they may stroll about the sawns, wi' their hauns ahint their backs, gatherin' buckies and urchins, and ither shells, lookin' at the ships cumin' in and gangin' out, and not to be distinguished frae half-pay lieutenants, except by their no swearin' sae muckle, or at a' events no the same queer kind o' comical oaths, but equally wi' them daunderin' about, ill aff for something to do, and equally wi' them red about the nose, thin in the caaves, and thick about the ankles.

North. The Church of England is the richest in the world, though I am far from thinking that its riches are rightly distributed. It ought, then, to work well, since it is paid well; and I think, James, that on the whole it is, even as it now stands, a most excellent Church. It ought, however, to have kept down Dissenters, which it has not done; and still more, it ought to keep down Infidels. Did some twenty thousand Infidels, educated in richly-endowed universities of their own, compose an anti-christian establishment, O Satan! how they would stir hell and earth!

Shepherd. Universities, colleges, schools, academies, cathedrals, ministers, abbeys, churches, chapels, kirks, relief-meeting-houses, tabernacles, and what not, without number and without end, and yet the infidels triumph! Is't indeed sae? Then pu' them doon, or convert them, according to their conveniences, into theatres, and

ridin' schools, and amphitheatres for Ducrow, and racket-courts, and places for dryin' claes in rainy weather.

North. If Infidelity overruns the land, then this healthy, wealthy, and wise Church of England has not done its duty, and must be made to do it. If infidelity exists only in narrow lines and small patches, then we may make ourselves easy about the infidel press, and knowing that the Church has done the one thing needful, look with complacency on occasional parson somewhat too jolly, and unfrequent bishop with face made up entirely of proud flesh.

Shepherd. Sughs o' wund, some loud and some laigh, but prophetic o' a storm, has been aften heard o' late roun' about the square towers—for ye seldom see a spire yonner—o' the English churches. What side, when comes the colleyschangee, wull ye, sir, espouse?

North. That of the Church of England, of which Misopseudos himself, with all his integrity and talent, is not a sincerer friend, though he may be a more powerful champion.

Shepherd. Eh? What?

North. Whisht! Had you your choice, James, pray what sort of a bird would you be?

Shepherd. I wad transmigrate intil a gae hantle. And, first and foremost, for royal ambition is the poet's sin, I would be an Eagle. Higher than ever in his balloon did Lunardi soar, would I shoot up into heaven. Poised in that empyreal air, where nae storm-current flows, far up abune the region o' clouds, with wide-spread and unquivering wings would I hang in the virgin sunshine. Nae human ee should see me in my cerulean tabernacle—but mine should see the human specks by the sides and rocks o' rivers, creeping and crawling, like worms as they are, over their miserable earthly flats, or toiling, like reptiles as they are, up their majestic molehills. Down with a sughing swoop in one moment would I descend a league of atmosphere, still miles and miles above all the dwarf mountain-taps and pigmy forests. Ae headlong lapse mair, and my ears would drink the faint thunder of some puny cataract; anither mile in a moment nearer the poor humble earth, and, lo! the woods are what men call majestic, the vales wide, and the mountains magnificent. That pitiful bit of smoke is a city—a metropolitan city. I cross it wi' a wave of my wing. An army is on the plain, and they are indeed a ludicrous lot of Lilliputians.

They march with weapons in their hands,
Their banners bright displaying;
And all the while their music bands
Triumphant tunes are playing!

The rags are indeed most sublime, waving to the squeak of penny

trumpets. Aye, the cloud below my claws begins to rain, and the martial array is getting a thorough soaking—those noble animals, horses, like so many regiments of half-drowned rats. Too contemptible to look at—so away up again to the sky-heart, and for an hour's float, far, far above the sea. Tiny though they be, I love to look on those thousand isles, mottling the main with beauty; nor do I despise the wave-wanderers, whom Britannia calls her men-of-war. Guided by needle still trummlingly obedient to the pole, on go the giant cockleshells, which Heaven save from wreck, nor in storm may one single pop-gun be flung overboard! But God-given instinct is my compass—and when the blackness of night is on my eyes, straight as an arrow or a sunbeam I shoot along the firmament, nor, obedient to that unerring impeller, deviate a mile-breadth from the line that leads direct from the Grampians to the Andes. The roar of ocean—What—what's that I hear? You auld mannerless rascal, is that you I hear snorin'? Ma faith, gin I was an eagle, I wad scart your haffets wi' tawlons, and try which o' our nebs were the sharpest. Weel, that's maist extraordinary—he absolutely snores on different a key wi' each o' his twa individual nostrils—snorin' a first and second like a catch or glee. I wunner if he can snore by the notes, or trusts entirely to his dreaming ear. It's really no that unharmonious—and I think I hear him accompanying Mrs. Gentle on the spinnet. Let's coomb his face wi' burned cork.

(The SHEPHERD applies a cork to the fire, and makes NORTH a Blackamoor.)

North. Kiss me, my love. Another. Sweet—sweet—oh! 'tis sweet!

Shepherd. Haw—haw—haw! Mrs. Gentle, gin ye kiss him the noo, the pat 'll no need to ca' the kettle —

North. Be not so coy—so cold—my love. "Can danger lurk within a kiss?"

Shepherd. Othello—Othello—Othello!

North. *(awakening with a tremendous yawn.)* 'Tis gone—'twas but a dream!

Shepherd. Aye, aye, what's that you were dreamin' about, sir? Your face is a' ower blushes—just like a white rose tinged with the setting sun.

North. I sometimes speak in my sleep. Did I do so now?

Shepherd. If you did, sir, I did not hear you—for I hae been takin' a nap mysell, and just awaucken'd this moment wi' a fa' frae the cock on a kirk-steeple. I hae often odd dreams; and I thoct I had got astride o' the cock, and was haudin' on by the tail, when the feathers gave way, and had it not been a dream I should infallibly hae been dashed to pieces. Do you ever dream o' kissin', sir?

North. Fie, James!

Shepherd. O, but you look quite captivatın', quite seducin', when you blush that gate, sir! I never could admire a dark-complexioned man.

North. I do—and often wished mine had been dark —

Shepherd. Ye made a narrow escape the noo, sir; for out o' re-venge for you're having ance coombed my face when I fell asleep on my chair, I was within an ace of coombin' yours; but when I had the cork ready, my respect, my veneration for you, held my hawn, and I flung it into the awse-hole ayont the fender.

North. My dear James, your filial affection for the old man is touching. Yet, had you done so, I had forgiven you —

Shepherd. But I never could hae forgi'en mysell, it would hae been sae irreverent. Mr. North, I often wish that we had some leddies at the Noctes. When you're married to Mrs. Gentle, you maun bring her sometimes to Picardy, to matroneeze the ither females, that there may be nae *scandalum magnatum*. And then what pairties! Neist time she comes to Embro', we'll hae the Hemans, and she'll aiblins sing to us some o' her ain beautifu' sanga, set to tunes by that delightfu' musical genius her sister.

North. And she shall sit at my right hand —

Shepherd. And me on hers —

North. And with her wit she shall brighten the dimness her pathos brings into our eyes, till tears and smiles struggle together beneath the witchery of the fair necromanceress. And L. E. L., I hope will not refuse to sit on the old man's left —

Shepherd. O man! but I wush I could sit next to *her* too: but it's impossible to be, like a bird, in twa places at ance, sae I maun submit —

North. Miss Landon, I understand, is a brilliant creature, full of animation and enthusiasm, and, like Mrs. Hemans too, none of your lachrymose muses, "melancholy and gentlemanlike," but, like the daughters of Adam and Eve, earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this every-day sublunary world of ours, where, besides poetry, the inhabitants live on a vast variety of other esculents, and like ever and anon to take a glass of Berwick's beer or Perkins's porter between even draughts of Hippocrene or Helicon.

Shepherd. That's the character o' a' real geniuses, baith males and females. They're ae thing wi' a pen in their haun, at a green desk, wi' only an ink-bottle on't and a sheet o' paper—and anither thing entirely at a white table a' covered wi' plates and trenchers, soop in the middle, sawmon at the head, and a sirloin o' beef or mutton at the fit, wi' turkeys, and howtowdies, and tongues, and hams, and a' mainner of vegetables, roun the sides—to say naething o' tarts and flummeries, and the Delap, Stilton, or feenal cheese—Parmesan.

North. You surely don't mean to say, James, that poetesses are fond of good eating?

Shepherd. Na. But I mean to say that they are not addicted, like green girls, to eatin' lime out of walls, or chowin' chalk, or even sookin' barley-sugar and sweeties in the forenoon to the spoilin' o' their natural and rational denner; but, on the contrair, that they are mistress of a moderate slice o' roast and biled butcher's meat; after that the wing or the merry-thocht o' a fule; and after that again some puddin', perhaps, or some berry-pie, some jeely, or some blawmange; taukin' and smilin' and lauchin' at intervals a' the while to their neist-chair neighbor, waxing wutty on his hauns wi' a little encouragement, and joinin' sweetly or gaily wi' the general discourse, when, after the cloth has been drawn, the dinin'-room begins to murmur like a hive of honey-bees after a' the drones are dead; and though a' present hae stings, nane ever think o' usin' them, but in genial employment are busy in the sunshine o' sociality wi' probosces and wings.

North. What do you mean by a young lady being busy with her proboscis, James?

Shepherd. O, ye coof! it's allegorical; sae are her wings. Proboscis is the Latin for the mouth o' a bee, and its instrument for making honey, that is, for extracting or inhaling it out o' the inner speerit o' flowers. Weel, then, why not allegorically speak of a young lady's proboscis—for drops not, distils not honey frae her sweet mouth? And where think ye, ye auld crabbit critical carle, does her proboscis find the elementary particles thereof, but hidden amang the saftest leaves that lie faulded up in the heart o' the heaven-sawn flowers o' happiness that beautify and bless the bosom o' this itherwise maist dreary and meeserable earth?

North. Admirable! Proboscis let it be——

Shepherd. Yes, just sae. And neist time your dreamin' o' Mrs. Gentle, murrhur out wi' a coomed face, "O, 'tis sweet, sweet! One ither taste of your proboscis! O, 'tis sweet, sweet!"

North, (starting up furiously.) With a coombed face? Have you dared, you swineherd, to cork my face? If you have, you shall repent it till the latest day of your life.

Shepherd. You surely will forgive me when you hear I'm on my deathbed——

North, (at the mirror.) Blackguard!

Shepherd. 'Tweel you're a' that. I ca' that epithet *multum in parvo*. You're a maist complete blackguard—that's beyond a' manner o' doot. Whatn' whites o' een! and whatn' whites o' teeth! But your hair's no half grizzly aneuch for a blackamoor—at least an African ane—and gies you a sort o' uncanny mongrel appearance that wud frichten the King o' Congo.

North. Talking of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon with a face as black as the crown of my hat!

Shepherd. And a great deal blacker. The croon o' your hat's broon, and I wunner you're no ashamed, sir, to wear't on the streets! but your face, sir, is as black as the back o' that chimley, and baith wud be muckle the better o' the sweeps.

North. James, I have ever found it impossible to be irate with you more than half a minute at a time during these last twenty years. I forgive you—and do you know that I do not look so much amiss in cork. 'Pon honor——

Shepherd. It's a great improvement on you, sir—and I would seriously advise you to coomb your face every day when you dress for denner. But wunna you ask Miss Jewsbury to the first male and female Notes. She's really a maist superior lassie.*

North. Both in prose and verse. Her Phantasmagoria, two miscellaneous volumes, teem with promise and performance. Always acute and never coarse——

Shepherd. Qualities seldom separable in a woman. See Leddy Morgan.

North. But Miss Jewsbury is an agreeable exception. Always acute and never coarse, this amiable and most ingenious young ledly——

Shepherd. Is she bonny?

North. I believe she is, James. But I do not pretend to be positive on that point, for the only time I ever had the pleasure of seeing Miss Jewsbury, it was but for a momentary glance among the mountains. Mounted on a pretty pony, in a pretty rural straw hat, and a pretty rural riding habit, with the sunshine of a cloudless heaven blended on her countenance with that of her own cloudless soul, the young author of Phantasmagoria rode smilingly along a beautiful vale, with the illustrious Wordsworth, whom she venerates, pacing in his poetical way by her side, and pouring out poetry in that glorious recitative of his, till "the vale was overflowing with the sound." Wha, Jamie, wudna hae luck'd bonny in sic a predeecament?

Shepherd. Mony a ane wad hae loked desperate ugly in sic a predeecament—far mair ugly than when walking on fit wi' some respectable common-place young man, in a gingham gown, by the banks of a canawl in a level kintra. Place a positively plain woman in a poetical predeecament, especially where she doesna

* Maria Jane Jewsbury was a resident of Manchester. Her "Phantasmagoria" immediately made her popular. She afterwards wrote "The Three Histories," in which she gave a brilliant sketch of Mrs. Hemans, (who, by the way, was much freckled in the face, and had foxy hair!) which has been partially copied into the biographies by Chorley and her sister. She made Wordsworth's acquaintance, and visited him at Rydal. She married a clergyman named Fletcher, whom she accompanied to the East Indies, where she speedily died. Her sister, who has written "The Two Sisters," "Zoe," and other works of fiction, resides in Manchester.—M.

clearly comprehend the significance o't, and yet has been tauld that it is incumbent on her to show that she enjoys it, and it is really painfu' to ane's feelin's to see how muckle plainer she gets aye the langer she glowers, till at last it's no easy to thole the face o' her; but you are forced to turn awa your head, or to steek your een, neither o' whilk modes o' procedure perhaps is altogether consistent with the maist perfect propriety o' mainners that ought ever to subsist atween the twa different sexes.

North. My dear James—

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' Miss Jewsbury maun be a bit bonny lassie, wi' an expressive face and fine figure,* and, no to minch the maitter, let me just tell you at ance, that it's no in your power, Mr. North, to praise wi' ony warmth or cordiality neither an ugly woman nor an auld one—but let them be but young and fresh and fair, or “black but comely, and then hoo—you wicked rabiawtor—do you keep casting a sheep's ee upon the cutties! pretendin' a' the while that it's their *genius* you're admirin'—whereas it's no their genius ava, but the livin' temple in which it is enshrined.

North. I plead guilty to that indictment. Ugly women are shocking anomalies, that ought to be hunted, hooted, and hissed out of every civilized and Christian community into a convent in Cockaigne. But no truly ugly woman ever yet wrote a truly beautiful poem the length of her little finger; and when beauty and genius kindle up the same eyes, why, gentle Shepherd, tell me why should Christopher North not fall down on his knees and adore the divinity of his waking dreams?

Shepherd. The seldomer, sir, you fall down on your knees the better; for some day or ither you'll find it no such easy matter to get up again, and the adored divinity of your waking dreams may have to ring the bell for the servant lad or lass to help you on your feet, as I have somewhere read a French leddy had to do in regard to Mr. Gibbons o' the Decline and Fa.†

North. Nor must our festal board, that happy night, miss the light of the countenance of the fascinating Mrs. Jameson.

Shepherd. Wha's she?

North. Read ye never the Diary of an Ennuyée?

Shepherd. O' a what? An N, O, E? Is't a man or a woman's initials?

North. Nor the Loves of the Poets?

Shepherd. Only what was in the Maugazin. But oh? sir, you were maist beautifu' specimens o' eloquent and impassionate prose composition as ever drapped like hinny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs. Jameson—we maun indeed. And wull ye hear till

* She was not handsome, but had a singularly sweet expression of features.—M.

† A fact.—M.

me, sir, there's a fine enthusiastic bit lassie, ca'd Browne—Ada Browne, I think, wha maun get an inveet, if she's no ower young to gang out to sooper;*—but Miss Mitford, or Mrs. Mary Howitt, will aiblins bring the bit timid cretur under their wing—and as for mysell, I shall be as kind till her as if she were my ain dochter.

North. "Visions of glory spare my aching sight—
Ye unborn Noctes, press not on my soul!"

Shepherd. What think ye, sir, o' the dogmas that high imagination is incompatible wi' high intellect, and that as Science flourishes Poetry decays?

North. The dogmata of dunces beyond the reach of redemption. Imagination, my dear James, as you who possess it must know, is intellect working according to certain laws of feeling or passion. A man may have a high intellect with little or no imagination; but he cannot have a high imagination with little or no intellect. The Intellect of Homer, Dante, Milton and Shakspeare, was higher than that of Aristotle, Newton, and Bacon. When elevated by feeling into imagination, their Intellect became transcendent—and thus they were Poets—the noblest name by far and away that belongs to any of the children of men. So much, in few words, for the first dogma of the dunces. Is it damned?

Shepherd. I dinna doot. What o' the second?

North. That the blockheads, there too, bray the most asinine assertion that was ever laboriously elongated from the lungs of an Emeritus donkey retired from public life to his native common on an annual allowance of thistles.

Shepherd. That's funny aneuch. You're a curious crotur, sir.

North. Pray, what is science? True knowledge of mind and matter, as far as it is permitted to us to know truly anything of the world without and the world within us, congenial in their co-existence.

Shepherd. That soun's weel, and maun be the right definition. Say on—you've a pleasant vice.

North. What is Poetry? The true exhibition in musical and metrical speech of the thoughts of humanity when colored by its feel-

* The young lady was Mary Ann Browne, whose poem of "Ada" was published in 1827, before she was fifteen. Many other poetical works followed in due course of time, of which "Ignatia," a passionate tale of love, was the best. She contributed many articles to the *Dublin University Magazine*,—in which American readers may recollect her "Gems from the Antique," and a beautiful series of prose stories called "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." She was married in her 29th year to Mr. James Grey, (a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd,) a gentleman much older than herself, and went with him to reside in Ireland. She died, at Sanday's Well, Cork, in 1844. Her later poems, written after the struggles of life had taught her to look into her own heart, exhibited great force and feeling, with a depth of thought beyond what lady-authors usually express. She was, in many respects, one of the most charming women I ever knew; certainly the most delightful authoress. She was not handsome, but her eyes were remarkably fine in their dark beauty, and her ringing laugh, (for she was a mirthful creature, playful as a young fawn, and innocent as a young child,) wafted music in its silvery sounds.—M.

ings, throughout the whole range of the physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual regions of its being.

Shepherd. That's shoooblime. I wuss I could get it aff by heart to spoot at the petty soopies, o' the Blues. But I fear that I suld forget sum o' the prime words—the fundamental features on which the feelosophical definition hinges, and fa' into owre great nonsense.

North. You thus see with half an eye, James, that Poetry and Science are identical. Or rather, that as Imagination is the highest kind of Intellect, so poetry is the highest kind of Science.

Shepherd. I see't as plain as a pike-staff, or the nose on your face. Indeed, plainer than the latter simile, for your face being still in coomb, or, as you said, in cork, your nasal promontory is involved in deepest shadow, and is in sack invisible on the general surface, and amang the surrounding scenery o' your face.

North. Thus, James, it is only in an age of Science that anything worthy the name of Poetry can exist. In a rude age there may be bursts of passion—of imagination even, which, if you or any other man whom I esteem, insist on calling them poetry, I am willing so to designate. In that case, almost all human language is poetry, nor am I sure that from the province of such inspiration are we justified in excluding the cawing of rooks, or the gabbling of geese, and certainly not the more impassioned lyrical effusions of monkeys.

Shepherd. Queer devils, monkeys!

North. Will any antiquary or archæologist show me a bit of poetry as broad as the palm of my hand, worth the toss up of a tinker's farthing, the produce of uncivilized man? O lord, James, is not such stuff sufficient to sicken a whole livery stable! In the light of knowledge alone can the eye of the soul see the soul—or those flaming ministers, the Five Senses—

Shepherd. Seven, if you please—and few aneuch too, considerin' the boundless extent and variety o' the universe.

North. Or the senses do their duties to the soul—for though she is their queen, and sends them forth night and day to do her work among the elements, yet seem they, material though they be, to be kith and kin even unto her their sovereign, and to be imbued with some divine power evanescent with the moment of corporeal death, and separation of the spirit.

Shepherd. Hech!

North. Therefore, not till man, and nature, and human life lie in the last light of Science, that is, of knowledge and of truth, will poetry reach the acme of its triumph. As Campbell sings,

Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;

and still Poetry will be here below Prime Minister and High Priest of Nature.

Shepherd, (with a grunt.) What's that you was saying about the Prime Minister and the High Priest? Is the Dyuck gangin' out? and has ony thing happened to the Archbishop of Canterbury?

North. But it is farther asserted, that the human mind will cease to look on nature poetically, or poetically to feel her laws, in proportion as the Revelation becomes ampler and clearer of her mysteries, and that's——

Shepherd. I begin to think, sir, that considerin' the natur o' a twa-handed crack, you're rather trespassing upon the rights o' the ither interlocutor in the dialogue—and that it would only be ordinar' gude mainners to alloo me to——

North. As if an ignorant were higher and more imaginative, that is, more poetical, than an enlightened wonder!

Shepherd. Sumphs!

North. Does the philosopher who knows what a rainbow is, cease with delight to regard the glory as it spans the storm? Does the knowledge of the fact, that lightning is electricity, destroy the grandeur of those black abysses in the thunderous clouds, which flashing it momentarily reveals, and then leaves in eternal darkness? Clouds, rain, dew, light, heat, cold, frost, snow, &c., are all pretty well understood now-a-days by people in general, and yet who feels them to be on that account unpoetical? A drop of dew on a flower or leaf, a tear on cheek or eye, will be felt to be beautiful, after all mankind have become fauiliarily acquainted with the perfected philosophy of all secretions.

Shepherd. Are you quite positive in your ain mind, that you're no gettin' tiresome, sir? Let's order sooper.

North. Well, James, be it so.

(As the SHEPHERD rises to ring the bell, the timepiece strikes Ten, and Picardy enters with his Tail.)

Shepherd. Ye dinna mean to say, Mr. Awmrose, that that's a' the sooper? Only the roun', a cut o' sawmon, beefsteaks, and twa brodds o' eisters! This 'll never do, Awmrose. Remember there's a couple o' us—and that a sooper that may be no amiss for ane, may be little better than starvation to twa; especially if them twa be in the prime and vigor o' life, hae come in frae the kintra, and got yaup owre some half dizen jugs o' strang whusky toddy.

Ambrose, (bowing.) The boiled turkey and the roasted ducks will be on the table forthwith—unless, Mr. Hogg, you would prefer a goose which last week won a sweepstakes——

Shepherd. What? at Perth Races? Was he a bluid-guse, belonging to a member o' the Caledonian Hunt?

Ambrose, (smiling.) No, Mr. Hogg. There was a competition between six parishes which should produce the greatest goose, and

I had the good fortune to purchase the successful candidate, who was laid, hatched, and brought up at the Manse of——

Shepherd. I ken the successful candidate brawly. Wasna he a white ane, wi' a tremendous doup that soopt the grun, and hadna he a contracted habit o' turnin' in the taes o' his left fit?

Ambrose. The same, sir. He weighed, ready for spit, twenty pounds jump—feathers and giblets four pounds more. Nor do I doubt, Mr. North, that had your Miss Nevison had him for a fortnight longer at the Lodge, she would have fattened him, (for he is a gander,) up to thirty,—that is to say, with all his paraphernalia.

Shepherd. Show him in; raw or roasted, show him in.

(Enter KING PEPIN and SIR DAVID GAM, with the successful candidate, supported by Mon. CADET and TAPPYTOURIE.)

What a strapper! Puir chiel, I wudna hae kent him, sae charged is he frae the time I last saw him at the Manse, takin' a walk in the cool o' the Saturday e'ening, wi' his wife and family, and ever and anon gabblin' to himsell in a sort o' undertone, no unlike a minister rehearsin' his sermon for the comin' Sabbath.

North. How comes he to be ready roasted, Ambrose?

Ambrose. A party of twenty are about to sup in the Saloon, and——

Shepherd. Set him doon; and if the gentlemen wuss to see North cut up a goose, show the score into the Snuggery.

(The successful candidate is safely got on the board.)

Hear hoo the table groans!

North. I feel my limbs rather stiffish with sitting so long. Suppose, James, that we have a little leap-frog.

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart. Let me arrange the forces roun' the table. Mr. Awmrose, staun you there—Mon. Cadet, fa' intil the rear o' your brither—Pippin, twa yards ahint Awmrose, junior—Sir Dawvit, dress by his Majesty—and Tappytourie, turn your back upon me. Noo, loot doon a' your heads. Here goes. Keep the pie warm.

(The SHEPHERD vaults away, and the whole circle is in perpetual motion; NORTH distinguished by his agility in the ring.)

North, (piping.) Heads all up—no louting. There James, I topped you without touching a hair.

Shepherd. Mirawculous auld man! A lameter, too! I never felt his hauns on my shouther!

Ambrose. I'm rather short of breath, and must drop out of the line.

(MR. AMBROSE drops out of the line, and his place is supplied by TICKLER, who at that moment has entered the room unobserved.)

Shepherd, (coming unexpectedly upon TICKLER.) Here's a steeple ! What glamoury's this ?

North. Stand aloof, James, and I'll clear the weathercock on the spire.

(NORTH, using his crutch as a leaping pole, clears TICKLER in grand style ; but TAPPYTOURIE, the next in the series, boggles, and remains balanced on SOUTHSIDE's shoulders.)

Tickler. Firm on your pins, North, I'm coming.

(TICKLER, with TAPPYTOURIE on his shoulders, clears CHRISTOPHER in a canter.)

Omnes. Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

North, (addressing TICKLER.) Mr. Tickler, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the Silver Frog, which I am sure will never be disgraced by your leaping.

(TICKLER stoops his head, and NORTH hangs the Prize Silver Frog by a silver chain, round his neck ; TAPPYTOURIE dismounts, and the Three sit down to supper.)

Shepherd. Some sax or seven slices of the breist, sir, and dinna spare the stuffin'. Mr. Awmrose, gie my trencher a gude clash o' aipple-sass. Potawtoes. Thank ye. Noo, some o' the smashed. Tappy, the porter. What guse !!!

Tickler. Cut the apron off the bishop, North ; but you must have a longer spoon to get into the interior.

Ambrose. Here is a punch ladle, sir.

Shepherd. Gie him the great big silver soup ane. Sic sage !

Tickler. Why, that is liker the leg of a sheep than of a goose.

Shepherd. Awmrose, my man, dinna forget the morn to let us hae the giblets. Pippin, the moostard. Mr. North, as naebody seems to be axin for't, gie me the bishop's apron, it seems sappy. What are ye gaun to eat yoursell, sir ? Dinna mind helpin' me, but attend to your nain sooper.

North. James, does not the side of the breast which I have now been hewing, remind you o' Salisbury Craigs ?

Shepherd. It's verra precipitous. The skeleton maun be sent to the College Museum, to staun at the fit o' the elephant, the rhinocerus, and the cammyleopardawlis ; and that it mayna be spiled by unskilful workmanship, I vote we finish him cauld the morn afore we yoke to the giblet-pie. Carried nem. con.

Tickler. Goose always gives me a pain in my stomach. But to purchase pleasure at a certain degree of pain, is true philosophy. Besides, in pleasure, I belong to the sect Epicurean ; and in pain, am a budge doctor of the Stoic Fur ; therefore I shall eat on. So, my dear North, another plateful. James, a calker !

Shepherd. What's your wull ?

Tickler. Oh! nothing at all. Ambrose, the Glenlivet to Mr North. Mr. Hogg, I believe never takes it during supper.

(The SHEPHERD tips AMBROSE the wink, and the gurgle goes round the table.)

(Silence, with slight interruptions, and no conversation for about three quarters of an hour.)

NATHAN GURNEY.

Shepherd. I had nae previous idea that steaks eat sae capital after guse. Some sawmon.

North. Stop, James. Let all be removed, except the fish—to wit, the salmon, the rizards, the spaldrins, the herring, and the oysters.

Shepherd. And bring some mair fresh anes. Mr. Awmrose, you maun mak a deal o' siller by sellin' your eister-shells for mannur to the farmers a' roun' about Embro'? They're as gude's lime—indeed I'm thinkin' they are lime—a sort o' sea-lime, growin' on rocks by the shore, and a coatin' at the same time to leevin' and edible creturs. Oh! the wonnerfu' warks o' Nature!

North. Then wheeling the circular to the fire, let us have a parting jug or two.

Shepherd. Each?

Enter MR. AMBROSE with LORD ELDON.

North. Na! here's his Lorship full to the brim. He holds exactly one gallon, Imperial Measure; and that quantity, according to Mrs. Ambrose's recipe, cannot hurt us——

Shepherd. God bless the face o' him!

Tickler. Pray, James, is it a true bill that you have had the hydrophobia?

Shepherd. Owere true—but I'll gie you a description o't at our next. Meanwhile, let's ca' in that puir cretur Gurney, and gie him a drap o' drink. Nawthan! Nawthan! Nawthan!

Gurney. (In a shrill voice from the interior of the Ear of Dionysius.) Here—here—here.

Shepherd. What'n a vice! Like a young ratton squaakin ahint the lath and plaister.

North. No rattons here, James. Mr. Gurney is true as steel.

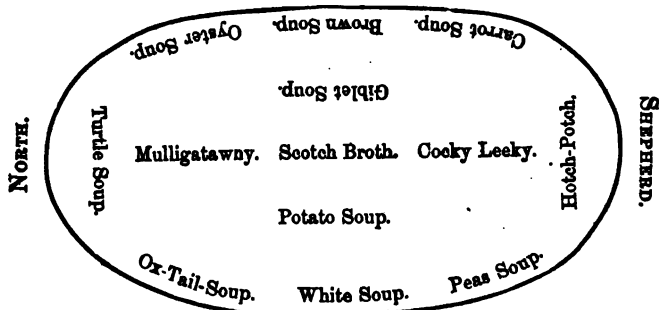
Shepherd. Reserve that short simile for yourself, sir. O, sir, but you're elastic as a drawn Damascus sword. Lean a' your wecht on't, wi' the pint on the grun, but fear na, while it bends, that it will break; for back again frae the semicircle springs it in a second intil the straight line; and woe be to him wha daurs that cut-and-thrust! for it gangs through his body like light through a wundow, and before the sinner kens he is wounded, you turn him owre on his back, sir, stane-dead!

(MR. GURNEY joins the party, and the curtain of course falls.)

NO. XLVIII.—APRIL, 1830.

SCENE—*The Saloon, illuminated by the grand Gas Orrery. TIME—First of April—Six o'clock. PRESENT—NORTH, the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, the SHEPHERD, TICKLER, in Court Dresses.—The three celebrated young Scottish LEANDERS, with their horns in the hanging gallery. AIR, "Brose and Brochan and a'."*

TICKLER.



ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Shepherd. An' that's an Orrery! The infinitude o' the starry heavens reduced sae as to suit the ceilin' o' the saloon. Whare's Virgo?

Tickler. Yonder she is, James—smiling in the shade of —

Shepherd. I see her—just aboon the cocky-leeky. Weel, sic anither contrivance! Some o' the stars and planets—moons and suns lighter than ithers, I jalouse, by lettin' in upon them a greater power o' coal-gas; and ithers again, just by moderatin' the pipe-conductors, faint and far awa' in the system, sae that ye scarcely ken whether they are lighted wi' the gawzeous vapor ava', or only a sort o' fine, tender, delicate, porcelain, radiant in its ain transparent nature, and though thin, yet stronger than the storms.

North. The first astronomers were shepherds —

Shepherd. Aye, Chaldean shepherds like mysell—but no a mother's son o' them could hae written the Manuscripp. Ha, ha, ha!

Tickler. What a misty evening!

Shepherd. Nae wonder—wi' thirteen soups a' steamin' up to the skies! O! but the Orrery is sublime the noo, in its shroud. Naethin like hotch-potch for gien a dim grandeur to the stars. See, yonder Venus—peerless planet—shinin' like the face o' a virgin bride through her white nuptial veil! He's a grim chiel, yon Saturn. Nae wonder he devourit his weans—he has the coontenance o' a cannibal. Thank you, Mr. Awmrose, for opening the door—for this current o' air has swept awa' the mists from heaven, and gien us back the beauty o' the celestial spheres.

North, (aside to the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.) You hear, Mr. De Quincey, how he begins to blaze even before broth.

Opium-Eater, (aside to NORTH.) I have always placed Mr. Hogg, in *genius*, far above Burns. He is indeed "of imagination all compact." Burns had strong sense—and strong sinews—and brandished a pen pretty much after the same fashion as he brandished a flail. You never lose sight of the thresher —

Shepherd. Dinna abuse Burns, Mr. De Quinshy. Neither you nor ony ither Englishman can thoroughly understaun three sentences o' his poems —

Opium-Eater, (with much animation.) I have for some years past longed for an opportunity to tear into pieces that gross national delusion, born of prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, in which, from highest to lowest, all literary classes of Scotchmen are as it were incarnated—to wit, a belief strong as superstition, that all their various dialects must be as unintelligible, as I grant that most of them are uncouth and barbarous, to English ears—even to those of the most accomplished and consummate scholars. Whereas, to a Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Saxon, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and let me add, Latin and Greek scholar, there is not even a monosyllable that —

Shepherd. What's a *gowpen* o' glaur?

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg—Sir, I will not be interrupted —

Shepherd. You cannot tell. It's just *tua neif-fu's* o' clarts.

North. James—James—James!

Shepherd. Kit—Kit—Kit. But beg your pardon, Mr. De Quinshy—afore dinner I'm aye uncō snappish. I admit you're a great grammarian. But kennin' something o' a language by bringin' to bear upon't a' the united efforts o' knowledge and understaunin'—baith first-rate—is ae thing, and feelin' every breath and every shadow that keeps playin' owre a' its syllables, as if by a natural and born instinct, is anither—the first you may aiblins hae—naebody likelier—but to the second nae man may pretend that hasna had the happiness and the honor o' havin' been born and bred in bonny Scotland. What can ye ken o' Kilmeny?

Opium-Eater, (smiling graciously.) 'Tis a ballad breathing the sweetest, simplest, wildest spirit of Scotch traditional song—music, as some antique instrument long-lost, but found at last in the Forest among the decayed roots of trees, and touched, indeed, as by an instinct, by the only man who could reawaken its sleepin' chords—the Ettrick Shepherd.

Shepherd. Na—if you say that sincerely—and I never saw a broo smother wi' truth than your ain—I maun qualify my former apophthegm, and alloo you to be an exception frae the general rule. I wish, sir, you wou'd write a Glossary o' the Scottish Language. I ken naebody fitter.

North. Our distinguished guest is aware that this is "All Fools' Day," and must, on that score, pardon these court-dresses. We consider them, my dear sir, appropriate to this Anniversary.

Shepherd. Mine wasna originally a coort-dress. It's the uniform o' the Border Club. But nane o' the ither members wou'd wear them, except me and the late Dyuk o' Buccleugh. So when the King came to Scotland, and expeckit to be introduced to me at Holyrood-House, I got the tiler at Yarrow-Ford to cut it doon after a patron frae Embro'—

Opium-Eater. Green and gold—to my eyes the most beautiful of colors—the one characteristic of earth, the other of heaven—and, therefore, the two united, emblematic of genius.

Shepherd. Oh! Mr. De Quinshy—sir, but you're a pleasant cretur—and were I ask't to gie a notion o' your mainners to them that had never seen you, I shou'd just use twa words, Urbanity and Amenity—meanin', by the first, that saft bricht polish that a man gets by leevin' amang gentlemen scholars in towns and cities, burnished on the solid metal o' a happy natur' hardened by the rural atmosphere o' the pure kintra air, in which I ken you hae ever delighted; and, by the ither, a peculiar sweetness, amaisht like that o' a woman, yet sae far frae bein' feminine, as masculine as that o' Allan Ramsay's ain Gentle Shepherd—and breathin' o' a harmonious union between the heart, the intelleck, and the imagination, a' the three keepin' their ain places, and thus makin' the vice, speech, gesture, and motion o' a man as composed as a figur' on a pictur' by some painter that was a master in his art, and produced his effects easily—and ane kens na hoo—by his lights and shadows. Mr. North, am na I right in the thoct, if no in the expression?

North. You have always known my sentiments, James—

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' we had better lay aside our swards. They're kittle dealin', when a body's stannin' or walkin'; but the very dee-vil's in them, when ane claps his doup on a chair; for here's the hilt o' mine interferin' wi' my ladle-hand.

Tickler. Why, James, you have buckled it on the wrong side.

Shepherd. What! Is the richt the wrang?

North. Let us all untackle. Mr. Ambrose, hang up each man's sword on his own hat-peg. There.

Shepherd. O, Mr. De Quinshy! but you luk weel in a single-breasted snuff-olive, wi' cut-steel buttons, figured waistcoat, and —

Opium-Eater. There is a beautiful propriety, Mr. Hogg, in a court-dress, distinguished as it is, both by material and form, from the apparel suitable to the highest occasions immediately below the presence of royalty, just as *that other* apparel is distinguished from the costume worn on the less ceremonious—

Shepherd. Eh!

Opium-Eater. Occasions of civilized life,—and *that* again in due degree from *that* sanctioned by custom, in what I may call, to use the language of Shakspeare, and others of our elder dramatists, the “worky-day” world,—whether it be in those professions peculiar, or nearly so, to towns and cities, or belonging more appropriately,—though the distinction, perhaps, is popular rather than philosophical—to rural districts on either side of your beautiful river the Tweed.

Shepherd. Oh, sir! but I'm unco fond o' the English accent. It's like an instrument wi' a' the strings o' silver,—and though I canna help thinkin' that you speak rather a wee owre slow, yet there's sic music in your vice, that I'm just perfectly enchanted wi' the soun' while a sense o' truth prevents me frae sayin' that I aye a'thegither comprehend the meaning,—for that's aye, written or oral alike, sae desperate metapheseical. But what soup will you tak, sir? Let me recommend the hotch-potch.

Opium-Eater. I prefer vermicelli.

Shepherd. What? Worms! They gar me scunner, the verra luk o' them. Sae, you're a worm-eater, sir, as weel's an Opium-eater?

Opium-Eater. Mr. Wordsworth, sir, I think it is, who says, speaking of the human being under the thralldom of the senses,—

“He is a slave, the meanest we can meet.”

Shepherd. I beseech ye, my dear sir, no to be angry sae sune on in the afternoon. There's your worms—and I wus you muckle gude o' them—only compare them—thank you, Mr. Tickler—wi' this bowl-deep trencher o' hotch-potch—an emblem of the hail vegetable and animal creation.

Tickler. Why, James, though now invisible to the naked eye, boiled down as they are in baser matter, that tureen on which your face has for some minutes been fixed as gloatingly as that of a Satyr on a sleeping Wood-nymph, or of Pan himself on Matron Cybele, contains, as every naturalist knows, some scores of snails, a gowpen-

full of gnats, countless caterpillars, of our smaller British insects numbers without number numberless as the sea-shore sands—

Shepherd. No at this time o' the year, you gowk. You're thinking o' simmer colleyfloor—

Tickler. But their larvæ, James—

Shepherd. Confound their larvæ! Awmrose! the pepper. (*Dashes in the pepper along with the silver top of the cruet.*) Pity me! whare's the cruet? It has sunk doon intill the hotch-potch, like a mailed horse and his rider intill a swamp. I maun tak tent no to swallow the bog-trotter. What the deevil, Awmrose, you've gien me the Caywane!!

Ambrose. (tremens.) My dear sir, it was Tappytourie.

Shepherd, (to Tappy.) You wee sinner, did ye tak me for Moshy Shawbert?

Opium-Eater. I have not seen it recorded, Mr. Hogg, in any of the Public Journals, at least it was not so in the Standard,—in fact the only newspaper I now read, and an admirable evening paper it is, unceasingly conducted with consummate ability,—that that French charlatan had hitherto essayed Cayenne pepper; and indeed such an exhibition would be preposterous, seeing that the lesser is contained within the greater, and consequently all the hot varieties of that plant—all the possibilities of the pepper-pod—are included within Phosphorus and Prussic acid. Meanly as I think of the logic—

Shepherd. O ma mouth! ma mouth! Logic indeed! I didna think there had been sic a power o' pepper about a' the premises.

Opium-Eater. The only conclusion that can be legitimately drawn—

Shepherd. Whist wi' your College clavers—and, Awmrose, gie me a caulker o' Glenlivet to cool the roof o' my pallet. My tongue's like red-het airn—and blisters my verra lips. Na! it'll melt the siller spoon—

North. I pledge you, my dear James—

Opium-Eater. Vermicelli soup, originally Italian, has been so long naturalized in this island, that it may now almost be said, by those not ambitious of extremest accuracy of thought and expression, to be indigenous in Britain—and as it sips somewhat insipid, may I use the freedom, Mr. Tickler,—scarcely pardonable, perhaps, from our short acquaintance—to request you to join me in a glass of the same truly Scottish liquor?

Tickler. Most happy indeed to cultivate the friendship of Mr. De Quincey.

(*The four turn up their little fingers.*)

Shepherd. Mirawculous! My tongue's a' at aince as cauld 's the rim o' a cart-wheel on a winter's nicht! My pallet cool as the lift o' a spring-mornin'! And the inside o' ma mouth just like a wee mountain well afore sunrise, when the bit moorland birdies are hop-

pin' on its margin, about to wat their whustles in the blessed beverage, after their love-dreams amang the dewy heather!

Opium-Eater. I would earnestly recommend it to you, Mr. Hogg, to abstain——

Shepherd. Thank you, sir, for your timeous warnin'—for, without thinkin' what I was about, I was just on the verra eve o' fa'in' to again till the self-same fiery trencher. It's no every body that has your philosophical composure. But it sits weel on you, sir—and I like baith to look and listen to you; for, in spite o' your classical learning, and a' your outlandish logie, you're at a' times—and I'm nae bad judge—shepherd as I am—*intus et in cute*—that is, tooth and nail—naething else but a perfeck gentleman. But oh! you're a lazy cretur, man, or you would hae putten out a dizzen volumes syne the Confessions.

Opium-Eater. I am at present, my dear friend,—allow me to call myself so,—in treaty with Mr. Blackwood for a novel——

Shepherd. In ae vollumm—in ae vollumm, I hope—and that'll tie you doon to where your strength lies, condensation at aince vigorous and exquisite—like a man succinct for hap-step-and-loup on the greensward—each spang langer than anither—till' he clears a peat hand-barrow at the end like a catastrophe. Hae I eaten anither dish o' hotch-potch, think ye, sirs, without bein aware o't?

Tickler. No, James—North changed the fare upon you, and you have devoured, in a fit of absence, about half a bushel of peas.

Shepherd. I'm glad it was na carrots—for they aye gie me a sair belly. But hae ye been at the Exhibition o' Pictures by leevin' artists at the Scottish Academy, Mr. North, and what think ye o't?

North. I look in occasionally, James, of a morning, before the bustle begins, for a crowd is not for a crutch.

Shepherd. But ma faith, a crutch is for a crood, as is weel kent o' yours, by a' the blockheads in Britain. Is't gude the year?

North. Good, bad, and indifferent, like all other mortal exhibitions. In landscape, we sorely miss Mr. Thomson of Duddingstone.

Shepherd. What can be the matter wi' the minister? He's no deed?

North. God forbid! But Williams is gone*—dear delightful Williams—with his aërial distances into which the imagination sailed as on wings, like a dove gliding through sunshine into gentle gloom—with his shady foregrounds, where Love and Leisure reposed—and his middle regions, with towering cities grove-embowered, solemn with the spirit of the olden time—and all, all embalmed in the beauty of those deep Grecian skies!

Shepherd. He's deed. What matters it! In his virtues he was

* This was Hugh, commonly called "Grecian" Williams, from his subjects.—M.

happy, and in his genius he is immortal. Hoots, man! If tears are to drap for ilka freen "who is not," our een wud be seldom dry.—Tak some mair turtle.

North. Mr. Thomson of Duddingstone is now our greatest landscape painter. In what sullen skies he sometimes shrouds the solitary moors!

Shepherd. And wi' what blinks o' beauty he often brings out frae beneath the clouds the spire o' some pastoral parish kirk, till you feel it is the Sabbath!

North. Time and decay crumbling his castles seem to be warring against the very living rock—and we feel their endurance in their desolation.

Shepherd. I never look at his roarin' rivers, wi' a' their precipices, without thinkin' some hoo or ither, o' Sir William Wallace! They seem to belong to an unconquerable country.

North. Yes, James! he is a patriotic painter. Moor, mountain and glen—castle, hall, and hut—all breathe sternly or sweetly o' auld Scotland. So do his seas and his friths—roll, roar, blacken and whiten with Caledonia—from the Mull of Galloway to Cape Wrath. Or when summer stillness is upon them, are not all the soft shadowy pastoral hills Scottish, that in their still deep transparency, invert their summits in the transfiguring magic of the far-sleeping main?

Tickler. William Simpson, now gone to live in London, is in genius no whit inferior to Mr. Thomson, and superior in mastery over the execution of the Art.

North. A first-rater. Ewbank's moonlights this season are meritorious; but 'tis difficult to paint Luna, though she is a still-sitter in the sky. Be she veiled nun—white-robed vestal—blue-cinctured huntress—full-orbed in Christian meekness—or, bright misbeliever! brow-rayed with the Turkish crescent—still meetest is she, spiritual creature, for the Poet's love!

Shepherd. They tell me that a lad o' the name o' Fleming frae the west kintra has shown some bonny landscapes.

North. His pictures are rather deficient in depth, James—his scenes are scarcely sufficiently like portions of the solid globe—but he has a sense of beauty—and with that a painter may do almost any thing—without it, nothing. For of the painter as of the poet, we may employ the exquisite image of Wordsworth, that beauty

"Pitches her tents before him."

For example, there is Gibb, who can make a small sweet pastoral world out of a bank and a brae, a pond and a couple of cows, with a simple lassie sitting in her plaid upon the stump of an old tree. Or, if a morning rainbow spans the moor, he shows you brother and

sister—it may be—or perhaps childish lovers—facing the showery wind—in the folds of the same plaid—straining merrily, with their colley before them, towards the hut whose smoke is shivered as soon as it reaches the tops of the sheltering grove. Gibb is full of feeling and genius.

Shepherd. But is na his colorin' owre blue?

North. No—James. Show me any thing bluer than the sky—at its bluest—not even *her* eye——

Shepherd. What! Mrs. Gentle's? Her een aye seemed to me to be greenish.

North. Hush—blasphemer! Their zones are like the skylight of the longest night in the year—when all the earth lies half asleep and half awake in the beauty of happy dreams.

Shepherd. Hech! hech!

“O love! love! love!

Love's like a dizziness;

It wunna let a puir bodie

Gang about his bizziness!”

Opium-Eater. I have often admired the prodigious power of perspective displayed in the large landscapes of Nasmyth.* He gives you at one *coup d'œil* a metropolitan city—with its river, bridges, towers, and temples—engirdled with groves, and far-retiring all around the garden-fields, tree-dropped, or sylvan-shaded, of merry England. I allude now to a noble picture of London.

North. And all his family are geniuses like himself. In the minutæ of nature, Peter is perfect—it would not be easy to say which of his unmarried daughters excels her sisters in truth of touch—though I believe the best judges are disposed to give Mrs. Terry the palm—who now—since the death of her lamented husband—teaches painting in London with eminent success.

Tickler. Colvin Smith has caught Jeffrey's countenance at last—and a fine countenance it is—alive with intellect—armed at all points—acute without a quibble—clothed all over with cloudless perspicacity—and eloquent on the silent canvas, as if all the air within the frame were murmuring with winged words.†

* Alexander Nasmyth was not only an artist of high merit, (he was greatly valued, professionally and personally, by Scott,) but his children also were greatly gifted. One of his daughters, who married Terry the actor, supported her family by the pencil after her husband's death. His son Peter, who settled in London, (and indeed was there called the English Hebbina, died in 1831. The old man survived him nine years. From what I saw of his works, (chiefly in the Edinburgh Exhibition, at Abbotsford, at Lord Jeffrey's, and at the house of Lord Mackenzie, my kinsman,) I am inclined to rank the elder Nasmyth among the very best of the Scottish landscape painters—certainly over Thompson, of Duddingstone, whose works always struck me, as did those of Sir George Beaumont in England, as being only the perfection of *amateur* painting.—M.

† No artist could paint Jeffrey. His expression was so variable, that in different moods he seemed a different man. At the Bar in Parliament, on the Bench, or in the romantic scenery of his own Craig-Crook, there was a different man—and yet there were not half-a-dozen Jeffreys, but one! To hear him talk, in that sharp shrill voice, whose lowest whisper floated through the air, and was heard by all, was indeed a pleasure and delight. Above all, he had the

North. Not murmuring—his voice tinkles like a silver bell.

Shepherd. But wha can tell that frae the canvas?

North. James, on looking at a portrait, you carry along with you all the characteristic individualities of the original—his voice—his gesture—his action—his motion—his manner—and thus the likeness is made up “of what you half-create and half-perceive,”—else dead—thus only spiritualized into perfect similitude.

Shepherd. Mr. De Quinshy should hae said that.

Opium-Eater. Pardon me, Mr. Hogg, I could not have said it nearly so well—and in this case, I doubt not, most truly—as Mr. North.

North. No one feature, perhaps, of Mr. Jeffrey’s face is very fine, except indeed his mouth, which is the firmest, and, at the same time the mildest—the most resolute, and yet, at the same time, the sweetest, I ever saw—inferior in such mingled expression only to Canning’s, which was perfect;* but look on them all together, and they all act together in irresistible union; forehead, eyes, cheeks, mouth, and chin, all declaring, as Burns said of Matthew Henderson, that “Francis is a bright man,”—ever in full command of all his great and various talents, with just enough of genius to preserve them all in due order and subordination—for, with either more or less genius, we may not believe that his endowments could have been so finely yet so firmly balanced, so powerful both in speculative and practical skill, making him at once, perhaps, on the whole, the most philosophic critic of his age, and, beyond all comparison, the most eloquent orator of his country.

Opium-Eater. To much of that eulogium, Mr. North, great as my admiration is of Mr. Jeffrey’s abilities, I must demur.

Shepherd. And me too.

Tickler. And I also.

North. Well, gentlemen, demur away; but such for many years has been my opinion, and ’tis the opinion of all Scotland.

Opium-Eater. Since you speak of Mr. Jeffrey, and of his achievements in law, literature, and philosophy, in Scotland, and without meaning to include the southern intellectual Empire of Britain, why, then, with one exception, (*bowing to Mr. North,*) I do most cordially

gentlest courtesy towards women, irrespective of their age. And, to crown all, he was fond, really and truly, of children. (I never knew a bad man who was. I am, and the inference is inevitable!) It was at home, that Jeffrey was ever seen to full advantage;—but I am needlessly prolonging here what might find a more suitable place in “Recollections of the Life of a Man of Letters.”—M.*

* Wilson, who was intimately acquainted with Canning, therefore was well qualified to speak on this matter. But I, who met him only twice,—once at a private dinner-party, and again in an interview of an hour, in 1827, when he was Prime Minister,—never could perceive anything like *power* in his countenance. I have repeatedly heard him speak; I have reported his parliamentary speeches for a London daily paper; I have seen him out of the House, and never could discover anything beyond a handsome face (at this time he was 57,) with the appearance of exhaustion and fatigue, and a mouth which did not express firmness.—M.

agree with you, though of this law I know nothing, and nothing of his oral eloquence, but judge of him solely from the Edinburgh Review, which, (*bowing again to Mr. North*,) with the same conspicuous exception, maugre all its manifold and miserable mistakes, unquestionably stands, or did stand—for I have not seen a number of it since the April number of 1826—at the head of the Periodical Literature of the Age; and that the Periodical Literature of the Age is infinitely superior to all its other philosophical criticism—for example the charlatanrie of the Schlegels, *et id genus omne*, is as certain—Mr. Hogg, pardon me for imitating your illustrative imagery, or attempting to imitate what all the world allows to be inimitable—as that the hotch-potch which you are now swallowing, in spite of heat that seems breathed from the torrid zone—

Shepherd. It's no hotch-potch—this platefu's cocky-leeky.

Opium-Eater. As that cocky-leeky which, though hot as purgatory, (the company will pardon me for yielding to the influence of the *genus loci*,) your mouth is, and for a quarter of an hour has been, vortex-like engulfing, transcends, in all that is best in animal and vegetable matter—worthy indeed of Scotland's manly Shepherd—the *soup maigre*, that, attenuated almost to invisibility, drenches the odiously-guttural gullet of some monkey Frenchman of the old school, by the incomprehensible interposition of Providence saved at the era of the Revolution from the guillotine.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo! bravo!—Encore—encore—encore!

Shepherd. That's capital—it's just me—gin ye were aye to speak that gait, man, folk wou'd understaun' you. Let's hae a caulker thegither. There's a gurgle—your health, sir, no forgettin' the wife and the weans. It's a pity you're no a Scotchman.

North. John Watson's "Lord Dalhousie" is a noble picture.* But John's always great; his works win upon you the longer you study them, and that, after all, is at once the test and the triumph of the art. On some portraits you at once exhaust your admiration; and are then ashamed of yourself for having mistaken the vulgar pleasure, so cheaply inspired, of a staring likeness, for that high emotion breathed from the mastery of the painter's skill, and blush to have doated on a daub.

Tickler. Duncan's "Braw Wooer," from Burns's

* This is not the present Marquis of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, [July, 1854] but his father. A gallant gentleman. He fought through the Peninsular War, and at "bloody but most bootless Waterloo." After having been Lieutenant-General of Nova Scotia, he was made Governor-General of British North America, in 1819. Five years later he founded the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. He subsequently, (being a saving man,) planted Wolfe's Plain with oats, whereupon the following epigram was written:

"Some men love honor,
Other men love groats;
Here Wolfe reaped laurels,
Lord Dalhousie, oats."—M.

- “ Yestreen a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did leave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,—
 The deuce gang wi' him to believe me,”

is a master-piece. What a fellow, James! Not unlike yourself in younger days, perhaps, but without a particle of the light of genius that ever ennobles your rusticity, and makes the plaid on our incomparable Shepherd's shoulders graceful as the poet's mantle. But rather like some son of yours, James, of whom you had not chanced to think it worth your while to take any very particular notice, yet who, by hereditary talents, had made his way in the world up to head-shepherd on a four-thousand acre-hill-farm—his face glowing with love and health like a peony over which a milk-pail had happened to be upset—bonnet cocked as crouselly on his hard brow as the comb upon the tappin' o' a chanticleer when sidling up, with dropped wing, to a favorite pullet—buckskin breeches, such as Burns used to wear himself, brown and burnished to a most perilous polish—and top-boots, the images of your own, my beloved boy—on which the journey down the lang glen has brought the summer-dust to blend with the well-greased blacking—broad chest, gorgeously apparelled in a flapped waistcoat, manifestly made for him by his great-grandmother, out of the damask hangings of a bed that once must have stood firm on a Ha' on four posts, though now haply in a hut but a trembling truckle—strong harn shirt, clean as a lily, bleached in the showery sunshine on a brent gowany brae, nor untinged with a faint scent of thyme that, in oaken drawer, will lie odorous for years upon years—and cravat with a knot like a love-posy, and two pointed depending stalks, tied in the gleam of a water-pail, or haply in the mirror of the pool in which that Apollo had just been floundering like a porpoise, and in which, when drought had dried the shallows, he had lister'd many a fish impatient of the sea ; there, James, he sits on a bank, leaning and leering, a lost and love-sick man, yet not forgetful nor unconscious of the charms so prodigally lavished upon him both by nature and art, the BRAW WOOPER, who may not fail in his suit, till blood be wersh as water, and flesh indeed fushionless as grass growing in a sandy desert.

Shepherd. Remember, Mr. Tickler, what a lee-way you hae to mak up, on the sea o' soup, and be na sa descriptive, for we've a' gotten to windward ; you seem to hae drapt anchor, and baith mainsail and fuesail are flappin' to the extremity o' their sheets.

Tickler. And is not she, indeed, James, a queen-like quean ? What scorn and skaith in the large full orbs of her imperial eyes ! How she tosses back her head in triumph, till the yellow lustre of her locks seems about to escape from the bondage of that ribband, the hope-gift of another suitor who wooed her under happier auspices,

among last year's "rigs o' barley," at winter's moonless midnight, beneath the barn-balk where roosts the owl,—by spring's dewy eve on the dim primrose bank, while the lark sought his nest among the green braird, descending from his sunset-song!

Shepherd. Confound me, if this be no just perfectly intolerable; Mr. North, Mr. De Quinshy, Mr. Tickler, and a' men, women, and children, imitatin' ma style o' colloquial oratory, till a' that's specific and original about me's lost in universal plagiarism.

Tickler. Why, James, your genius is as contagious—as infectious as the plague—if, indeed, it be not epidemical, like a fever in the air.

Shepherd. You're a' glad to sook up the miasmata. But mercy on us! a' the tureens seen to me amaisht dried up—as laigh's wells in midsummer drought. The vermicelli, especially, is drained to its last worms. Mr. De Quinshy, you've an awfu' appetite!

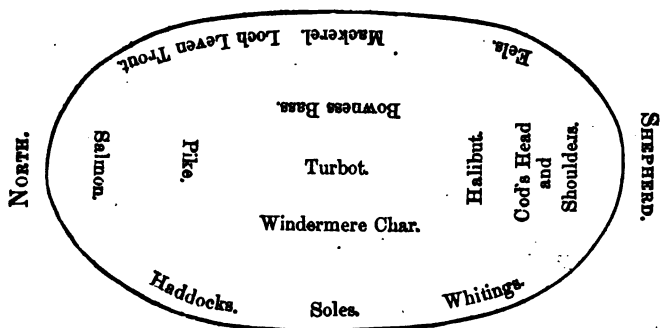
Opium-Eater. I shall dine to-day entirely on soup, for your Edinburgh beef and mutton, however long kept, are difficult of mastication,—the sinews seeming to me to all go transversely, thus,—and not longitudinally,—so —

North. Hark! my gold repeater is smiting seven. We allow an hour, Mr. De Quincey, to each course—and then —

(*The Leanders play "The Boatie Rows,"—the door flies open, —enter Picardy and his clan.*)

Second Course.—Fish.

TICKLER.



ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Shepherd. I'm sure we canna be sufficiently grateful' for having got rid o' thae empty tureens o' soup, so let us noo set in for serious eatin', and tackle to the inhabitants o' the Great Deep. What's

that bit body North been about? Daidlin' wi' the mock-turtle. I hate a' things mock—soops, pearls, sawse tails, baith bustles and queues, wigs, cawves, religion, freenship, love, glass-een, rouge on the face o' a woman, no exceppin' even cork legs, for timmer anes are far better, there bein' nae attempt at deception, which ought never to be practised on ony o' God's reasonable creatures, it's sae insultin'.

Opium-Eater. Better open outrage, than hidden guile, which —

Shepherd. Just sae, sir. But it's no a bonny instrument, that key-bugle? I've been tryin' to learn't a' this wunter, beginnin' at first wi' the simple coo's-horn. But afore I had weel gotten the gamut, I had nearly lost my life.

Tickler. What? From mere loss of breath—positive exhaustion? An abscess in the lungs, James?

Shepherd. Nothing o' the sort. I hae wund and lungs for ony thing, even for roarin' you doon at argument, whan, driven to the wa', you begin to storm like a Stentor, till the verra neb o' the jug on the dirlin' table regards you wi' astonishment, and the speeders are seen rinnin' along the ceilin' to shelter themselves in their corner cobwebs. (Canna ye learn frae Mr. De Quinshy, man, to speak, laigh and lown, trustin' mair to sense and less to soun', and you'll find your advantage in it?) But I allude, sir, to an adventure.

North. An adventure, James?

Shepherd. Aye—an adventure—but as there's nane o' you for cod's-head and shouthers, I'll first fortify mysell wi' some forty or fifty flakes—like half-crown pieces.

Tickler. Some cod, James, if you please.

Shepherd. Help yoursell—I'm unco throng the noo. Mr. De Quinshy, what fish are you devoorin'?

Opium-Eater. Soles.

Shepherd. And you, Mr. North?

North. Salmon.

Shepherd. And you, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. Cod.

Shepherd. You're a' in your laconics. I'm fear'd for the banes, otherwise, after this cod's dune, I su'd like gran' to gie that pike a yokin'. I ken him for a Linlithgow loun by the length o' his lantern-jaws, and the peacock-neck color o' his dorsal ridge—and I see by the jut o' his stammach there's store o' stuffin'. There'll be naething between him and me, when the cod's dune for, but halibut and turbot—the first the wershest and maist fushionless o' a' swimmin' creturs—and the second owre rich, unless you intend eatin' no ither species o' fish.

Tickler. Now, for your adventure, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. Whisht—and you'se hear't. I gaed out, ae day, ayont the knowe—the same, Mr. North, that kythes aboon the bit field

whare I tried, you ken, to raise a conterband crap o' tobacco—and sat down on a brae amang the brackens—then a' red as the heavens in sunset—tootin' awa on the horn, ettlin first at B flat, and then at A sharp—when I heard, at the close o' a lesson, what I thoct the grandest echo that ever came from a mountain tap—an echo like a rair o' the ghost of ane o' the Bulls o' Bashan, gane mad amang other horned spectres like himsell in the howe o' the cloudy sky—

Opium-Eater. Mr. North, allow me to direct your attention to that image, which seems to me perfectly original, and at the same time, perfectly true to nature. Original I am entitled to call it, since I remember nothing resembling it, either essentially or accidentally, in prose or verse, in the literature of antiquity—in that of the Middle, ordinarily, but ignorantly, called the Dark Ages,—in that which arose in Europe after the revival of letters—though assuredly letters had not sunk into a state from which it could be said with any precision that they did revive,—or in that of our own times, which seem to me to want that totality and unity which alone constitute an age, otherwise but a series of unconnected successions, destitute of any causative principle of cohesion or evolvment. True to nature, no less am I entitled to call the image, inasmuch as it giveth, not indeed “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,” but to an “airy something,” namely, the earthly bellowing of an animal, whose bellow is universally felt to be terrific, nay, moreover, and therefore, sublime—(for that terror lieth at the root—if not always, yet of verity in by far the greater number of instances—of the true sublime, from early boyhood my intellect saw, and my imagination felt, to be among the great primal intuitive truths of our spiritual frame)—because it giveth, I repeat, to the earthly bellowing of such an animal, an aerial character, which, for the moment, deludes the mind into a belief of the existence of a cloudy kine, spectral in the sky-region, else thought to be the dwelling-place of silence and vacuity, and thus an affecting, impressive,—nay, most solemn and almost sacred feeling, is impressed on the sovereign reason of the immortality of the brute creatures—a doctrine that visits us at those times only when our own being breathes in the awe of divining thought, and, disentangling her wings from all clay encumbrances, is strong in the consciousness of her **DEATHLESS ME**—so Fichte and Schnelling speak —

Shepherd. Weel, sir, you see, doon came on my “**DEATHLESS ME**” the Bonassus, head cavin', the tail-tuft on high, hinder legs visible owre his neck and shouthers, and his hump clothed in thunder, louder in his ae single sell than a wheeling charge o' a haill regiment o' dragoon cavalry on the Portobello sands—down came the Bonassus, I say, like the Horse Lifeguards takin' a park o' French artillery at Waterloo, right doon, Heaven hae mercy! upon me; his ain kind master, wha had fed him on turnips, hay, and straw, ever syne

Lammas, till the monster was fat's he could lie in the hide o' him—and naething had I to defend mysell wi' but that silly coo's horn. A' the colleys were at hame. Yet in my fright, deadlly as it was, I was thankfu' wee Jamie was not there looking for primroses, for he micht hae lost his judgment. You understand, the Bonassus had mista'en my B sharp for anither Bonassus challengin' him to single combat.

Opium-Eater. A very plausible theory.

Shepherd. Thank you, sir, for that commentary on ma text—for it has given me time to plouter amang the chowks o' the cod. Faith it was nae theory, sir, it was practice; and afore I could fin' my feet, he was sae close upon me that I could see up his nostrils. Just at that moment I remembered that I had on an auld red jacket—the ane that was ance sky-blue, you ken, Mr. North, that I had gotten dyed—and that made the Bonassus just an evendoun Bedlamite. For amaist a' horned cattle hate and abhor red coats.

North. So I have heard the army say—alike in town and country.

Shepherd. What was to be done? I thocht o' tootin' the horn, as the trumpeter did when run aff wi' in the mouth o' a teeger; but then I recollected that it was a' the horn's blame that the Bonassus was there, so I lost no time in that speculation, but slipping aff my breeks, jacket, waistcoat, shirt and a'; just as you've seen an actor on the stage, I appeared suddenly before him as naked as the day I was born; and sic is the awe sir, wi' which a human being, *in puris naturalibus*, inspires the maddest of the brute creation, (I had tried it ance before on a mastiff,) that he was a' at aince, in a single moment, stricken o' a heap, just the very same as if the butcher had sank the head o' an aix intill his harn-pan—his knees trummled like a new-dropped lamb's, his tail, tuft and a', had nae mair power in't than a broken thistle stalk, his een goggled instead o' glowered, a heartfelt difference, I assure you—

Opium-Eater. It seems to me, Mr. Hogg—but you will pardon me, if I am mistaken—a distinction without a difference, as the logicians say—

Shepherd. Aye, De Quinshy, ma man—logician as you are, had you stood in my shoon, you had gotten yoursell on baith horns o' the dilemma.

North. Did you cut off his retréat to the Loch, James, and take him prisoner?

Shepherd. I did. Poor silly sumph! I canna help thinkin' that he swarfed; though perhaps he was only pretendin'—so I mounted him, and, puttin' my worsted garters through his nose—it had been bored when he was a wild beast in a caravan—I keepit peggin' his ribs wi' my heels, till, after gruntin' and graenin', and raisin' his great big

unwieldy red bowk half up frae the earth, and then swelterin' doon again, if aince, at least a dozen times, till I began absolutely to weary o' my situation in life; he feenally recovered his cloots, and, as if inspired wi' a new speerit, aff like lichtnin' to the mountains.

North. What!—without a saddle, James? You must have felt the loss—I mean the want, of leather——

Shepherd. We ride a' mainer o' animals bare-backed in the Forest, sir. I hae seen a bairn, no aboon fowre year auld, ridin' hame the Bill at the gloamin'—a' the kye at his tail, like a squadron o' cavalry ahint Joachim Murat King o' Naples. Mr. North, gin ye keep eatin' sae vorawciously at the sawmon, you'll hurt yourself. Fish is heavy. Dinna spare the vinegar, if you will be a glutton.

North. Ma!

Shepherd. But, as I was sayin', awa' went the Bonassus due west. Though you could hardly ca't even a snaffle, yet I soon found that I had a strong purchase, and bore him down frae the heights to the turnpike-road that cuts the kintra frae Selkirk to Moffat. There does I encounter three gig-fu's o' gentlemen and leddies; and ane o' the latter—a bonny cretur—leuch as if she kent me, as I gaed by at full gallop—and I remembered haein seen her afore, though where I couldna tell; but a' the lave shrieked as if at the visible superstition o' the Water-Kelpie on the Water Horse mistakin' day for nicht, in the delirium o' a fever—and thinkin' that it had been the moon shining down on his green pastures aneath the Loch, when it was but the shadow o' a lurid cloud. But I soon vanished into distance.

Tickler. Where the deuce were your clothes all this time, my dear matter-of-fact Shepherd?

Shepherd. Aye—there was the rub. In the enthusiasm of the moment I had forgotten them—nay, such was the state of excitement to which I had worked myself up, that, till I met the three gig-fu's o' leddies and gentlemen—a marriage-party—full in the face, I was not, Mr. De Quinshy, aware of being so like the Truth. Then I felt, all in a moment, that I was a Mazeppa. But had I turned back, they would have supposed that I had intended to accompany them to Selkirk; and therefore, to allay all such fears, I made a show of fleeing far awa' aff into the interior—into the cloudland of Loch Scene and the Gray Mare's Tail.

Opium-Eater. Your adventure, Mr. Hogg, would furnish a much better subject for the painter, or for the poet, than the Mazeppa of Byron. For, it is not possible to avoid feeling, that in the image of a naked man on horseback, there is an involution of the grotesque in the picturesque—of the truly ludicrous in the falsely sublime. But, farther, the thought of bonds—whether of cordage or of leather—on a being naturally free, is degrading to the moral, intellectual, and physical dignity of the creature so constricted; and it ought

ever to be the grand aim of poetry to elevate and exalt. Moreover, Mazeppa, in being subjected to the scornful gaze of hundreds—nay, haply of thousands of spectators—the base retinue of a barbarous power—in a state of uttermost nudity, was subjected to an ordeal of shame and rage, which neither the contemplative nor imaginative mind could brook to see applied to even the veriest outcast scum of our race. He was, in fact, placed naked in a moving pillory—and the hissing shower of scornful curses by which he was by those barbarians assailed, is as insupportable to our thoughts as an irregular volley, or street-firing, of rotten eggs, discharged by the hooting rabble against some miscreant standing with his face through a hole in the wood, with his crime placarded on his felon-breast. True, that as Mazeppa “recoils into the wilderness,” the exposure is less repulsive to common imagination; but it is not to common imagination that the highest poetry is addressed; and, therefore, though to the fit reader there be indeed some relief or release from shame in the “deserts idle,” yet doth not the feeling of degradation so subside as to be merged in that pleasurable state of the soul, essential to the effect of the true and legitimate exercise of poetical power. Shame pursues him faster than the wolves; nor doth the umbrage of the forest trees, that fly past him in his flight, hide his nakedness, which, in some other conditions, being an attribute of his nature, might even be the source to him and to us of a high emotion, but which here being forcibly and violently imposed against his will by the will of a brutal tyrant, is but an accident of his position in space and time, and therefore unfit to be permanently contemplated in a creature let loose before the Imaginative Faculty. Nor is this vital vice—so let me call it—in any wise cured or alleviated by his subsequent triumph, when he returns—as he himself tells us he did—at the head of “twice ten thousand horse!”—for the contrast only serves to deepen and darken the original nudity of his intolerable doom. The mother-naked man still seems to be riding in front of all his cavalry; nor, in this case, has the poet’s art sufficed to reinstate him in his pristine dignity, and to efface all remembrance of the degrading process of stripping and binding, to which of yore the miserable Nude had been compelled to yield, as helpless as an angry child ignominiously whipt by a nurse, till its mental sufferings may be said to be lost in its physical agonies. Think not that I wish to withhold from Byron the praise of considerable spirit and vigor of execution, in his narrative of the race; but that praise may duly belong to very inferior powers; and I am now speaking of Mazeppa in the light of a great Poem. A great Poem it assuredly is not; and how small a Poem, it assuredly is, must be felt by all who have read, and are worthy to read, Homer’s description of the dragging, and driving,

and whirling of the dead body of Hector in bloody nakedness behind the chariot-wheels of Achilles.

Shepherd. I never heard ony thing like that in a' my days. Weel, then, sir, there were nae wolves to chase me and the Bonassus, nor yet mony trees to overshadow us, but we made the cattle and the sheep look about them, and mair nor ae hooded crow and lang-necked heron gat a fright, as we came suddenly on him through the mist, and gaed thundering by the cataracts. In an hour or twa I began to get as firm on my seat as a Centaur; and discovered by the chasms that the Bonassus was not only as fleet as a racer, but that he could loup like a hunter, and thocht nae mair o' a thirty feet sprang than ye wad think o' stepping across the gutter. Ma faith, we were na lang o' being in Moffat!

Opium-Eater. In your Flight, Mr. Hogg, there were visibly and audibly concentrated all the attributes of the highest poetry. First, freedom of the will; for self-impelled you ascended the animal: Secondly, the impulse, though immediately consequent upon, and proceeding from one of fear, was yet an impulse of courage; and courage is not only a virtue, and acknowledged to be such in all Christian countries, but among the Romans—who assuredly, however low they must be ranked on the intellectual scale, were nevertheless morally a brave people—to it alone was given the name *virtus*: Thirdly, though you were during your whole flight so far passive as that you yielded to the volition of the creature, yet were you likewise, during your whole course, so far active, that you *guided*, as it appears, the motions, which it was beyond your power entirely to control; thus vindicating in your own person the rights of the superior order of creation: Fourthly, you were not so subjugated by the passion peculiar and appropriate to your situation, as to be insensible to or regardless of the courtesies, the amenities, and the humanities of civilized life,—as witness that glance of mutual recognition that passed, in one moment, between you and “the bonny creature” in the gig; nor yet to be inattentive to the effect produced by yourself and the Bonassus on various tribes of the inferior creatures,—cattle, sheep, crows, and herons, to say nothing of the poetical delight experienced by you from the influence of the beautiful or august shows of nature,—mists, clouds, cataracts, and the eternal mountains: Fifthly, the constantly accompanying sense of danger interfused with that of safety, so as to constitute one complex emotion, under which, hurried as you were, it may be said with perfect truth that you found leisure to admire, nay, even to wonder at, the strange speed of that most extraordinary animal—and most extraordinary he must be, if the only living representative of his species since the days of Aristotle—nor less to admire and wonder at your own skill, equally, if not more miraculous, and well

entitled to throw into the shade of oblivion the art of the most illustrious equestrian that ever "witched the world with noble horsemanship." Sixthly, the sublime feeling of penetrating, like a thunderbolt, cloudland and all the mist-cities that vanished as you galloped into their suburbs, gradually giving way to a feeling no less sublime, of having left behind all those unsubstantial phantom-regions, and of nearing the habitation or tabernacle of men, known by the name of Moffat—perhaps one of the most imaginative of all the successive series of states of your soul since first you appeared among the hills, like Sol entering Taurus: And, Finally, the deep trance of home felt delight that must have fallen upon your spirit—true still to all the sweetest and most sacred of the social affections—when, the Gray Mare's Tail left streaming far behind that of the Bonassus, you knew from the murmur of that silver stream that your flight was about to cease—till, lo! the pretty village of which you spoke, embosomed in hills and trees—the sign of the White Lion, peradventure, motionless in the airless calm—a snug parlor with a blazing ingle—reapparelling instant, almost as thought—food both for man and beast—for the Ettrick Shepherd—pardon my familiarity for sake of my friendship—and his Bonassus; yea, from goal to goal, the entire Flight is Poetry, and the original idea of nakedness is lost—or say rather veiled—in the halo-light of imagination.

Shepherd. Weel, if it's no provokin', Mr. De Quinshy, to hear you, who never was on a Bonassus a' your days, analeezin', wi' the maist comprehensive and acute philosophical accuracy, ma complex emotion during the Flight to Moffat far better than I could do myself —

North. Your, genius, James, is synthetical.

Shepherd. Synthetical! I houp no—at least nae mair sae than the genius o' Burns or Allan Kinninghame—or the lave o' for —

Opium-Eater. What is the precise Era of the Flight to Moffat?

Shepherd. Mr. De Quinshy, you're like a' ither great philosophers, ane o' the maist credulous o' mankind! You wad believe me, were I to say that I had ridden a whale up the Yarrow frae Newark to Eltrive! The haill story's a lee! and sae free o' ony foundation in truth, that I would hae nae objections to tak my Bible oath that sic a beast as a Bonassus never was creawted—and it's lucky for him that he never was, for seeing that he's said to consume three bushel o' ingans to dinner every day o' his life, Noah would never hae letten him intill the Ark, and he would have been found, after the subsiding o' the waters, a skeleton on the tap o' Mount Ararat.

Opium-Eater. His non-existence in nature is altogether distinct from his existence in the imagination of the poet—and in good

truth, redounds to his honor—for his character must be viewed in the light of a pure *Ens rationis*—or say rather —

Shepherd. Just let him be an *Ens rationis*. But confess, at the same time, that you was bammed, sir.

Opium-Eater. I recognize the legitimate colloquial use of the word *Bam*, Mr. Hogg, denoting, I believe, “the willing surrendering of belief, one of the first principles of our mental constitution, to any statement made with apparent sincerity, but real deceit, by a mind not previously suspected to exist in a perpetual atmosphere of falsehood.”

Shepherd. Just sae, sir,—that’s a *Bam*. In Glasgow, they ca’t a ggegg. But what’s the matter wi’ Mr. North! Saw ye ever the cretur lookin’ sae gash? I wish he may no be in a fit o’ apoplexy. Speak till him, Mr. De Quinsy.

Opium-Eater. His countenance is, indeed, ominously sable,—but ’tis most unlikely that apoplexy should strike a person of his spare habit; nay, I must sit corrected; for I believe that attacks of this kind have, within the last quarter of a century, become comparatively frequent, and constitute one of the not least perplexing phenomena submitted to the inquisition of Modern Medical Science. Mr. North, will you relieve our anxiety?

Shepherd (starting up and flying to MR. NORTH.) His face is a’ purple. Confoun’ that cravat!—for the mair you pu’ at it, the tichter it grows.

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, I would seriously and earnestly recommend more delicacy and gentleness.

Shepherd. Tuts. It’s fastened, I declare, ahint wi’ a gold buckle,—and afore wi’ a gold prin,—a brotch fra Mrs. Gentle, in the shape o’ a bleeding heart? ’Twill be the death o’ him. Oh! puir fallow! puir fallow!—rax me owre that knife. What’s this? You’ve given me the silter fish-knife, Mr. De Quinsy. Na,—that’s far waur, Mr. Tickler. That sword for carvin’ the round. But here’s my ain jockteleg.

(*SHEPHERD unclasps his pocket-knife,—and while brandishing it in great trepidation, MR. NORTH opens his eyes*)

North. Emond! Emond! Emond!—Thurtell—Thurtell—Thurtell!

Shepherd. A drap o’ bluid’s on his brain,—and Reason becomes Raving! What’s Man?

Tickler. Cut away, James. Not a moment to be lost. Be firm and decided, else he is a dead heathen.

Shepherd. Wae’s me,—wae’s me! Nae goshawk ever sae glowered,—and only look at his puir fingers hoo they are workin’! I canna thole the sight,—I’m as weak’s a wean,—and fear that I’m

gaun to fent. Tak the knife, Tickler. O, look at his hauns,—look at his hauns!

Tickler (bending over MR. NORTH.) Yes, yes, my dear sir,—I comprehend you—I—

Shepherd (in anger and astonishment.) Mr. Tickler! are you mad!—fingerin' your fingers in that gate,—as if you were mockin' him!

Opium-Eater. They are conversing, Mr. Hogg, in that language which originated in Oriental—

Shepherd. Oh! they're speakin' on their fingers!—then a's richt,—and Mr. North's comin' roun' again until his seven senses. It's been but a dwawm!

Tickler. Mr. North has just contrived to communicate to me, gentlemen, the somewhat alarming intelligence, that the backbone of the pike has for some time past been sticking about half-way down his throat; that being unwilling to interrupt the conviviality of the company, he endeavored at first to conceal the circumstance, and then made the most strenuous efforts to dislodge it, upwards or downwards, without avail; but that you must not allow yourselves to fall into any extravagant consternation, as he indulges the fond hope that it may be extracted, even without professional assistance, by Mr. De Quincey, who has an exceedingly neat small Byronish hand, and on whose decision of character he places the most unfaltering reliance.

Shepherd (in a huff.) Does he? Very weel—syne he forgets auld freens—let him do sae—

North. Ohrr Hogrwhu—chru—u—u—u—Hogruwhuu—

Shepherd. Na! I canna resist sic pleadin' eloquence as that—here's the screw, let me try it. Or, what think ye, Mr. Tickler,—what think ye, Mr. De Quinshy—o' this pair o' boot-hooks. Gin I could get a cleik o' the bane by ane o' the vertebræ, I might hoise it gently up, by slaw degrees, sae that ane could get at it wi' their fingers, and then pu' it out o' his mouth in a twinklin'! But first let me look doon his throat. Open your mouth, my dearest sir.

(MR. NORTH leans back his head, and opens his mouth.)

Shepherd. I see't like a harrow. Rin ben, baith o' ye, for Mr. Awmrose.

(TICKLER and MR. DE QUINCEY obey.)

Weel ackit, sir—weel ackit—I was ta'en in mysell at first, for your cheeks were like coals. Here's the back-bane o' the pike on the trencher—I'll—

(Re-enter TICKLER and OPIUM-EATER, with MR. AMBROSE, pale as death.)

It's all over, gentlemen—it's all over.

Ambrose. Oh! oh! oh! (*Faints away into TICKLER's arms.*)

Shepherd. What the deevil's the matter wi' you, you set o' fules?—I've gotten out the bane. Look here at the skeleton o' the shark!

Opium-Eater. Monstrous !

North, (running to the assistance of *MR. AMBROSE*.) We have sported too far, I fear, with his sensibilities.

Opium-Eater. A similar case of a fish-bone in Germany—

Shepherd. Mr. De Quinshy, can you really swallow that ?

(*Looking at the pike-back, about two feet long.*)

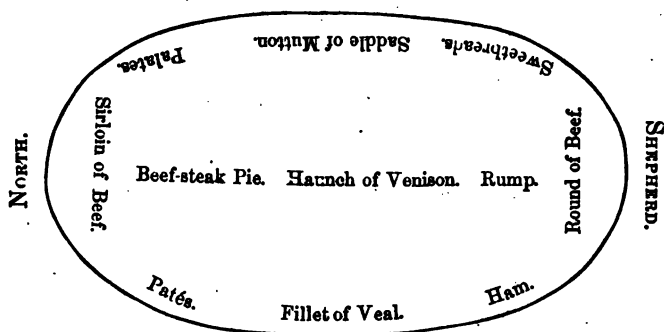
But the hour has nearly expired.

(*The Leanders play*—"Hey, Johnny Cope, are you wauken yet ?"

—*MR. AMBROSE starts to his feet—runs off—and re-appears almost instantaneously at the head of the forces.*

Third Course.—Flesh. .

TICKLER.



ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Shepherd, (in continuation.) And do you really think, Mr. North, that the kintra's in great and general distress, and a' orders in a state o' absolute starvation ?

North. Yes, James, although the Duke* cannot see the sufferings of his subjects, I can—and —

Shepherd. Certain appearances do indicate national distress ; yet I think I cou'd, withouten meikle difficulty, lay my haun-the noo on ithers that seem to lead to a different conclusion.

North. No sophistry, James. True, that we are now sitting at a Feast. But remember, James, that All Fools' Day has been duly celebrated by us ever since the commencement of our career, and that one omission of observance of such anniversary might prove fatal to the existence of "The Magazine."

Shepherd. At least ominous. For sure aneuch it wou'd be ungratefu' to forget our subscribers.

* Of Wellington ; then Prime Minister.—M.

North. And are we to violate a sacred custom, merely because the country has been brought, by an incapable and unprincipled ministry, to the brink of ruin?

Opium-Eater. Yet, I have seen nothing in the condition of the people, to incline me to doubt the truth of the doctrine, originally stated by Say, afterwards expounded by Ricardo, and, since the death of that illustrious discoverer, (happier than Cook, who by twice circumnavigating the globe,—for on his third voyage he was cut off by the savage Sandwichers, the problem unsolved—ascertained the non-existence of Terra Incognita Australis; yea, more felicitous even than Columbus, who, while he indeed found a new world, mistook it for an old one, and dreamt that he beheld isles that of old had been visited for their golden store by the ships of Solomon;)—I say, since the death of David Ricardo unmercifully and laboriously overloaded with a heap of leaden words that love the ground, by Smith, and Mac Culloch, [whose pages are the most arid spots in that desert of Politico-Economical science which the genius of the Jew mapped out, indicating the direction in which all the main caravan roads ought to run by the banks of the rivers, by the wells, and by the oases]—that doctrine which, being established by arguments *a priori*, would indeed remain in my reason immutable as an axiom in the mathematics, in spite of all the seeming opposition of mere outward facts, or phenomena from which the blind leading the blind, owl-like in mid-day, would seek to draw conclusions at vital enmity with those primal truths subsisting effectually and necessarily in the Relations of Things;—(which relations indeed they are, shadowed or figured out to ordinary apprehension under various names;)—the Doctrine, in short, that Production is the Cause of Production, that Vents create Vents, and thence, that a universal Glut is a Moral and Physical Impossibility, the monster of a sick merchant's dream.

Shepherd. That Vents creawte Vents! Do you mean, in plain language, Mr. De Quinshy, to say that lums creawte lums—that æ chimley procreawtes anither chimley—

North. My dear James, you know nothing of Political Economy—so hold your—

Shepherd. Heaven be praised! for a' them that pretends they do—I mean the farmers—aye break. I ken æ puir fallow, a cock-laird, wi' a pleasant mailin' o' his ain, that had been in the family since Seth, that got his death by studyin' the Stot. "Stimulate production! Stimulate production!" was æ puir Watty's cry—"Nae fear o' consumption. The *nati consumere fruges*"—(for the Stot had taught him to quote some rare lines o' Latin)—"will æ be hungry and thirsty, and need to wear claes;"—but Watty drave baith his pigs and his sheep to a laigh market; he fand that the Stot

was likewise far wrang in tellin' him that competition cou'd no possibly reduce profits—an apothegm you would hae thocht aforehaun' that wud hae scunner'd a natural-born idiot—yet still wud Watty study the Stot—for he was a dour cretur—till ae nicht, ridin' hame frae Selkirk, wi' MacCulloch's Principles in the right-haun pouch o' his big coat, he was, as you micht easily hae conjectured, thrawn aff his balance, and cowpin' ower till that side, was dragged wi' his fit in the stirrup till he was as dead as the Stot's ain doctrine about Absentees.

North. Besides, gentlemen, remember that our board to-day is chiefly supplied by presents, among which are many love-gifts from the fair —

Shepherd. And then, The Fragments —

North. The *Reliquæ Danaum* —

Shepherd. Are the property o' the poor —

North. And will all be distributed to-morrow, by ticket, according to the arrangement of Mrs. Gentle —

Shepherd. The maist charitable o' God's creturs—exceptin' yoursell, my dear sir—whose haun' is open as day—Oh, man! but there's a heap o' hatefu' meanin' in the epithet, *close-fisted*! I like aye to see the open pawm, for it's amaist as expressive's the open broo. A greedy chiel, him that's ony way meeserly, aye sits, you'll observe, wi' his nieves crunkled up unconsciously through the power o' habit, or keeps them in the pockets o' his breeks as if fumblin' amang the fardens; and let the conversation be about what it wull, there's aye a sort o' mental reservation in his een, seemin' to say, that if the talk should tak a turn, and ony hint be drapt about a subscription to a droon'd fisherman's widow and weans, or the like, he'll instantly thraw cauld water on't, suggest inquiries intill her character, and ring the bell for his hack. *North*, luk at thae twa creturs gutlin'—the tane at the saiddle, and the tither at the fillet! Awnrose, change the position o' the foure principal dishes answerin' to the Foure Airs.*

AMBROSE makes the saddle exchange places with the fillet, the sirloin with the round.)

By this dispensation, each o' us gets easy access, feenally, to a' the dishes, sereawtim; can carve in his ain way, and taks his fair chance o' the tidbits;—but d'ye ken, sirs, that I'm getting melancholy—fa'in into laigh spirits—weary o' life. I houp it's but the reaction frae that daffin'—but really the verra skies seem to me een as if I were lookin' up to them, lyin' on my back aneath a muddy stream—while, as for this globe, it's naething but glaur! The poetry o' life is dead and buried, sir, and wha can bear to be wadin' frae mornin' till nicht, up to his oxters, in prose? The verra deevil himsell's

* *Airs*—winds.—M.

got dull in the haun's o' that Rab Montgomery*—cauldried, as if hell were out o' coals,—a' its blast-furnaces choked up wi' blue silent ashes—and the damned coorin' and chitterin' in corners, as if fire were frost.

North. James! James!

Shepherd. Dinna be feared for me bein' blasphemous. Rather than sin sae, micht I cease to breathe, or gang sighin' and sabbin' in insanity through the woods and moors! The deevil's just as utter a nonentity as ony ither dream; or if no, at the maist, he's but a soap-bubble. Mind ye, I'm speakin' o' an external deevil—a shaped Satan—a limb'd Lucifer—a Beelzebub wi' a belly—goin' bodily about, wi' cloots and horns, seeking whom he may devour.

North. The saving superstition of the imagination.

Shepherd. Just sae—shadows seen by sin movin' atween and the sky in the gloamin', when naeboddy's near, but some glowerin' and listenin' auld motionless tower—shadows o' its ain thochts, at which it aften gangs demented—nor will they subside awa' intill naething, but, unsubstantial as they are, far mair endurable than substance—just as ghosts continue to glide about for centuries after the bodies have amaist ceased to be even bones, and haunt a' the hills and glens, sunshine and moonlight alike, loun or stormy days; nor unprivileged are they by conscience to enter—just as if a thunder-cloud were side o' the sinner, even on the Sabbath—and keepin' fixed on his their dismal een, they can frighten the immortal spirit within him, sae that his ears nae mair transmit to it the singin' o' the psalm—unless you ca' that singin', which is mair like the noise o' ever sae many swarms o' bees a' castin' thegither on a het day on the same sycamore, and murderin' ane anither in the confusion o' queens, by hail hives, till the winged air is in torment, and a' the grun' aneath crawlin' wi' wrathfu' mutilation!

North. Pollok was a true poet—and the Course of Time, though not a poem, overflows with poetry; but the apes of that angel must be bagged, and stifled in the cess-pools of the cities where they—

Shepherd. Suppose we begin wi' the Embro' apes. There's that cretur—

North. Let him stand over for a season—one other chatter—and he dies.

Shepherd. I cou'd greet—I hae grat—to think o' puir Pollok haein' been ca'd sae sune awa'—but his country may be said to hae bigged a monument ower his remains.

North. Poor Blanco White's London Review—got up among

* The Rev. Robert Montgomery, now [1854] Minister of Percy Episcopal Chapel, London, was a student at Oxford in 1830. The success of his "Omnipresence of the Deity," before he was twenty-one, had made him what is called "a popular poet," and he ruthlessly followed this up with "The Universal Prayer," and a sort of epic called "Satan," with other volumes.—For some years, Montgomery has been a flowery and popular preacher.—M.

some of the most formal of the Oxford prigs—for Whateley* surely could never countenance such a concern—the only number that ever got printed ordered the world to despise Pollok. The Course of Time—Miltonic in design and execution—was tried by the Oriel critic as a prize poem—

Shepherd. I recollect, sir. Yon Number's used at Mount Benger still, as a stane weight—

North. Each paltry periodical, James, that, born of poorest parents, and fed from the first, as pauper's brats must be, on pap provided by charity, begins soon as it is dropped, drab-and-ditch delivered, instinctively to caterwaul after the fashion of its progenitors, like a nest o' kittens, snoking about the straw with their little red snub-noses, and sealed swoln eyes, which are plainly doomed never to see the day, except perhaps one single blink on the morning they are all plopped piteously into a pond, to be fished out and flung in again, every spring-Saturday, by schoolboys learning the elements of angling—Each paltry periodical, James, weekly, monthly, or quarterly—while like a bubble in a cart-wheel rut, it attempts to reflect the physiognomy of Christopher North—employs the very first moments of its transitory existence in showing its gums—for time is not given it for teeth—at Me—at Us—at the MAGAZINE—who would not even take the trouble of treating it as a Newfoundland dog has been sometimes seen to treat a troublesome turnspit.

Shepherd. Out they gang, ane after the ither, like sae mony farden candles, stickin' intill turnips—and och! what a shabby stink! Ae single sneer, frae you, sir, smeeks and smithers them in their ain reek; and yet, sic is the spite o' stupidity, that ae fule taks nae warnin' frae the fate o' the fule afore him, but they are a' like sae mony sheep, jumpin' o' their ain accord into the verra shambles—although the Shepherd—that's me—does a' he can' wi' his colleys to keep them out o' the jaws o' destruction, and get them a' safely collected in a staring squad on the common, where they may feed on herbage little or none the waur for the goose-dung. Hoo's the Embro' Review gaun on?

North. Very well indeed, James. Methinks, under the new editor,* it hath more pith and smeddum.

Shepherd. O' late years it has aye reminded me o' an auld worn-out ram, whom the proprietor does na like either to let dee o' hun-

* Dr. Richard Whately, when President of St. Alban's Hall and Professor of Political Economy, at Oxford, in 1831, was made Archbishop of Dublin. He was intimate with the Rev. Blanco White, who had been a priest in Spain, and passed through Protestantism into the Unitarian faith. Archbishop Whately's Manual of Logic has become a school-book. His "Historic Doubts on the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte" (on the model of Horace Walpole's brochure of Richard III.) has gone in to a great many editions. In 1854, he is sixty-seven years of age. The annual income of his Archbishopric is nearly £8000.

* In 1829 Macony Napier succeeded Jeffrey in the Editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*.—M.

ger, or a' at aince to put out o' its meesery—but syne he's of nae use noo. and wunna sell either for woo' or meat, the master flings him noo and then a turnip, and noo and then alloos him a wusp o' strae—as he stauns wi' his tawty-sides, speeral horns, and beard that has never been shorn in the memory o' man—the Emage rather than the Reality o' a Ram.

North. Why, James, the youth of the animal seems in some measure restored, and he butts away with much animation and —

Shepherd. Let him tak tent he does na break his horns. Them that's beginning to bud's tender, but them that's dune wi' growin' 's frush; I hae nae faith in the renewal o' youth; and though the Ram, videlicet, the Review, may be better fed noo than for some wunters by-past—puir beast!—yet he can only be patched up. Ye may aiblins fatten his sides—but I'll defy you to harden his horns. Wash him in the Sky-blue Pool, but still wull his woo' be like a species o' hair on some outlandish dug; and as for continuin' his —

North. Southey's Colloquies are, in the opinion of young Macaulay,* exceedingly contemptible —

Shepherd. And wha's young Macaulay?

North. The son of old Macaulay.

Shepherd. And wha the deevil's auld Macaulay?

North. Zachary.

Shepherd. What? The Sierra Leone saint, who has been the means of sendin' sae mony sinners to Satan through that accursed settlement?

North. The same—whom our friend Macqueen has squabashed—and whom that able and accomplished man Charles M'Kenzie, late consul-general at Hayti —

Shepherd. Charles M'Kenzie! I see his Notes on Hayti advertized by Colburn. I'll warrant they'll be gude—for I remember him lang ago, a medical student at the college here, afore he turned himsell to mercantile affairs, and a cleverer young man wasna in a' Einbro'.

North. He is about to be sent out by government to Cuba—one of the judges to inquire —

Shepherd. I'm glad to hear't—I houp noo he'll send me hame some rum and limes—wi' a hogshhead o' sugar —

* Thomas Babington Macaulay, the eminent speaker [of prepared orations,] poet, critic, and historian. About such a man information cannot be superfluous. Therefore I say that he was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; was elected to the Craven Fellowship in 1821; to a fellowship in Trinity in 1822; made B. A. in 1822; M. A. in 1825; called to the English bar in 1826; was elected a bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1849; was Commissioner of Bankruptcy; Commissioner, and subsequently a Secretary to the India Board; Member of, and legal adviser to, (with an annu 1 salary of £10,000 for five years,) the Supreme Council of India; Secretary at War from 1839 to 1841; Paymaster-General from 1846 to 1848. Has sat in Parliament from 1830 to 1854—with two vacancies of five years each, one while absent in India, the other from 1847 to 1852, when turned out of the representation of Edinburgh, which he regained without any solicitation on his part in the latter year. Unmarried.—M.

North. But, James, as I was saying, Thomas Macaulay informs his fellow-creatures that Robert Southey's mind is "utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood."

Shepherd. Then Thomas Macaulay is nather more nor less than an impertinent puppy for his pains; and Maga should lay him across her knee, down wi' his breeks, and haun ower head wi' the tause on his doup, like Dominie Skelp—

North. He adds, "Mr. Southey brings to the task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in measure so copious to any human being,—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation;" and again, "in the mind of Mr. Southey, reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave."

Shepherd. I wonner, sir, hoo you can remember sic malignant trash. An' these are the symptoms, sir, are they, that the youth o' the auld Ram is renewed?

North. No doubt seems to have entered the mind of the young gentleman, that, while in fact he was merely attempting, without much point, to stick a pin into the calve of one of Mr. Southey's literary legs, he was planting a dagger in the brain of the Laureate.

Shepherd. A Lilliputian atween the spauls o' Gulliver. Yet one canna but admire the courage o' the cretur in the inverse ratio o' its impotence. Only suppose Soothey to stir in his sleep—but to gie a sneeze or a snore—and hoo the bit barrister—for I remember what the bit body is noo—would wriggle awa like a worm, and divin' intill some dung, hide himsell amang the grubs.

North. He's a clever lad, James—

Shepherd. Evidently, and a clever lad he'll remain, depend ye upon that, a' the days o' his life. A clever lad o' thirty year auld and some odds, is to ma mind the maist melancholy sicht in nature—only think o' a clever lad o' threescore and ten on his death-bed, wha can look back on nae greater achievements than haein' aince—or aiblins ten times—abused Mr. Soothey in the Embro' Review!

North. The son of the Saint,* who seems himself to be something of a reviewer, is insidious as the serpent, but, fangless as the slow-worm.

Shepherd. That's the hag or blin-worm?

North. The same. He pretends to admire Mr. Southey's poetry, that with its richness he may contrast the poverty of his prose. "His larger poems," quoth he, "though full of faults, are nevertheless extraordinary productions. We doubt greatly whether they will be read fifty years hence—but that, if they are read, they will be admired; we have no doubt whatever." As for his short poems, "they

* Zachary Macaulay, the historian's father, was one of the Wilberforce School of Pietists.
—M.

are not generally happy; and "his odes are for the most part worse than Pye's, and as bad as Cibber's."

Shepherd. Puir deevil! hoo envious thochts maun hae been eatin' awa at his heart like mites in a rotten cheese!

North. All Mr. Southey's heroes—says the Templar—"make love either like seraphim or cattle." "No man out of a cloister ever wrote about love so coldly, and at the same time so grossly."

Shepherd. A' the young leddies in Britain ken that to be a lee—and the cross-bred puppy o' a mongrel-cur wadna hesitate to ca' themselves limmers, after speakin' o' the coldness and grossness of the love of Thalaba for Oneiza his Arabian Maid, whether breathed in delight beneath the palm-tree's shade, or groaned in madness amid the tombs, after Azrael the angel of death had left their bridal chamber. What does he mean by cattle?

North. Obscene insolence!

Shepherd. Trash like that, sir, wad damn at aince ony new periodical. Tak ma word for't, sir, the auld Ram'll no leeve lang on sic articles o' consumption. He'll tak the rot, and dee a' ae scab, ae carbuncle, "a perfect chrysolite."

North. I had some thoughts of exposing the gross misrepresentations—say the falsehoods—of this article—but —

Shepherd. 'Tweel it's no worth your while. The weed's withered, I'se warrant, by this time, though no a month auld, while the flowers o' Mr. Soothey's genius, rich and rare, bright and balmy, will breathe and bloom as laug's the sun shines on the earth, and the Seasons keep rinnin', alternately, unwearied alangside o' his chariot wheels. Mr. De Quinshy, what for dinna ye speak?

Opium-Eater. Mr. Southey is, beyond all doubt, one of the most illustrious, just as Mr. Macaulay is one of the most obscure men, of the age. The abuse lavished upon him in that contemptible critique on his Colloquies—a critique which I have read, and therefore must correct the statement I made about the middle of the last Course, that I had not seen any number of the Edinburgh Review since that for April, 1826—is baser than I could have expected, even from a Macaulay—meaning thereby any Sinner among the Saints—and I do not doubt, Mr. Hogg, to use your own amusing image, that it will sicken, if not poison to death, the old Ram—the ancient Aries—a sign into which the sun never enters—

Shepherd. That's wutty—I'm a sure judge o' wut—that's wutty!

Tickler, (aside to the SHEPHERD.) But so-so; I prefer our admirable friend's logic to his —

Shepherd, (aside to TICKLER.) Na, na, I canna thole his logic.

Opium-Eater. But while I reprobate the insolent spirit in which this obscure cipher has chosen to speak of such a good and great man, let it be understood that I not only withhold my sympathy

from some of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Southey in his Colloquies, but censure them as most erroneous and most unjust; as, for example, all that he has falsely and foolishly said, in that and other works, respecting the periodical literature of this age. What right had Mr. Southey, who gains an honorable livelihood, chiefly by his contributions to Reviews, to put into the mouth of Sir Thomas More the following insulting sentence—insulting to many minds of the same order with his own, and as devoted to the truth;—"The waters in which you have now been angling have been shallow enough, if the pamphlet in your hand is, as it appears to be, a Magazine." Nor is his answer to the Ghost more courteous to his contemporaries;—"In publications of this kind, prejudicial as they are to public taste and public feeling, and therefore deeply injurious to the real interests of literature, something may sometimes be found to compensate for the trash, and tinsel, and insolent flippancy, which are now become the staple commodities of such journals."

Shepherd. Hut, tut, Mr. Soothey; you shouldna hae said that, sir, for it's no tr——

Opium-Eater. In the first place, Mr. Southey ought to have given the name of the pamphlet—that is, the Magazine—from which he chose to extract Kant's Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitical plan. Secondly, he ought to have printed that extract as an extract from that Magazine, and not to have attempted, rather unsuccessfully, to incorporate its substance with his own work. Thirdly, he ought to have given the name of the translator, not unknown to him, when he scrupled not to enrich the Colloquies with some of Kant's thoughts, in the original to him inaccessible, as Mr. Southey's knowledge of the language of Germany does not embrace the nomenclature of any of its philosophical schools or sects.* Fourthly, to insult publicly the character of all Magazines—that included from which you are at the same time pilfering a jewel, (Mr. Southey will, nay must, ponder the word "pilfer,") is inconsistent with the common courtesies of life, and unworthy of a scholar and a gentleman. Fifthly, the Magazine from which Mr. Southey makes that extract (which I may mention was translated by me) was the London Magazine, published by Taylor and Hessey, and originally under the editorship of John Scott. Its chief supporters were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Hood, Reynolds, the most amiable and ingenuous Aytoun,† whose beautiful and original

* All this—querulous and egotistical—is so wonderfully like what De Quincey would have said, (and what he afterwards did write,) that I suspect he supplied the "*ipsissima verba*."—M.

† Aytoun, "who died too soon," was a very clever essayist. Fanny Aytoun, his sister, was Prima Donna, for a season, at the Italian Opera-House, in London. She afterwards became a teacher of music and singing, in Liverpool. The last time I saw her, in 1852, was as the wife of Mr. Barlow, in London, with a graceful and beautiful daughter by her side;—it was indeed the rose and the rose-bud.—M.

Papers were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, and—let me not assume the semblance of that paltry humility which I despise—myself; and how dared Mr. Southey to assert, that of any journal so supported, tinsel, trash, and insolent flippancy, were the staple commodities?

Shepherd. I couldna love as weel as admire ony man, however great and good, and Mr. Soothey's haith, and has aye been generous to my genius, gin he hadna his wee bit weaknesses, like ither folk—sae on the whole, I'm glad that he has been sae far left to himsell as to sneer at a' the Magguzins, and insult, in a lump, a' their editors, contributors, and subscribers, comprehending, I guess, nine-tenths o' the nation.

Opium-Eater. Neither shall a spurious delicacy deter me from declaring, even here, that there is more wit, and more wisdom, in the Periodical over which, Mr. North, you preside, and to which there are now present two of the most distinguished contributors—

Shepherd. Say three, sir—say three, Mr. De Quinshy—for when you do write—pity it's sae seldom—ye bang us a'—

Opium-Eater. Than in an equal number of any other miscellaneous volumes, the product of this or the preceding century, not excepting on the list all the best of Mr. Southey's own, full as they are of wit and wisdom, and placing him deservedly in the first rank of our literature. Tinsel there may be, but it lies lightly over bars of the beaten gold; he must have an instinct for trash who can detect it among the necessities and luxuries of life, that are monthly distributed to all classes, with most lavish, even prodigal profusion, from that inexhaustible Magazine; and as for insolent flippancy, that cannot be said without senseless and blindfolded injustice, to be the staple commodity of a Periodical, of which one of the chief claims has long lain in those myriad-minded Dialogues, whose facete benignities, cordialities, and humanities, form a continued era in the philosophy of human life. Need I name, unworthy member as I am of this meeting—the Noctes Ambrosianæ!

Omnes. Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Shepherd. Gie me an unce o' opium, Mr. De Quinshy—

Opium-Eater, (*filling up drops of laudanum in the minimeter to 120.*) I give you a small dose to begin with, Mr. Hogg—

Shepherd. Na—na—I was but jokin'—I'm ower auld to begin on the poppy, I'se een keep to the maut.

Opium-Eater. To recur, for a brief space, to the article on Mr. Southey in the Edinburgh Review. The editor, who, I am told, is an able and judicious man, ought not to have admitted it, at this juncture, or crisis, into his work. Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Southey were open and avowed foes, Mr. Jeffrey having been, beyond all question, the aggressor. The interest of the war was at an end,

when that accomplished champion quitted the field; and the public is not prepared to regard, with any satisfaction the renewal of the attack on Mr. Southey, by a combatant whose shield bears no impress of any high emprise. He is, after all, but a mere skirmisher, and could not abide the onset of a man-at-arms.

North. The editor should at least have assured himself, by a perusal of the *Colloquies*, that the young man's critique, as it is called, contained no such wilful misrepresentations as would disgrace a gentleman in the intercourse of private life.

Opium-Eater. Yet several such there are—gross misstatements of facts—to say nothing of the spirit of mis-interpretation that pervades the whole article—like envenomed blood, circulated through a body bloated and discolored by some rank disease. The mention of one will suffice; and, if not dead to shame, let the face of the reviewer blush brass, while he hangs down his head.

North. The volumes are in the saloon library. I will get them for you in a moment;

(MR. NORTH takes down the *Colloquies* from the shelf *Cæsar*.)

Opium-Eater. Beautifully bound! By what artist?

North. By Henderson.*

Opium-Eater. Now, I will make a complete exposure of this prig—who, in seeking to render Mr. Southey ridiculous, has made himself hateful.

Shepherd. Here's your health, sir, again, in a caulker. Let's hear't.

Opium-Eater. In the *Colloquy* entitled—Walla-Crag—Sir Thomas More having said that the progress of the useful arts, and the application of science to the purposes of common life, warrant the expectation, that whenever a state shall duly exercise its parental duties, there will be no trades which shall either hebetate the faculties or harden the heart,—

Shepherd. That, I fear, 's Utopian.

Opium-Eater. Not the less characteristic, on that account, Mr. Hogg, of Sir Thomas More.

Shepherd. Eh?

Opium-Eater. Montesinos—the name Mr. Southey adopts in these *Colloquies*—says, “Butchers will continue,”—and then adds, “I cannot but acknowledge, with good John Fox, that the sight of a slaughter-house or shambles, if it does not disturb this clear conviction,” (he is alluding to the mercifulness of cutting off suddenly and violently the existence of animals, who thus suffer less than those who die of disease or inanition,) “excites in me uneasiness and pain, as well as loathing.”

* Of Edinburgh.—M.

Shepherd. Natural enough, surely, and likely to happen to a men unaccustomed to see butchin'—

Opium-Eater. "They produce," continues Mr. Southey, "a worse effect upon the persons employed on them;" and again, he says, "perhaps, however, the hardness of heart which this occupation is believed to produce, may, in most cases, have been the cause wherefore it is chosen."

Shepherd. I can scarcely agree wi' that—

Opium-Eater. Allow me, Mr. Hogg, to complete what I have got to say, without interruption. Here the Reviewer falls foul of Mr. Southey for an alleged libel on Butchers. "Mr. Southey," quoth he, "represents them as men who are necessarily reprobates—as men who must necessarily be reprobates—even in the most improved state of society—even to use his own phrase, in a Christian Utopia." Here follows a forty-line page of high moral vituperation. Now, the charge is entirely false, and the Reviewer must have known it to be entirely false. For there is an alternation—an interchange of sentiment on this subject between the two interlocutors in the Dialogue. Sir Thomas More corrects this first wholly natural, but partly erroneous impression, made on the mind of Montesinos by the sight of the shambles, and shows him "how he is mistaken." Montesinos represents himself as being set right by the gracious Ghost, and says, "The best answer, however, to what I was unthinkingly disposed to credit, is, that the men engaged in this occupation are not found to furnish more than their numerical proportion of offenders to the criminal list; and that, as a body they are by no means worse than any other set of men upon the same level." He then quotes Dr. Beddoes, and enters somewhat deeper into the philosophy of the matter—observing, "because they are well fed, they are not exposed to the temptation which necessity brings with it, the mother of crime, as well as of arts; and their occupation being constant, they are likewise safe from the dangers of idleness. The relation, too, in which they stand to their customers, places them in a salutary degree of dependence, and makes them understand how much their own welfare depends upon civility and good conduct."

Shepherd. Macaulay can hae nae principle—that's flat.

Opium-Eater. Sir Thomas More is then made to say to Montesinos—"You have thus yourself remarked, that men who exercise the occupation, which of all others at first sight appears most injurious to the human heart, and which inevitably must injure it to some degree, are, in point of fact, no worse than their neighbors, and much better than the vagrant classes of the population, and those whose employment is casual. They are better, because they fare better, and are more under the influence of order. Improve the

condition of others, bring them within the sphere of order, instead of leaving them merely within the reach—the chance reach, almost it may be called—of vindictive law, and the result will be the same.”

Tickler. Your exposure, sir, o’ the calumniator, is complete.

Opium-Eater. Allow me to read one short passage more from the Review: “And what reasons are given for a judgment so directly opposed to every principle of sound and manly morality. *Merely this*—that he cannot abide the sight of their apparatus—that from certain peculiar associations he is affected with disgust when he passes by their shops.”

Shepherd. O man! I wadna be that Macaulay for ony money. Hoo sma’ he looks! Hoo sma’ he sings! and hoo sma’ he maun feel in the preevat consciousness, and the public conviction, o’ haein’ deliberately traduced sic a man as Mr. Soothey! without ony ither provocation, I jalouse, than the sense o’ inferiority, that keeps gnawin’ like a veeper at the veetals o’ the envious, and licks up party spite, or rather party spittle, a foul and fetid foam that drenches the worms’ fangs, if it has gotten ony, and a’ worms hae organs o’ some sort or ither for bitin’—in a poison that only the mair blackens and embitters its ain rotten heart.

North, (glancing over the article in the Review.) What stuff’s this about lawyers and soldiers?

Opium-Eater. All of the same kidney—silly sophistry or monstrous misrepresentations, which—

North. The Whigs will chuckle and crow over, but the gentlemen of England tread scornfully under foot, as something smelling of a new kind of Cockneyism, even more offensive to the senses than that which stinks in Little Britain.

Shepherd. Fling’t frae you. Wi’ a’ your fautes, sir, you never admit intil Maga ony malignant attacks on Genius, and Virtue, and Knowledge—and when or where were these Three ever united mair gloriously, and mair beautifully, and endearingly, than in Mr. Soothey? Had Mr. Soothey been a Whig, and had he leev’d in Embro’ here, and had you written in that way about him, (a great heap o’ maist impossible and contradictory supposes, I alloo—something like supposin’ licht darkness, and straught crooked, and honey the jice o’ aloes,) what a hullyballoo wou’dna ye hae been ca’d, like the Auld Man o’ the Mountain! But ye never was an assassin, sir, ony mair than a Saint. O’ a’ the Great Poets o’ the age, whatever their politics or their party, you have sounded the eulogium, trumpet-tongued, till a’ the warld rang wi’ their fame. What’n a contrast atween Maga and the Ram! But whisht, I heard a fisslin’ in the gallery!

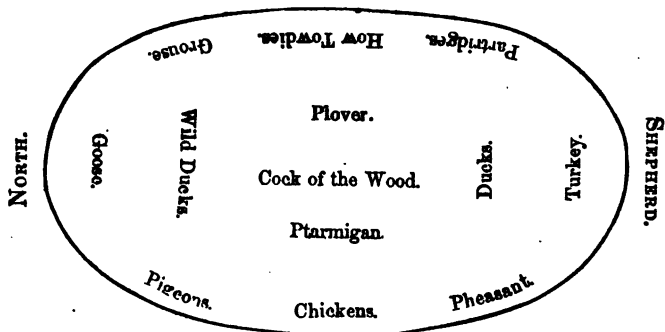
North. Leander!

The horns sound, and enter in 1831 AMBROSE.

Shepherd, (in continuation.) Ggem! and Fools!

Fourth Course.—Fowl.

TICKLER.



ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Shepherd. I fancy the order of the day hauds gude alike through a' the coorses—every man helpin' himself to the dish neist to him; then to think hoo the verra seasons themselfs accommodate their productions to our Festivals! Soops, Fish, Flesh, and Fool o' a' sorts in perfection, in spite o' the month—it's really curious, and shows hoo folk's the slaves o' habit. Mr. North, ony thing gaun on, up by vonner in Lunnun, in the literary department?

North. I live so entirely out of the literary world, James, that—

Shepherd. Ye leeve in a' kind o' warlds, you warlock; and confoun me if I dinna believe you employ spies.

North. None, my dear James, but these two eyes, now waxing somewhat dim, and these two ears, now waxing somewhat deaf, and that general sense of feeling spread by nature all over the surface of the body, all through its frame, and originating in the interior of the soul, by which one is made to feel and know a thousand indescribable things, far beyond the acquisition of the mere understanding, things of which the range grows, so it seems, wider and wider every day as we near the place of our final rest.

Shepherd. No, I canna say I do; but what's gaun on in Lunnun in the book way?

North. Sotheby has published three Specimens of his translation of Homer—the First Book of the Iliad, the Parting between Hector and Andromache, and the Shield of Achilles.

Tickler. A bold, nay, a rash man, to enter the lists with Pope.

Shepherd. Wi' Pop? What for no? I've heard there's a great

difference between Pop's Homer and Homer's Homer, and I can weel believ't —

Tickler. And so perhaps will there be found to be between Sotheby's Homer and Homer's Homer, James; a great or greater —

North. Sotheby's Georgies stamped him the best translator in Christendom. That was, in my opinion, a more difficult achievement than an equally admirable translation of the Iliad. I have read his specimens—and in an early number—perhaps the next—intend to sift them thoroughly,* comparing all the fine or difficult passages in the original, with Pope, Hobbes, Chapman, Cowper—and my friend, Mr. Sotheby, who will probably be found, in the whole, to have excelled all his predecessors in this great task.

Tickler. I'll back Pope for a rump and a dozen——

North. Done. Have you seen a little volume, James, entitled "Tales in Verse,"† by the Reverend H. T. Lyte—published by Marsh and Miller, and which seems to have reached a second edition?

Shepherd. Na!

North. Now, that is the right kind of religious poetry. Mr. Lyte shows how the sins and sorrows of man flow from irreligion, in simple but strong domestic narratives, told in a style and spirit reminding one sometimes of Goldsmith, and sometimes of Crabbe. A volume so humble in its appearance and pretensions runs the risk of being jostled off the highway into by-paths—and indeed no harm if it should, for in such retired places 'twill be pleasant reading—pensive in the shade, and cheerful in the sunshine. Mr. Lyte has reaped

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart"—

and his Christian Tales will be read with interest and instruction by many a fireside. The Brothers is eminently beautiful; and he ought to give us another volume.

Shepherd. Wha's she, that Mrs. Norton, that wrote the Sorrows o' Rosalie?

North. Daughter of poor dear Tom Sheridan, who was indeed a star.‡ Four generations of genius!—She is, I am told, even more beautiful than——

* This promise was fulfilled—but not until the following year. The articles were by Wilson.—M.

† This work, of which the second edition was published in December, 1829, was entitled "Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer."—M.

‡ Tom Sheridan was son of the great orator and dramatist, by his first wife, the beautiful vocalist, Miss Linley. He was clever and careless, witty and imprudent. He finally obtained an appointment at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died. Of his children,—one daughter married Lord Seymour, and will be Duchess of Somerset; another also married well; another, the poetess—most gifted, unhappy and imprudent—espoused Mr. Norton, brother of Lord Grantley. The only son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, eloped with the heiress of Sir Colquhoun Grant, and has been in Parliament from 1845 until the present time.—M.

Shepherd. Her poetry! That'll be no easy, sir; for there's a saftness and a sweetness and a brightness, and abune a' an indefinite, and indescribable, and undefinable, and unintelligible, general, vague, dim, fleetin' speerit o' feminine sympathy and attraction—na, na, na, these are no the richt words ava—a celestial atmosphere o' the balm o' a thousand flowers, especially lilies and roses, pinks, carnations, violets, honeysuckle, and sweetbriar—an intermingled mawgic o' the sweetest scents in natur—heaven and earth breathin' upon ane anither's faces and breasts—hangin ower yon bit pathetic poem, Rosalie, that inclines aye to remember the fair young lady that wrote it in his prayers!

North. Good, kind, and true, my dear James. That is criticism.

Shepherd. It's a story of seduction, nae doot, and the prim-mou'd will purse up their lips at it, as if you were gaun to offer to kiss them—than whilk naething could be farther frae my intentions—however near it might be to their desires.

North. “A tale of tears—a mortal story.”

Shepherd. Oh! sir! hoo delicately virtuous women write about love! Chastity feels her ain sacred character—and, when inspired by genius, isna she a touchin' Muse! Modesty, Chastity's sister, though aiblins at times rather just a wee thoct ower doun-lookin', and as if a red light fell suddenly on a white lily or a white rose, blushin' no that deeply, but wi' a thin, fine, faint, fleetin' tint, sic as you may see within the inside o' a wee bit curled shell when, walking on the yellow seashore, you haud it up atween you and the licht, and feel hoo perfectly beautifu' is the pearl—

North. Mrs. Norton is about to publish another poem—“The Undying One.” I do not like the title—

Shepherd. Nor me the noo. But, perhaps, when published, it may be felt to be appropriate; and at a' events, whatever objections there may be to the name, there'll be nane, I'm sure, to the speerit o' the poem.

North. I remember reading, one day last summer, at the foot of Benlomond, a little poem, called Gabrielle, from the pen of Cyrus Redding—the collaborateur of Campbell, I have heard, in the New Monthly,—which breathed a fine, fresh, free, mountain spirit. The scene is laid in Switzerland—and the heroine goes mad with woe on the death of her parents under an avalanche. There are numberless true touches of nature, both in the pathetic and the picturesque, which prove the author to belong to the right breed. He is a Poet.

Shepherd. Wha's Bawl?

North. Mr. Ball is a young gentleman, at least I hope so, who has modestly avoided the more difficult and extensive subjects of song, and chosen one of the easiest and narrowest—The Creation.

Shepherd. Of coorse—in blanks?

North. Yes, James, in blanks. I see Mr. Murray has advertised a "Descent into Hell."*

Shepherd. That's rather alarmin'—is it to be performed by Mooshy Shawbert? I thocht Mr. Murray wou'd hae keepit clear o' sic flams. The Descent into Hell! That's fearsome. You see, sir, as I was sayin' afore, last coorse, a' the pious poets are plagueareesin' frae Pollok. They'll a' be forgotten in the Course of Time. Preserve me! there's a pun!

North. And a very fair one, too, James.

Shepherd. A' this wark 'wi' religious poems reminds me o' the shootin' o' a wild swan ae day, about twenty years syne, by a Shepherd, on the Loch. It was, indeed, a maist majestic, and, at the same time, beauteous cretur, seeming, as it lay dead on the greensward, baith foreign and indigenous, to belang equally to a' the snaw-mountains o' the earth. Hunders flocked frae a' pairs o' the Forest to gaze on't, and there was some talk o' stuffin't; but ae nicht it unaccountably disappeared—and a lassie, that was comin' by hersel' across the moonlicht hills, said she saw something spiritual-like sailing amang the stars, on wings, that, as they winnowed the blue air, were noiseless as a cloud; but the simple thing, at the time, never thocht of a swan. Weel—naething would serve a' the Shepherds in the Forest, but to gang ilka idle day to the Loch a swan-shootin'!—so they ca'd it—though never anither swan was shotten on't frae that day till this; but then the chieles now and then got a wild guse, and no unfrequently a wild dyuck, and on ae grand occasion, I remember Jock Linton bringin' to Fahope's an auld drake and an auld dyuck, wi' about a dizzen flappers, as he ca'd them, as tame as ony that ever waddled about the dubs o' a farm-yard. The truth is, they were Fahope's ain Quackies that had stravaiged to the Loch; and daff Jock never doubted they were swans and cygnets. The application, sir, is obviuus. Pollok's poem is the bonny and magnificent wild swan; a' the lave are but geese or goslings, dyucks or dyucklins—yet every Cockney shooter's as proud as puir Jock Linton, and thinks himsel' an Apollo—or, as Homer—that's Pop—says—"The God with the silver bow."

North. Yet better even such "dilution of trashiness," than a fashionable novel.

Shepherd. Do you ken, sir, I really thocht "The Exclusives" no sae meikle amiss, considerin' that the author's a butler—or rather—I ax his pardon—a gentleman's gentleman, that is to say, a vally-de-sham. To be sure, it was rather derogatory to his dignity, and disgracefu' to the character which he had brocht frae his last place,

* This poem was by John Abraham Heraud, who Germanized his faculties until he became nearly unintelligible. He was fond of quoting from, and prosing about, this "Epic." One day, he said to Douglas Jerrold, "Have you ever seen my Descent into Hell?" Jerrold, turning his green and fishy eyes upon the querist, emphatically answered, "No, I wish I had."—M.

to marry his master's cast-off kept-mistress ; but then, on the other haun', she was a woman o' pairts, and o' some sma' education, and was a great help to him in his spellin', and grammar, and figures o' speech. The style, for that reason, o' The Exclusives, is rather yelegant ; and had the limmer, after the loun had made her an honest woman, contributed the maitter too, the trash wou'd hae been far better worth readin', and if nae great favorite in the heart o' toons and cities, micht hae had its ain run amang the sooburbs.

North. Mr. Colburn has lately given us two books of a very different character, Richelieu and Darnley—by Mr. James. Richelieu is one of the most spirited, amusing, and interesting romances I ever read ; characters well drawn—incidents well managed—story perpetually progressive—catastrophe at once natural and unexpected—moral good, but not goody—and the whole felt, in every chapter, to be the work of a—Gentleman.*

Shepherd. And what o' Darnley ?

North. Read, and judge. The scribes who scrawl the fashionable novels compose a singular class. Reps of both sexes, including kept mistresses and kept men—fancy men, as they are called in St. Giles's ; married women, with stains on their reputations as well as on their gowns, laboring under the imputation of ante-nuptial children ; unmarried women, good creatures enough, and really not immodest, but who have been infortunate, and, victorious in literature, have yet met a fatal overthrow from love ; gamblers, now billiard-markers in hells ; fraudulent bankrupts in the Bench ; members once returned and received for a rotten borough ; roués, who, at school and college, were reckoned clever, and, upon town, still cling to that belief, which is fast fading into pity, contempt, or scorn ; forgers ; borrowers ; beggars ; thieves ; robbers ; perhaps a murderer, for Jack Thurtell had a literary turn ; and had he not been hanged, would, ere now, have produced a fashionable novel.

Shepherd. I wunner, if sic be the constitution o' the clan, that they dinna write better byucks. Blackguards and —— are aften gaily clever. I suspeck you omit, in your philosophical enumeration, the mere sumphs and sumphesses ——

North. Two or three men of birth and fashion do wield the pen, such as Lord Normanby, Mr. Lister, and Mr. Bulwer ; they, in their respective styles ; write well,† and must be horribly annoyed at being brought into contact, by Mr. Colburn's indiscriminate patronage,

* G. P. R. James, the most prolific novelist of his day, wrote "Richelieu" in 1825, submitted it to Scott, received his favorable opinion, and published it in 1828. Since 1822, he has been British Consul at Richmond, Virginia.—M.

† Lord Normanby, author of "Yes and No," and "Matilda." Mr. Lister, author of "Granby ;" and Bulwer—poet, critic, dramatist, historian, orator, and novelist.—M.

with the scurvy crew of both sexes whose *cacoethes scribendi* is not the worst itch that frets their cuticle.

Shepherd. Hoo's Murray's Family Library gettin' on, sir?

North. Swimmingly, soaringly. Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*—I know not which of the two volumes is best—are full of a fine and instructed enthusiasm. He speaks boldly, but reverentially, of genius, and of men of genius; strews his narrative with many flowers of poetry; disposes and arranges his materials skillfully; and is, in few words, an admirable critic on art—an admirable biographer of artists. Have you read Stebbing's *History of Chivalry and the Crusades*? No. Then do. 'Tis the last and one of the best of the series in *Constable's Miscellany*—style clear, sentiments and opinions just, descriptions picturesque, and the stream of narrative strong and flowing. Mr. Stebbing is a rising writer.

Shepherd. Are there nae mair o' them, sir?

North. Several. The author of the *Collegians* has much genius. Leitch Ritchie writes powerfully; and Picken's *Dominie's Legacy*, three volumes of stories, chiefly Scottish, well deserves a place in every library that prides itself on its own snug national corner, set apart for worthies born north of the Tweed.*

Shepherd. I aye prophesied gude things o' that Pieken. O but his "Mary Ogilvie" is verra affeckin. But, speakin' o' national corners, read ye that letter, sir, in the *Examiner*, abusin' a' Scotchmen, and the twa capital anes in answer?

North. I did, James. The *Examiner* for some years past has been a very able paper—and frequently shows fight, even with the *Standard*. They are both good swordsmen, and sometimes bleed with mutual but not mortal wounds.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;"

and therefore the *Examiner* contends at odds. But he is "cunning of fence," strong and nimble-wristed, and without fear. He is—savage as he sometimes seems, nay truculent—I verily believe an honest and generous man, and while he propounds his own opinions in his leading columns as an honest man should do, why, it is not to the discredit of a generous man, perhaps now and then to give an obscure corner to some pauper who may have seen better days, that the poor wretch, shivering in rags, and filthy in squalor, may have the only comfort of which his miserable condition now admits—for

* Gerald Griffin, an Irishman, author of "The Collegians," "Tales of the Munster Festivals," and the *Drama of Gisippus*. Leitch Ritchie, author of *Schinderhannes*, and other prose fictions, is now editor of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.—Andrew Picken produced several works besides the *Dominie's Legacy*, which established his fame as the delineator of humble Scottish life. Shortly before his death, (in 1833,) appeared his "Traditions and Stories of Old Families," and a novel, called "The Black Watch," was published after his death, with marked success.—M.

cheap as gin is, it must be purchased—the relief of spitting out his bile, as the diseased drunkard dreams on some object of his insane malignity, while the fetid dregs of his spleen, hawked up in a fit of coughing that crinkles of a galloping consumption, fall down a gob on the sore nakedness of his own unstockinged and shoeless feet.

Shepherd. Your defence o' the Examiner's kind, but no sound, sir. He ought to send the pauper to the poor-house. Nay, true charity would alloo him gin and forbid ink.

North. There can be no bad blood in any good heart, when the question is debated, of the comparative glories of England and Scotland.

Shepherd. I'm no sure o' that, sir; dang't, the fire flees to my face whenever I articulate the first critical letter o' a syllable about to be uttered against Scotland by a Southron.

Opium-Eater. Far be it from me, Mr. Hogg, to disallow to such feelings, natural as they are; and, therefore, since right in educated minds is but another name for natural—also right; far be it from me, I repeat——

Shepherd. I wasna speakin' o' you, sir, though aiblins I cou'd show, even in your writins, certain sneering uses o' the word "Scotch," that you might just as weel hae left to the Cockneys—

Opium-Eater. I indignantly deny the charge, Mr. Hogg. A sneer is the resource of the illiberal and illogical—

Shepherd. And deevil tak me, and you too, sir, gin you belang to either o' thae two classifications! for, as to liberality, I've seen you walkin' arm in arm wi' an atheist; and as to logic, were Aristotle himsell alive, ye wad sae scarify him wi' his ain syllogisms, as no to leave the silly Stagyrte* the likeness-o' a dog.

Opium-Eater. Of the illiberal and illogical—whereas from the earliest dawn of reason—

Shepherd. Nae mair about it, sir. I ax your pardon.

Opium-Eater. Mr. Hogg, your mind, with all its rich endowments, must be singularly illogical to conclude——

Shepherd. Oh! Mr. North—Mr. North—I'm about to fa' into Mr. De Quinshy's hauns, sae come to my assistance, for I canna thole bein' pressed up backwards, step by step, intil a corner, till an argument that's ca'd a clencher, clashes in your face, and knocks your head wi' sic a force against the wa', that your croon gets a clour, leavin' a dent in the wainscoat.

Opium-Eater. Insulted sir, by your boorish breaking's-in on that continuous integrity of discourse, which must be granted to each speaker, as long as he usurps not either time or turn in conversa-

* At the risk of appearing to over-annotate, I will state that Aristotle, the great founder of the peripatetic sect of philosophers, was born at Stagyræ, in Thrace, B. C. 384. Hence his soubriquet.—M.

tion, else dialogue loses both its name and its nature, and colloquy ceases to be—the *esse* sunk in the *posse*—

Shepherd. I never interrumpit a man when he was speakin' in a' my born days, sir. I'm just remarkable for the verra contrar, and for lettin' every body, baith Christian and Cockney, prose awa' till he's tired, sittin' mysell as patient as Job, and as dumb's Diogenes.

Opium-Eater. I hesitate not to affirm, that the Scottish intellect is degraded by an odious disputativeness, which truth compels me to denounce as a national depravity or disease, and which it is difficult—nay, I have found it impossible—to reconcile, in belief, with the pure possession of the sovereign reason.

North. A true bill.

Opium-Eater. Thus private life, Scotland thorough, is polluted by the froth spurted from argumentative lips, and darkened by the frowns scowled from argumentative foreheads, and deafened by the noise grinded and grated from argumentative teeth—

Shepherd. Capital—capital—carry on, Mr. De Quinshy. I'll no interrupt ye—

Opium-Eater. While public life—witness Bar, Bench, and Pulpit—what is it but one eternal harsh, dull debate, in which the understanding, a self-sufficient All-in-All, swallows feeling and imagination up—so that when the shallow and muddy waters have at night-fall been run off, lo! the stony channel dry, and the meadows round—irrigated say not—but corrugated with mud-seams—and the hopes of the husbandman or shepherd buried beneath an unseemly and unsavory deposit of—

Shepherd. Stop. I say, stop. Heard ye e'er o' Dr. Chawmers, or Dr. Thamson, or Dr. Gordon? Oh ho! ma man—that froon on your face says no; but I'm no feared for your froons—no me indeed—and I just tell you, that like a' the ither lakers, you pheelosopheeze in the face o' facts—try to bend till they break in your verra hands a' practicals that staun in the way o' your ain theories—begin biggin' gran' steadins without ever diggin' ony foundation—which maist likely were ye to attempt doin', you would sune be smothered in a rush o' water and san'—an' feenally, delude yoursell intill the belief that it's a dwallin'-house o' granite or freestane, while all the rest o' mankind see wi' half an ee that it's composed o' clouds and mist, a mere castle in the air, and that, payin' nae taxes, it'll be flattered awa to the Back o' Beyond outower the mountain-taps, whenever Lord Raise-the-Wind gets into the government, and the Duke o' Stormaway becomes Prime Minister.

North. Noble—noble—my dear James. Yet Mr. De Quincey's charge against the prevailing character of the national mind holds with some illustrious exceptions, good. We dig deep wells in dry places—with costly enginery and a pompous display of buckets;

when, by using the divining rod of instinct we might have detected many springs a few feet beneath the gowany greensward—nay, by observing “that inward eye that is the bliss of solitude,” have seen flowing on the unsuspected waters of everlasting life!

Shepherd. Tickler! What for are you no speakin’?

Tickler. Bu!

Shepherd. What’n sort o’ an answer’s that, man, to a ceevil question?

Tickler. Mu!

Shepherd. Curious mainners!—they may suit Southside, where ye’re a kind o’ king, or three-tailed Bashaw; but here, in Northside, they dinna answer, for here every man’s every inch a king, and he that plays the tyrant yonner must here submit to sit the slave.

Tickler. Wha! toothache—toothache!

Shepherd. A thousan’ pardons, my dear sir! Let me get a red-hot skewer frae the kitchen, and burn the nerve.

Opium-Eater. Neither, Mr. Hogg, can I bring my mind to assent to the proposition with which you ushered in the subject of our present discussion; *to wit*, that Englishmen are prone, as a people, to underrate the national virtues of Scotchmen. This allegation I hold to be the polar opposite of what is true; nor can I refrain from affirming, that manifold as are the excellencies of the Scottish character, there is a tendency, which philosophy may not approve, in the English mind—say rather the English imagination—monstrously and enormously to magnify their proportions—till of the entire frame and limbs thereof, thus rendered more than colossal, it may be said, in the language of Milton, “its stature reached the sky;” but reason recoils from all such dim delusions of dream-land, and sees in a Scotchman—no offence, I hope, gentleman—a being apparently human, with sandy hair—high cheek bones—light blue eyes—wide mouth—

Shepherd. Aiblins wi’ buck-teeth like mine—and oh! pray, do tell us, sir, for we’re verra ignorant, and it’s a subject o’ great importance, what sort o’ a nose?

Opium-Eater. The entire face acute, but coarse—intelligent, but not open —

Shepherd. Like North’s there—or Tickler’s. Confound me gin I think there are twa sic auld men in a’ England, whether for face or feegur; as for mainners, when Tickler’s out o’ the toothache, and North’s no in the gout or rudiments, they’re perfect paragons, sic as never were seen in the South—and as for mind, ma faith, if ye come to that, where’s their match in a’ your twal millions, though our poppilation’s scarcely twa, with women and weans out o’ a proportion?

Opium-Eater. Nor can I imagine a charge—at once more false

and loathsome—than one which I have heard even you, Mr. Hogg, more than once utter against the English—as a people—that they are slaves to the passion of the palate—epicures and gluttons in one—or as the Scotch call it, sneeringly and insultingly—accompanying the reproach with a vulgar laugh, of which the lowest birth would be incapable but for the lowest breeding—“fond of good eating;”—whereas I appeal to the whole history, not of England alone, but of the world, in proof of this simple proposition—“that there exists not, nor ever did exist, a people comparable to the English, in the ascendancy in their national character of the spirituous over the sensuous, in the due ordination of the correlates——”

Shepherd. I grant a’ that, but still I maintain that the English are fonder—prooder they canna be—o’ rost-beef and plum-pudden, than the Scotch. o’ brose and haggis—that they speak mair and think mair—and muse and meditate atween meals mair—and when at meals, eat mair—and drink mair—and wipe the sweat aff their foreheads mair—and gie every kind o’ proof mair o’ a fu’ stomach—than the Scotch;—and in proof o’ that proposition, alloo me, sir, also to make an appeal, no to the hail history o’ the world, but to the pot-bellies ane sees waddlin’ out frae front-doors as he spins through English toons and villages on the top o’ a licht cotch—pot-bellies, Mr. De Quinshy, o’ a’ sizes, frae the bouk o’ my twa hauns expanded upon ane anither’s finger-nebs—sae, up till, moderately speaking, the girth o’ a hogshead—and no confined to the men, but extendin’ to the women—and, pity me, even to the weans—na, to the verra infants (what sookers!) that a’ look as they were crammed—instead o’ wee piggies—for the second coorse o’ the denner o’ the King o’ the Cannibals.

• *Opium-Eater, (suavely.)* Though I pity your prejudices, my dear Shepherd, I cannot but smile with pleasure at your quaint and humorous illustrations.

Shepherd. Argument and illustration, sir, are a’ ane. Here’s anither doobler. Nae fat wean born in Scotland o’ Scotch parents, was ever exhibited as a show in a caravan. Answer me that—and confute the deduction? You canna. Again—there never was a Scotch Lambert. Mercy on us—a Scotchman fifty-seven stane wecht! Feenally, a’ great eatin’ fates hae been performed in England—sic as a beggar devourin’ at ae’ meal, for a wager, atween twa sportin’ characters, twal poun’ o’ lights and livers, ae pail o’ tripe, and anither o’ mashed turnip peelin’s,—or a farmer an equal wecht o’ beef-steaks, a peck plum-pudden, and a guse, washin’ a’ ower wi’ twa imperial gallons—that’s twal’ bottles—o’ yill.

Opium-Eater. A man worthy to be admitted—by acclamation—member of that society whose sittings are designated by the celebrated sound—Noctes Ambrosianæ!

Shepherd. Oh! Mr. De Quinshy, Mr. De Quinshy! can it be that ye ken sae little o' human natur, o' Scotland, and o' yoursell, as no to ken that this denner—which you wud bring forrit as a cowp-de-grace argumentum at ony man in proof o' the Scotch bein' fonder o' gude eatin' than the English—was provided wi' a' its Coorses—no abune the half o' them come yet—entirely, though no exclusively—
FOR YOU?

Opium-Eater. For me! Most monstrous!

North. Poor people in Scotland, sir—I do not mean paupers—of whom, in ordinary times, there are few—live almost on nothing—meal and water—nor do they complain of a hard lot. The laboring classes in general, who are not in the same sense poor people, feed not so fully, believe me, in Scotland as in England.

Shepherd. Nor, sae frequently in ae day. Five times is common in England. In Scotland, never mair nor three—often but twa—and never nane o' your pies and puddens! rarely flesh-meat, except —

North. And thus, Mr. De Quincey, as the appetites are very much habits, “good eating,” among the lower orders in Scotland, is an indulgence or enjoyment never thought of beyond the simple pleasure of the gratification of hunger, and of the restoration of strength and spirits so supplied. Believe me, my dear sir, it is so; whereas in England it assuredly is otherwise—though not to any degrading pitch of sensuality; there the laboring man enjoys necessaries which here we should reckon luxuries of life.

Shepherd. Pies! pies! raised crust pies! Puddens! puddens! rice, bread, and egg puddens!

North. The whole question lies in a nutshell. England has long been a great, powerful, rich, highly-civilized country, and has equalled, if not excelled, all the countries of modern Europe in all the useful and fine arts, in all the sciences, in all literature, and in all philosophy. Her men, as Campbell, himself a glorious Scotchman, has nobly exulted to declare, “are of men the chief,”—as Wordsworth, himself a glorious Englishman, has nobly exulted to declare,

“Are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.”

During her long course of glory, she has produced from her celestial soil children of celestial seed—unequalled names—Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and other giants who scaled heaven, not to storm it, but to worship and adore. Scotland has enjoyed but a single century, it may be said, of full intellectual light. She has not slept nor slumbered beneath the “rutili spatia ampla diei,” but uplifted her front in inspiration to the auspicious heavens. Genius, too, has sprung fair and stately from her soil, and eyed the stars

shining in fitful beauty through her midnight storms. She too has had, and has, her poets and philosophers—"a glorious train attending;" transfigured by the useful arts, her old mountains shout aloud for joy—the fine arts have wreathed round the brows of her cities a towery diadem, and filled with lovely imagery her halls and temples. "Science has frowned not on her humble birth,"—while Religion, the source of the highest inspiration, loves her blue skies and green fields with an especial love.

Shepherd. Stop. Ye canna impruv' that—and it's God's truth every word o't—is na't, Mr. De Quinshy?

Opium-Eater. Will you accept from me, Mr. North, an essay to be entitled, "Comparative Estimate of the English and Scotch Character?"

North. My dear sir, when did I ever decline an article of yours?

Shepherd. Faith, he seldom gies ye an opportunity—about twice, may be, in three years.

North. Why, Scotland is making great strides even in sculpture. Gibson* and Campbell are the most eminent young sculptors now in Rome. Scoular and Steele are following in their footsteps. At home, Fletcher shows skill, taste and genius—and Lawrence Macdonald, equal to any one of them, if not, indeed, superior to them all—after displaying in groups or single figures, of children, "boys and virgins," and maidens in their innocent prime, a finest sense of beauty and of grace, that kindles human tenderness by touches of the ideal and divine—has lately nobly dared to take a flight up to a higher sphere, and in his Ajax and Patroclus, his Thetis and Achilles, essayed, and with success that will soon spread wide his fame, the heroic in art, such as gave visible existence in Greece to her old traditions—and peopled the groves and gardens, and pillared porticoes of Athens, with gods and demigods, the tutelary genii of the Acropolis on her unconquered hill.

Shepherd. That's beautifu'. You maun gie us an article on Sculpture.

North. I will—including a critical account of those extraordinary works of two original, self-taught geniuses, Thom and Greenshields—Tam o'Shanter and Souter Johnny—and the Jolly Beggars. The kingdom of all the Fine Arts have many provinces—why not Sculpture?

Shepherd. Aye, why no?

North. The Greek Tragedy, James, was austere, in its principles, as the Greek Sculpture. Its subjects were all of ancestral and religious consecration; its style, high, and heroic, and divine, admitted no intermixture even of mirth, or seldom and reluctantly, much less of grotesque and fantastic extravagancies of humor,—which would

* Gibson happens to be a native of Gyffyn, near Conway, North Wales.—M.

have marred the consummate dignity, beauty, and magnificence of all the scenes that swept along that enchanted floor. Such was the spirit that shone on the soft and the stately Sophocles. But Shakspeare came from heaven—and along with him a Tragedy that poured into one cup the tears of mirth and madness; showed kings one day crowned with jewelled diadems, and another day with wild wisps of straw; taught the Prince who, in single combat,

“Had quench'd the flame of hot rebellion
Even in the rebels' blood.”

to moralize on the field of battle over the carcass of a fat buffoon, wittily simulating death among the bloody corpses of English nobles; nay, showed the son—and that son, prince, philosopher, paragon of men—jocularly conjuring to rest his father's ghost who had revisited earth “by the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous.”

Shepherd. Stop—stop—sir. That's aneuch to prove your pint. Therefore, let the range o' sculpture be extended, so as to comprehend sic subjects as Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny*—The Jolly Beggars—

North. Well, James. Of this more hereafter. You see my drift.

Shepherd. Isna Galt's Lawrie Todd indeed maist amusin'?

North. It is indeed;—our friend's genius is as rare and original as ever—the field, too, he treads, is all his own—and it has yielded a rich harvest. By the way, the Editor of the Monthly Review is a singular person. He thinks Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland meagre, feeble, and inaccurate; John Bowring no linguist, and a mere quack of no talents; Galt he declares he never, till very lately, heard of; and the double number of Blackwood's Magazine for February was, in his opinion, dull, stupid, and——

Shepherd. O the coof! who is he?

North. For fourteen years, James, he was hermit to Lord Hill's father.

Shepherd. Eh?

North. He sat in a cave in that worthy Baronet's grounds,† with an hour-glass in his hand, and a beard once belonging to an old goat

* Mr. Thom was a self-taught Scottish sculptor, who cut the figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny out of free-stone, and won the world's applause, by snatching “a grace beyond the rules of Art,” when he exhibited them. John Greenshields, a stone mason, took up the sculptor's chisel, at the age of twenty-eight, and produced a statue of the late Duke of York, which was profitably exhibited in Edinburgh. A statue of George IV. was his next and not inferior work. Scott made his acquaintance in 1829, and saw him again in 1831. The result was a statue of Scott, in a sitting posture, which, bearing the inscription *SIC SEDEBAT*, was to be seen, when last it met my view, in the premises, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, occupied by Cadell, Scott's publisher. Under the same roof was the greater portion of the original manuscript of Scott's poems and romances. Bacon's effigy at St. Albans supplied the inscription. Greenshields died in April 1835, aged forty.—M.

† There really was such a cave, and such a hermit (several of the latter indeed) at Hawkstone, the seat of the Hill family in Shropshire.—M.

—from sunrise to sunset—with strict injunctions to accept no half-crowns from visitors—but to behave like Giordano Bruno.

Shepherd. That's curious. Wha had the selection o' him—think ye? But what's this I was gaun to say! Ou, aye—heard ye ever Knowles's Lectures on Dramatic Poetry?

North. I have. They are admirable—full of matter—elegantly written, and eloquently delivered. Knowles is a delightful fellow and a man of true genius.

The Horns sound for the Fifth Course—“The Gloomy Nicht is gatherin' fast.” Enter Picardy, &c. The Pipe is abstracted—the Gas Orrery extinguished—and a strange hubbub heard in the north.—Finis.

END OF VOL. III.

